APRIL, 1948

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

PRICE 50¢
CANADA 55¢

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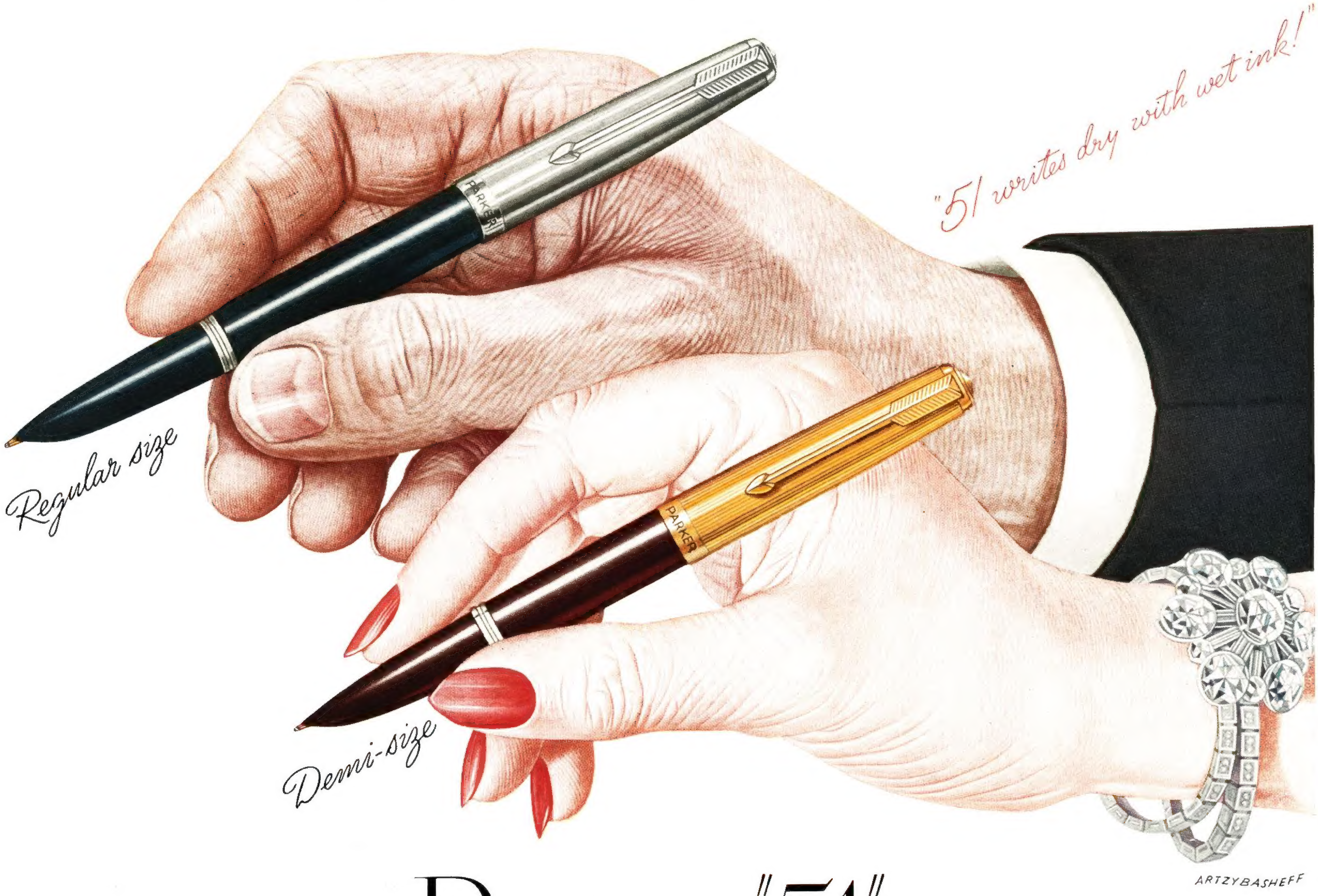
SPECIAL BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

If You Have Tears *a murder mystery* by JOHN EVANS

Now the world's most wanted pen comes in 2 sizes...



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Big Gun

Whoever it was that said that you don't make friends, you merely recognize them, must have been thinking about us and Jimmy Cannon. On page 50 of this issue you will find Mr. Cannon's first piece for Esquire, and believe me, your cheers will not be the first because the stockroom boys were way ahead of you when the manuscript first reached this address. For Jimmy Cannon is not only a great sports writer and commentator on today's doings—whether he be casting an eye around the locker room at the Yankee Stadium, 52nd Street, or Tenth Avenue—but there is something wholly American about the way he thinks and acts.

You can tell a lot of stories about Jimmy Cannon and what he's like, but he has written one thing which tells all, in my opinion, and that is what Jimmy once said about Joe Louis . . . "*He is a credit to his race—the human race.*"

We like to have a guy like that in our camp. And so will you, too, as you read *Mr. McCarthy Goes to Boston.* Esquire welcomes you, Jimmy Cannon.

—D.A.S.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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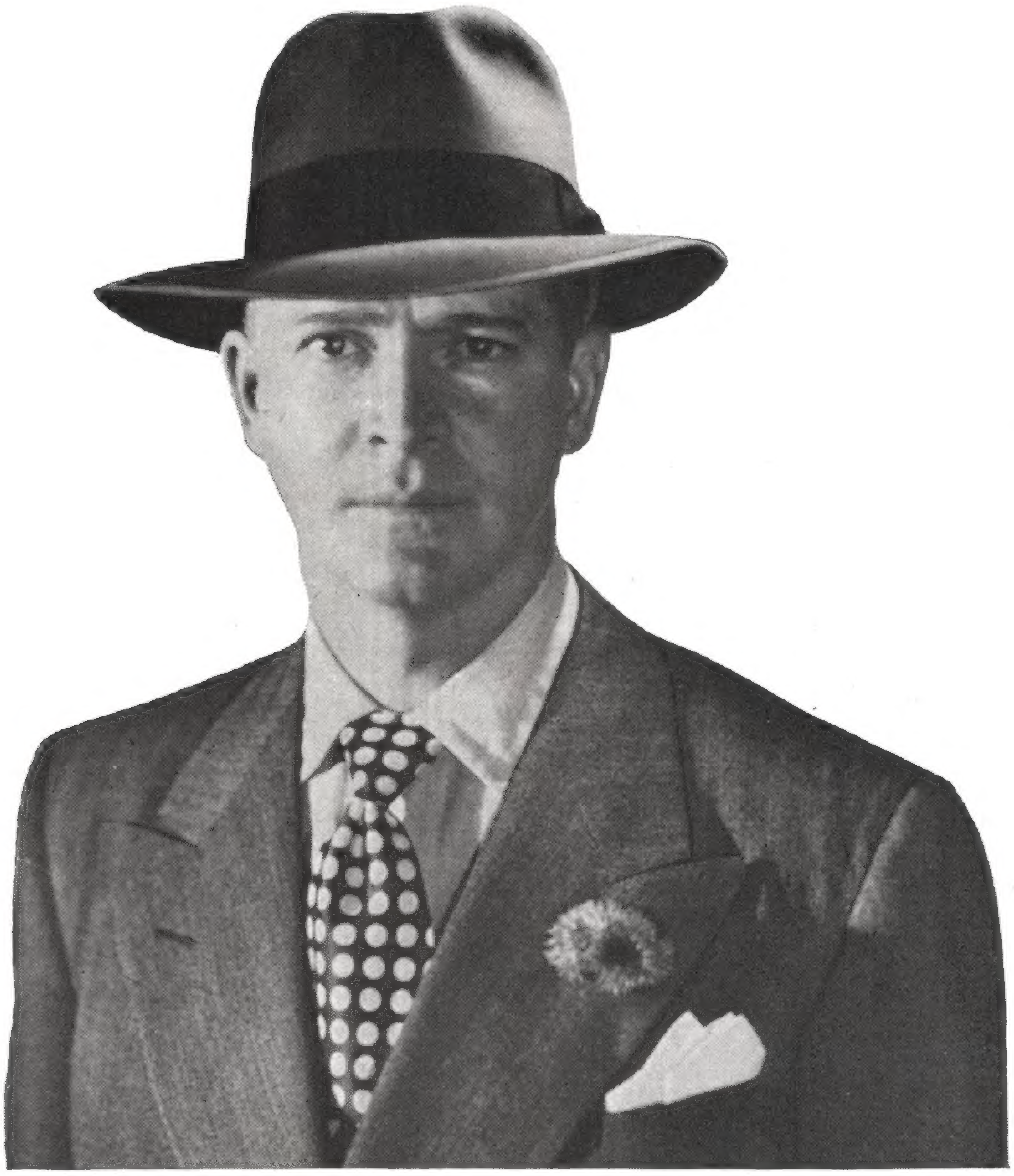
T.M.REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, President: Alfred Smart, Sec.-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Manuscripts should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17; drawings to Esquire, Inc., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $8.50. Subscribers changing their addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change is to take place. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Editorial: The Bold Look



It has been some time since *Apparel Arts*, our sister publication, has been mentioned on this page. Time was that the first edition of Esquire had not even been published, and gentlemen in Abercrombie & Fitch, Tripler's, and stores of that ilk were poring over a quality magazine they found on the counter. It was like nothing they could buy on the stands, a massive, gloriously printed thing with a masculine, dramatic treatment of men's fashions from cover to cover. Thus the gentlemen shoppers, despite attempts of their impatient lady companions to lure them away, paused for awhile and wished for a subscription to a magazine like this one. It was a beautiful job; it still is; but at that time it pointed prophetically to a national consumer magazine which could bring the American gentleman the kind of fashions he wanted—masculine, devoid of frills, substituting good taste for the timidness he had been forced to assume on the whole subject until Esky hove into sight.

So Esquire came along, and Esquire fashions. You know the rest, the amazing growth of fashion interest by men who were supposed to sniff at even the word, and the thousands of letters which have since flowed into this office every week asking every angle on tying a Windsor knot to the proper length for evening tails, to say nothing of whether or not you should calmly sit on them.

With the war, we turned our attention to other things, of course. Our own men were in the service, the apparel industry was straining to outfit the forces. But now, with Esquire itself taking on a new postwar look, our Fashion Department has begun to take over again, as of yore. In this issue, we introduce a true fashion for men, the BOLD LOOK, and for reasons both sentimental and practical, quote from our own *Apparel Arts* announcement to the trade, as this important new move was launched in a recent issue:

"In its April Issue, Esquire will announce to the public the most important fashion note for men ever presented as a co-ordinated theme in the history of our industry.

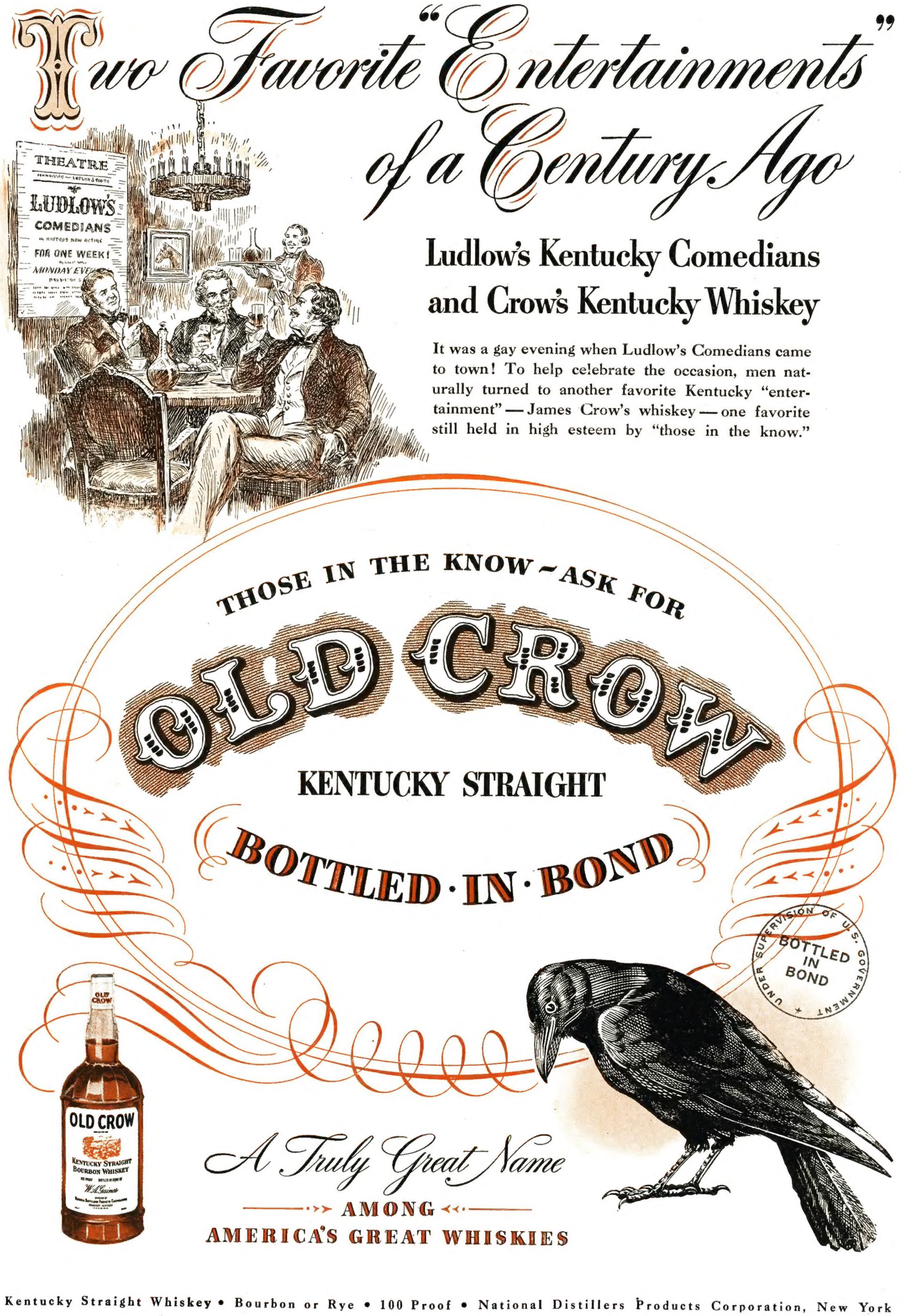
"Accurately descriptive, reflecting its true nature, it is called—the BOLD LOOK.

"We are proud of our leadership in presenting these fashion firsts . . . The list is long and continuous. For example, looking back to the early Nineteen Thirties, among the 'firsts' we reported, and commended, were the covert coat, the double-breasted lapel rolled to the lower button, the white dinner jacket, widespread collar, the reversible balmacaan, the bush coat, knitted swim trunks, coconut straw hats, Norwegian peasant-slippers, semi-sport hats, the shirt-and-slack ensemble, string gloves, the leather watch-guard strap—and so on and on, up through the years.

"The BOLD LOOK is true, authentic fashion, bedded in the soil of our American past. It is sound, natural fashion, as opposed to out-of-line, pumped up styles and fads, because it reflects the virility, the aggressiveness, the quality of dominance of the American male. It reflects, too, our emancipation from the stiff, stilted traditionalism of the Old World which, while the ideal of European court dandies and of a pallid, ineffectual continental society, is certainly not the hallmark of a breed of men who, in a few generations, have hacked and hewn a nation out of a wilderness and smashed their way to a world dominance and leadership.

"We believe that the BOLD LOOK has everything. It is a natural expression of our American folk characteristics. It is in good taste. It is casual. It has definite, immediate appeal to men and to women who influence the buying of men's apparel. It is handsome. It is important looking and enhances the personality of the wearer."

So says *Apparel Arts*: and so say we. But, skipping the words for the thing itself, we suggest that you turn to page 83, and glance through the pages, for your first look at the BOLD LOOK. You'll want to, because it's here to stay, the biggest thing in men's fashions for years. Look for it in your mirror. ⌗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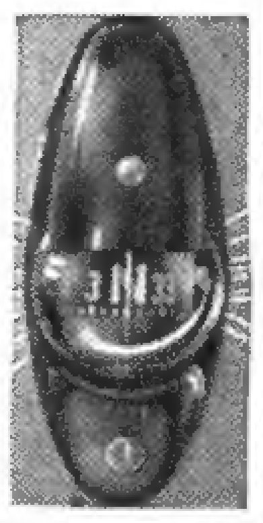

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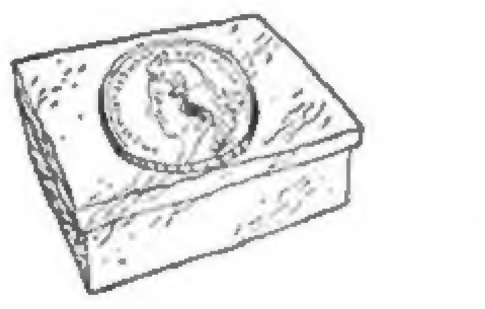
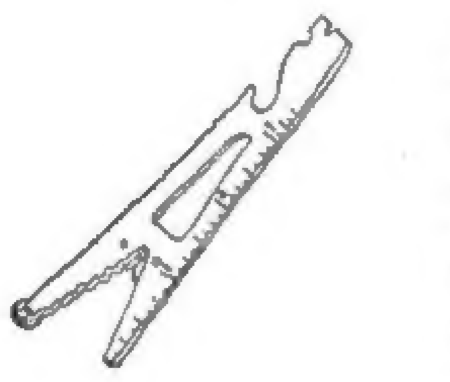
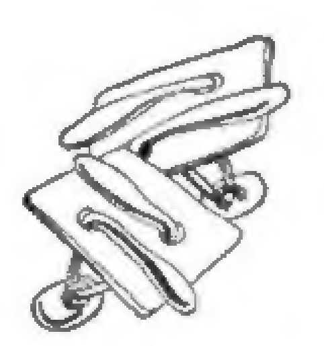


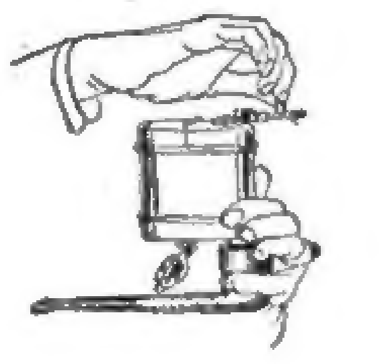
VERSATILE TOOL. This pocket size, gold-plated gadget, only five inches long, does all kinds of things. Serves as screw driver or straight edge . . . pulls staples, strips down wire, sharpens knives and even cuts glass. Yes, it functions as a bottle opener too. Handy for hobbyists who build scale models. Costs about two dollars.



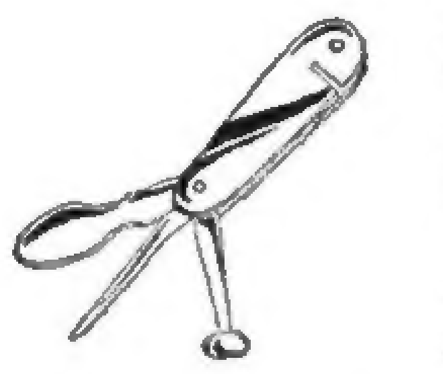
ON THE CUFF. Sterling silver cuff links to wear on your best French cuffs. Bold modern design with a special oxidized finish. Two flattened silver prongs penetrate the rectangular silver base of each link. Made to order by a Greenwich Village craftsman who has a happy faculty for combining function and creative craftsmanship in the jewelry he turns out. The cuff links cost about nine dollars.



PIPE FILLER. If you're concerned with the problem of getting that special crimp cut into the bowl of your pipe and *not* up your sleeve, down your vest or on the living room carpet — here's the answer — an automatic pipe filler and tobacco container. It's solid brass with a heavy nickel plating. Holds 1½ ounces of tobacco. To fill your pipe, all you do is insert the lower opening into the pipe bowl, flip open the hatch on top and give it a couple of twists — presto, your pipe's neatly filled, ready for a smoke. And no policing up afterwards. You can own one for about four dollars.



PIPE GRIPE of many smokers is the proposition of reaming and scraping the bowl of the pipe. Here's an end to snitching bobby pins from your best girl to do the job, and an end to nicotine stains in your pocket — a precision made pipe tool that's compact, efficient . . . Cleans, reams, scrapes and tamps, then each blade folds back into the stainless steel container. The makers are so convinced they've got a good thing, they offer a lifetime guarantee. Yours for one dollar.



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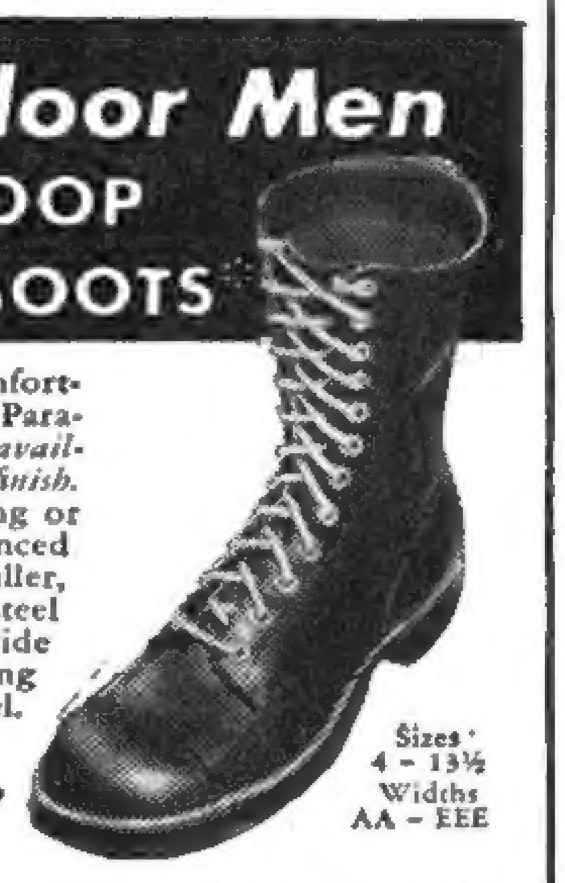

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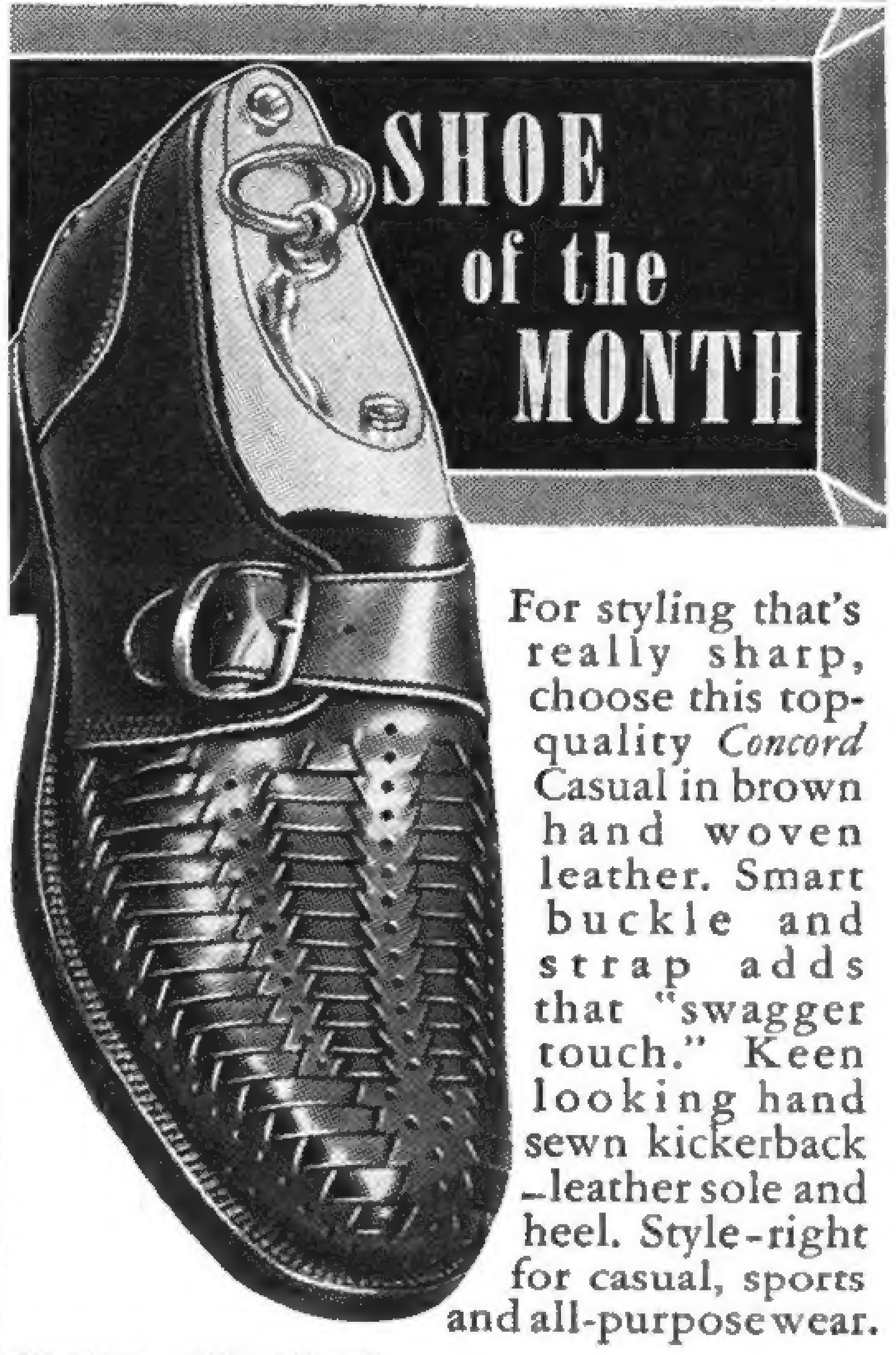

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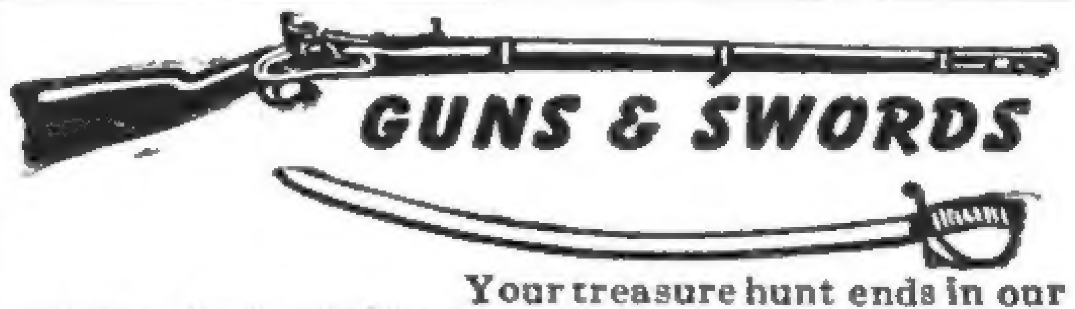

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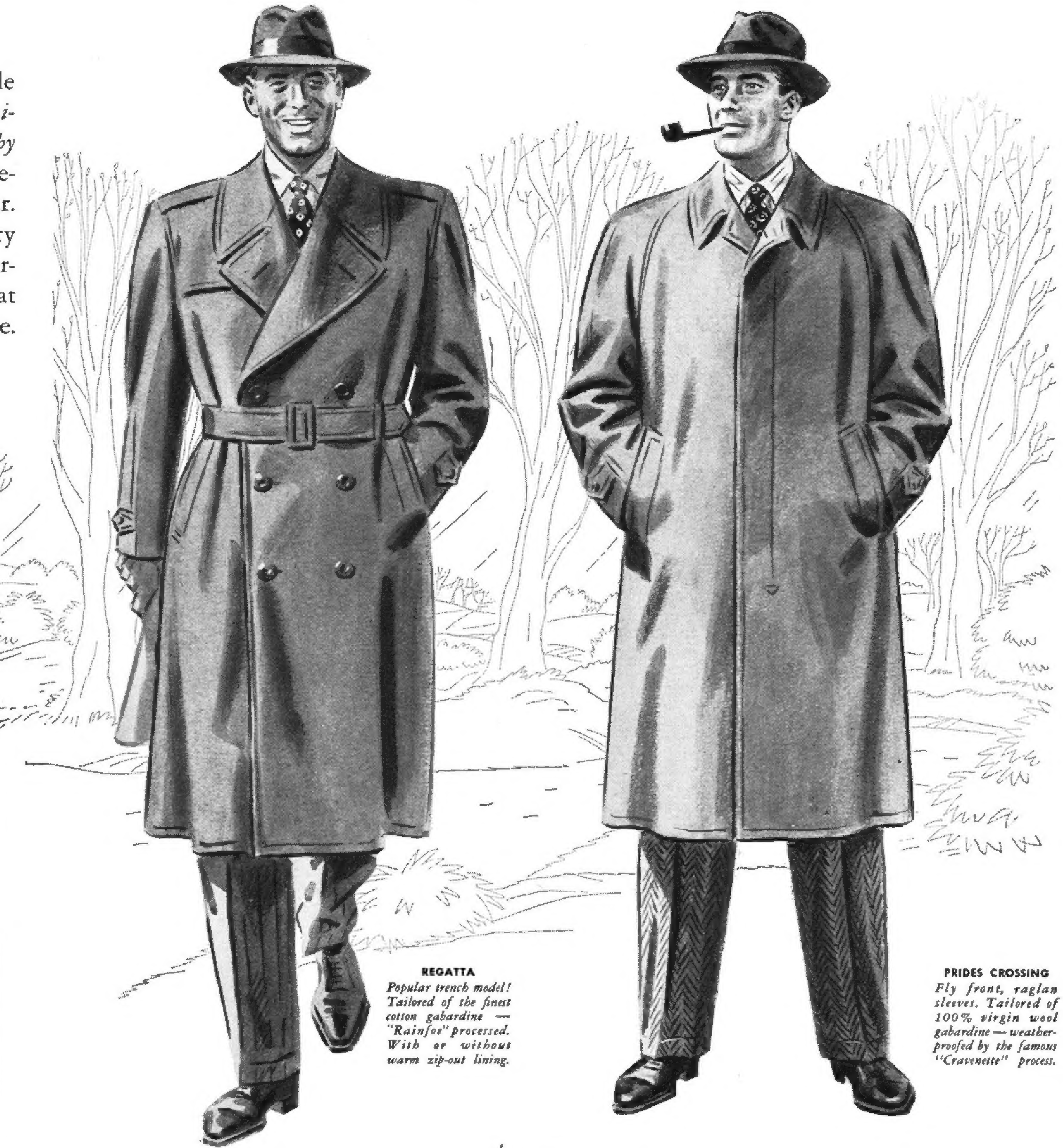
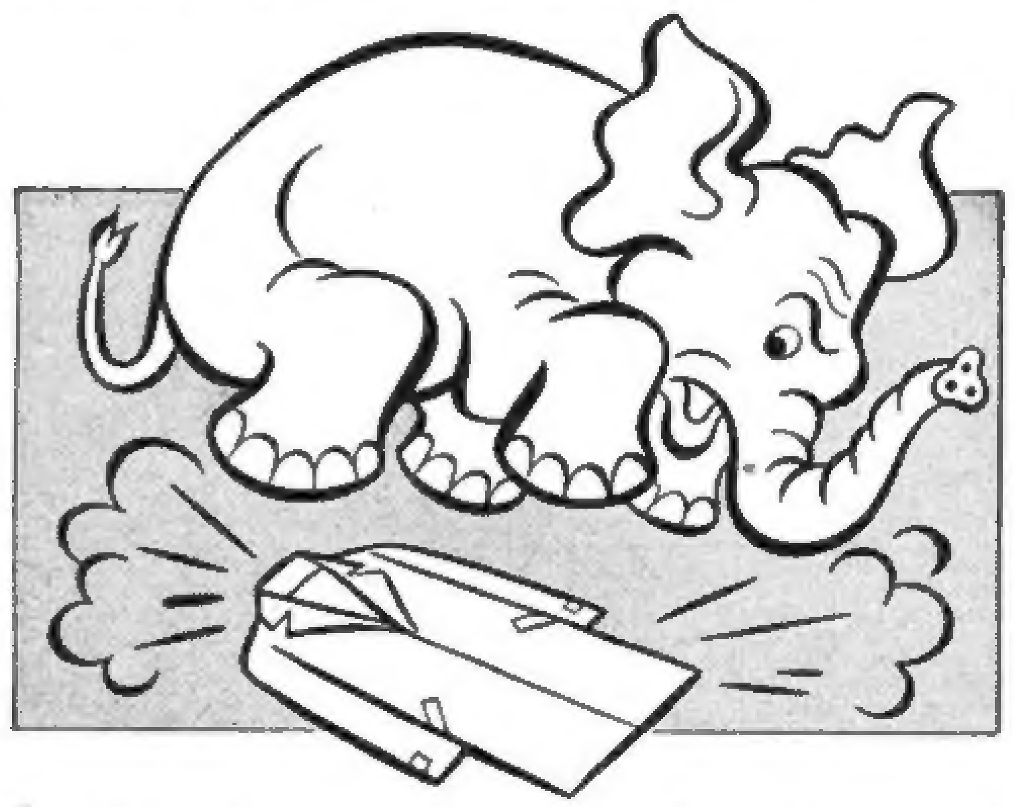
*Every Plymouth Coat is made by exclusive Sewmanship — *minute details of quality tailoring by skilled craftsmen* — important details so vital to smart rainwear. Sewmanship makes every Plymouth Weatherproof a perfect combination of trim topcoat styling and weather resistance.



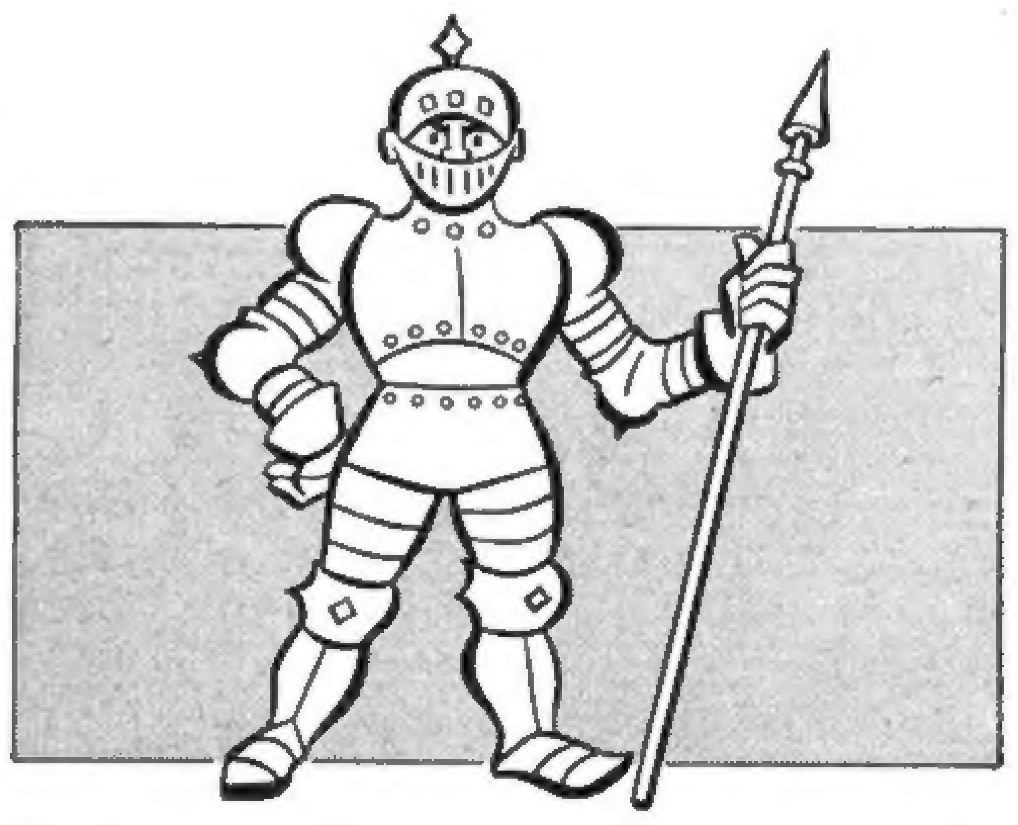
REGATTA
Popular trench model! Tailored of the finest cotton gabardine — "Rainfoe" processed. With or without warm zip-out lining.

PRIDES CROSSING
Fly front, raglan sleeves. Tailored of 100% virgin wool gabardine — weatherproofed by the famous "Cravenette" process.

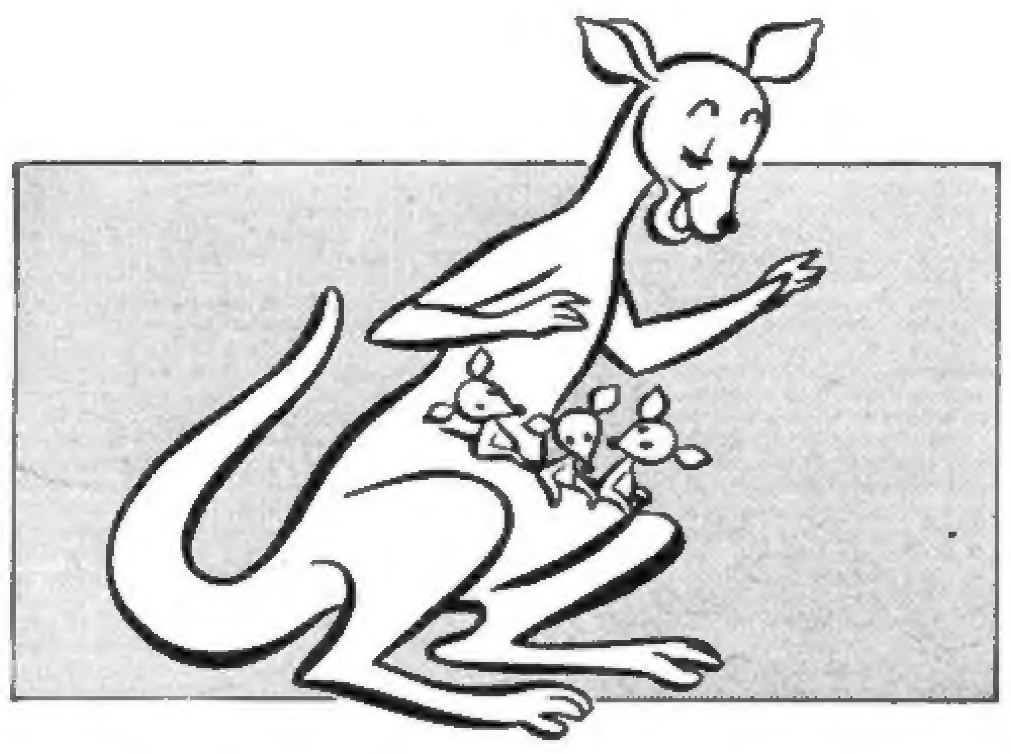
How Sewmanship makes Plymouth Weatherproofs smarter rainwear...



1. **Crush-resistant front and collar.** Front and collar can be crushed, yet spring back to their original shape in a jiffy, thanks to resilient formfast under-facing.



2. **Sag-proof tailored front.** Every Plymouth Weatherproof is fully taped and tailored to assure smooth, even hang. No sagging or puckering is possible.



3. **Extra-sturdy, carefully fitted pockets.** Every pocket is securely reinforced both top and bottom for longer wear. Close heed is paid to uniform shape and fit.

4. **Precision-stitched.** Every stitch is perfectly placed — neatly, evenly. Another example of how Sewmanship makes Plymouth *first among fine rainwear!*

5. **Finest weatherproof finish.** Only the best-known tested weatherproof processes are used. That's why every Plymouth resists the elements perfectly!

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OF BOSTON

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Smart Rainwear for Men

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NEW YORK SHOWROOMS: 200 FIFTH AVENUE • CHICAGO SHOWROOMS: 14 EAST JACKSON BOULEVARD

The Sound and the Fury

repealing history

The fact that I am partly Hopi Indian, and proud of my 100% American ancestors has made me all the wearier of the specious claims of fellow-polyglots. The fact is, I rarely meet a brother in the bonds of Indian ancestry who doesn't claim direct descent from that great red Mother, Pocahontas. Hence I welcome your ribbing story, *The Devil and Pocahontas' Moccasins*, as the myth to end all myths of this nature. Could Messrs. Mattingly and Yaffe be prevailed upon to do another one, probing the pilgrims? I have always wondered about Priscilla Alden's story, doubting whether any woman of sound instincts would have passed up Miles Standish in favor of John Alden. Could the tale have been inspired by the fury of a woman scorned?

THOMAS MARTIN

Chicago, Ill.

open offer

I have been an appreciative reader of Esquire for many years, but it has been the last five years that I have enjoyed it particularly. This has come about because a very discerning friend has been sending your fine publication to me as a yearly Christmas gift. It happens that I am, also, a "saver" and as a result the issues for the last five years have been growing to a very sizable pile in our front-hall clothes closet. The time comes, my good wife says, when I should be disposing of this excellent accumulation.

We think someone would enjoy our five years of Esquire and we would like to do what we can to help them do so. We are not anxious to pay shipping charges to send them overseas and do not have good packing facilities for any prolonged journey. Do you have local requests we could fulfill?

O. G. VOGEL

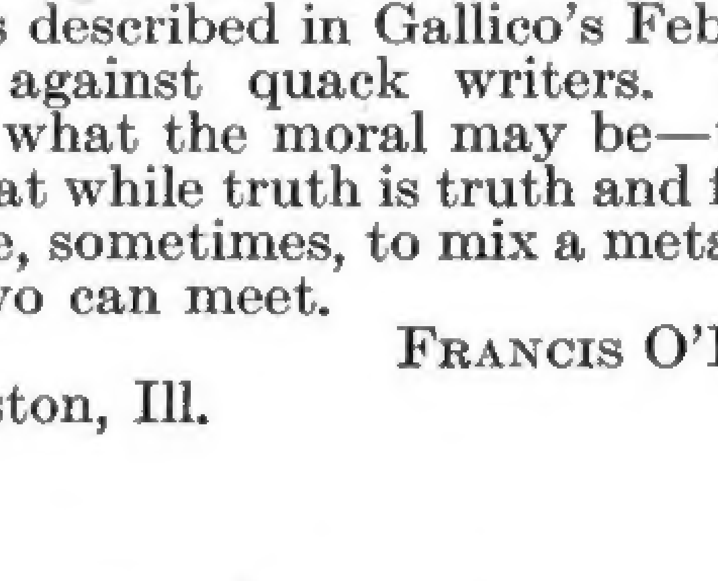
Oak Park, Ill.

looking into Lady Coldpence

Evidently the book publishers satirized in Martin Gardner's fictional piece for March, *The Loves of Lady Coldpence*, exploited some of the plot gimmick's described in Gallico's February blast against quack writers. Don't know what the moral may be—unless it's that while truth is truth and fiction is false, sometimes, to mix a metaphor, the two can meet.

FRANCIS O'BRIEN

Evanston, Ill.



the game's up

Coffeehouse Bridge has been a favorite game in our town ever since Auction went the way of Five Hundred, but B. B. Wilson, so far as I know, is the first scribe to make honest girls and boys out of talkers-across-the-table, and to lay down definite rules *pour le sport*. One thing omitted from the piece, however, which I have found invaluable and am glad to pass on to your readers is how to break up the game. Just keep repeating in a monotone: "Whose turn is it?" and "What's trump?" Say it often and gently and after two rubbers all players will be in a coma and glad to cry "enough."

MAX HAMPTON

Muncie, Ind.

Dadreem solved

Being naturally addicted to nonsense, I experienced no trouble in finding the answer to Shank's "jabberwocky." His problem was:

½ of 5 is 7
What part of 9 is 11?

Taking it away from there we have:

$$\frac{5:7}{2} :: \frac{9:11}{x}$$

May his sleep henceforth be untroubled!

ALICE OF WONDERLAND

Halifax, Nova Scotia

after the brawl

When my husband came floating home from his Yuletide office party, alternately singing *Tannenbaum, Oh Tannenbaum* and muttering: "God bless us everyone said Tiny Tim," he looked rather foolish, even from my indulgent viewpoint. After I had quieted him down with scalding black coffee and some dinner, I handed him a copy of the December issue of Esquire, and pointed significantly to *I'm Just Leaving*, by Allen Marple. Having read this realistic account of the perennial office Christmas party, he drew out his pocket handkerchief, by way of a white flag, and held it aloft. The irony comes in the window when I add that his handkerchief was smeared with telltale streaks of—you guessed it—lipstick.

ANONYMOUS

New York City

Herb's heel

As a long-time reader-over-my spouse's shoulder of your magazine for men, I could scarcely wait for my husband to go away for a few days to attend what is euphemistically called a convention, leaving me alone with the March issue of Esquire. The first article to attract my excited attention was, of course, Herb Graffis' discourse on women's fashions, *For Whom the Belle Dresses*. Here, I believed, I would find the inside facts, the magic touchstone which would enable me, a woman whose husband suffers acute claustrophobia inside the mirrored walls of a ladies' dress shop, to know exactly what kind of evening dress or bungalow apron would enhance me most in his eyes. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I found this statement in Mr. Graffis' otherwise scathing essay: "A curious thing is that any of these dresses look good on French women—and that's because the French women of fashion dominate the men they know." Is this, then, what Herb and the less verbal members of his sex have been wanting? Domination? Oh, Esky, say it isn't so!

FAITH TRUEBLOOD

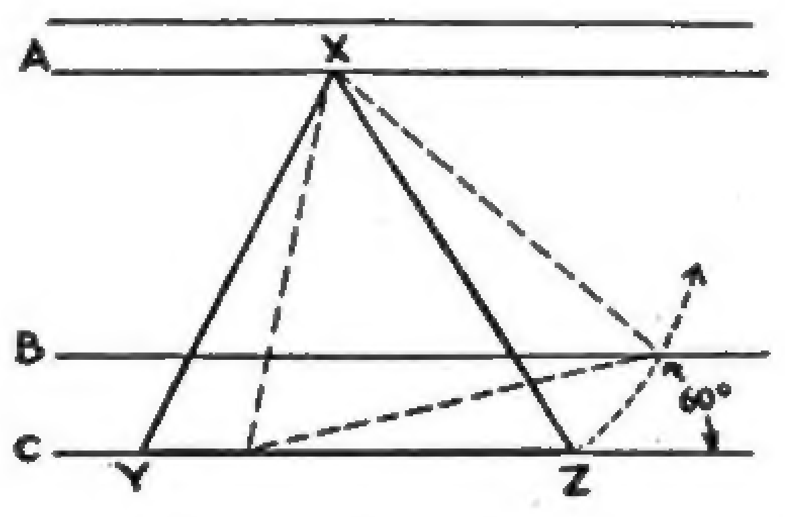
Philadelphia, Pa.

the ring and the book

While shopping with Esquire I came across the description and picture of a bolt ring. Well, I've seen lots of bolts, but none like this. The ring is either a top, nut, or burr. But definitely, not a bolt.

A. L. MARTIN

Pratt, Kan.



techno-algebra

Having read Mr. Strahl's solution to Mr. Reil's triangle problem, may I suggest that his domestic tranquility could be preserved with the aid of a handy little tool I found at the bottom of my odds-and-ends kit. It's a rubberized equilateral triangle that avoids all that nasty algebra which has frequently kept me up four or five hours past the two o'clock of which Mrs. Strahl complains.

To solve the problem, you place the rubber triangle on line C and stretch it until vertex X is on line A. Then holding X in place, move vertex Y to the right along line C. Since the triangle remains equilateral whatever its size, vertex Z conveniently traces a 60° line as shown by the arrow. As soon as it reaches line B, Mr. Strahl can pin it in place and hit the hay in peace.

ALFRED LEGGOE, JR.

Collingswood, N. J.

understatement

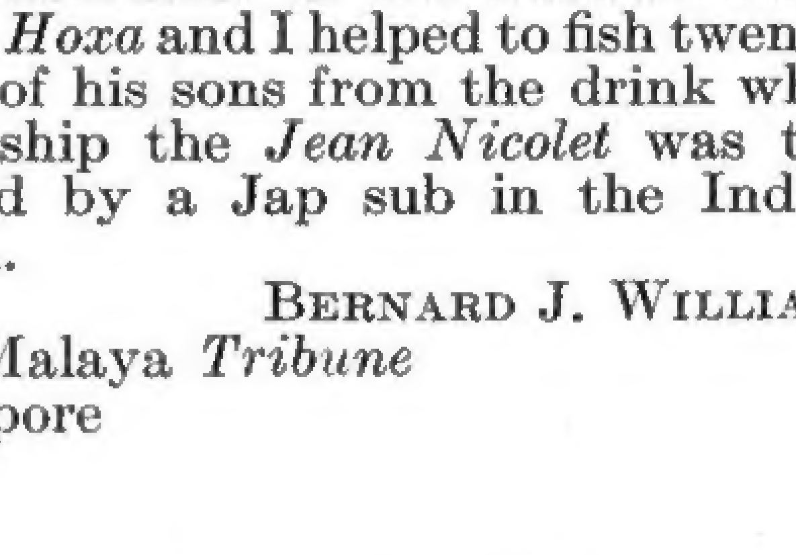
I was a regular reader of your journal till very lately. At the moment I am a victim of impotent fury as "Esky" and I have been forced to say goodbye to each other. As you may well know, Singapore is a British colony, and as such, the new import regulations are beginning to tell. No more does the news agent sport your wonderful magazine. He is all apologies and he tells me it will be some time before "Esky" and I can stage a happy reunion.

I would wish to appeal to your many readers in the States through the courtesy of your journal to help me out by posting their back copies. In exchange I would very gladly mail local publications.

I have not done much for Uncle Sam except when I was in the Ceylon Navy, as a radioman on the antisubmarine vessel *Hoxa* and I helped to fish twenty-three of his sons from the drink when their ship the *Jean Nicolet* was torpedoed by a Jap sub in the Indian Ocean.

BERNARD J. WILLIAMS

The Malaya *Tribune*
Singapore



no sooner said

Perhaps the following conversation in the Bradley household will prove of value or, at least, interest, to you:

Mrs. B: Any good articles in the January Esquire?
Mr. B: I don't know. I just looked at the pictures and the ads.
Mrs. B: Why?
Mr. B: Well, I find it hard to read.
Mrs. B: Why?
Mr. B: Never thought to figure it out. (Wait a minute. After giving due study to the subject . . .)
Mr. B: I think I know the answer, at least so far as I am concerned.
Mrs. B: What is it?
Mr. B: The text is set in too wide a measure in spite of the space between the lines. It would be easier for me to follow the text if set, say, three columns to the page, rather than two columns.

That's the story.

HENRY D. BRADLEY

St. Joseph, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As Mr. Bradley now knows, beginning with the February issue Esquire has returned to three-column make-up, so everyone, we hope, is happy.*

paen for Helen

Obviously, Helen Lawrenson is not satisfied to be a heartbreaker (vid. *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*) and a home-buster (*Eyes Over Your Shoulder*). In her revolutionary exegesis in your current issue advising errant husbands, she urges us to reverse the advice of psychiatrists and tell nothing to nobody, including the little woman. So now she's trying to destroy one of our few remaining doctrines, the confidence of a man in his psychiatrist. Is anything safe from Miss Lawrenson—besides sailors? In my considered opinion, a woman as consistently negative as this creature is nay-rotic.

ANONYMOUS

Seattle, Wash.

tulips, maybe

As a subscriber to your very nice magazine (you may rest assured that such magazines mean a lot to us after five years of German occupation!) I have read the very kind offer which Mr. B. H. Ruggles makes.

If not too late I would very much appreciate receiving the *Coronet* copies which Mr. Ruggles so kindly offers. It is only very painful that I can do nothing in return. I can of course collect Dutch magazines, but what is the use, as you won't understand Dutch over there.

But maybe Mr. Ruggles himself has another suggestion. Please let him communicate with me.

R. J. SINIS

Holland

strange interlude

The painting in your December issue entitled *An Old-Fashioned Christmas at Surrey* has puzzled some of us, your English readers. Perhaps you will tell us in what circumstances fifteen adults (including one aged lady) and six children would leave the table "en masse" after the turkey and start to view the family portraits, converse in cliques, and view the Christmas tree while the butler brings in the pudding (complete with brandy sauce). What impels each and every one to exhibit such disinterest in the logical conclusion of their dinner that they take up a separate existence between courses? Above all, what well-trained nursemaid would bring the baby in for inspection in the middle of a meal?

EVELYN R. POOLE

Llandudno, Wales

Continued on page 192

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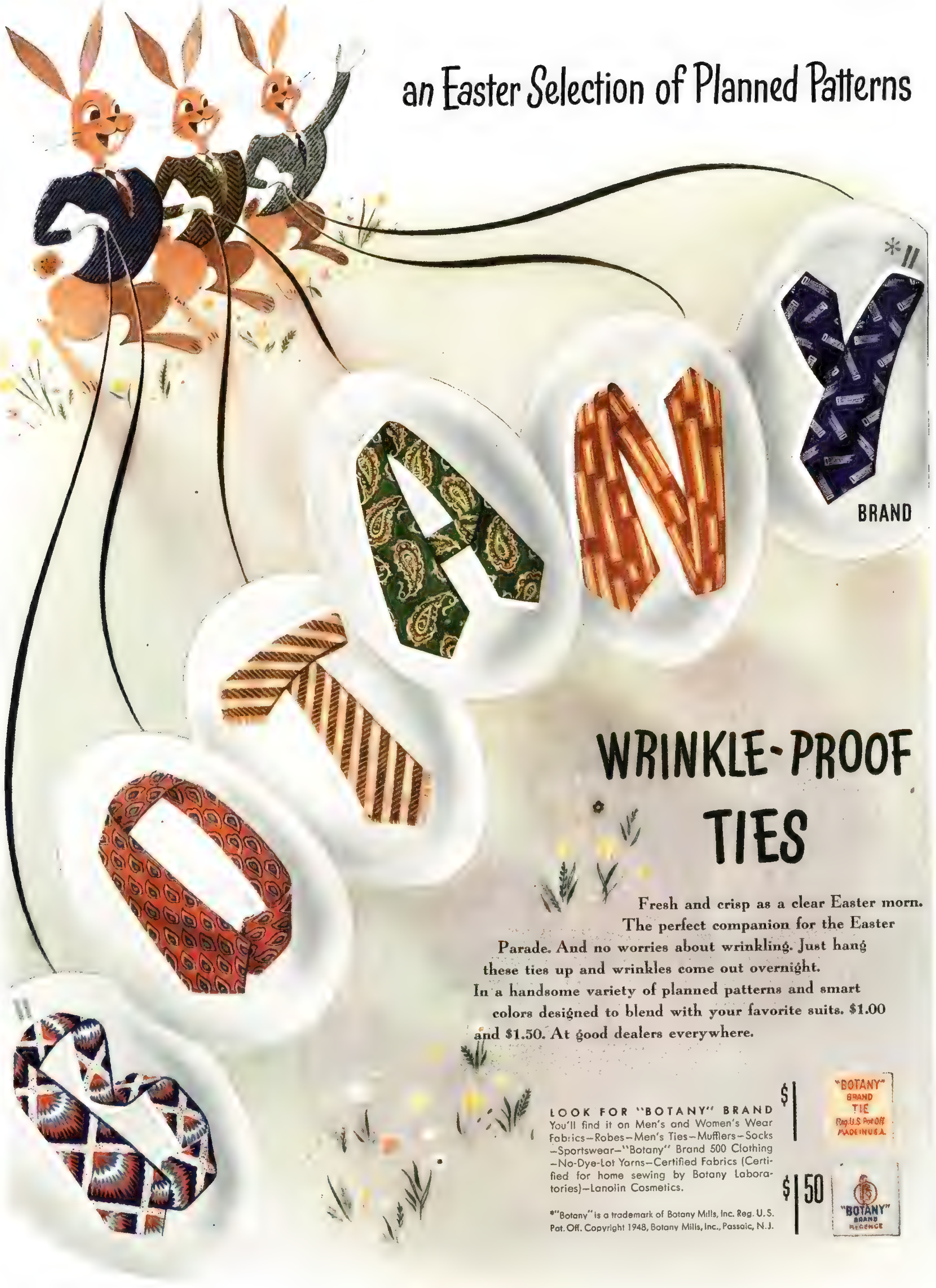
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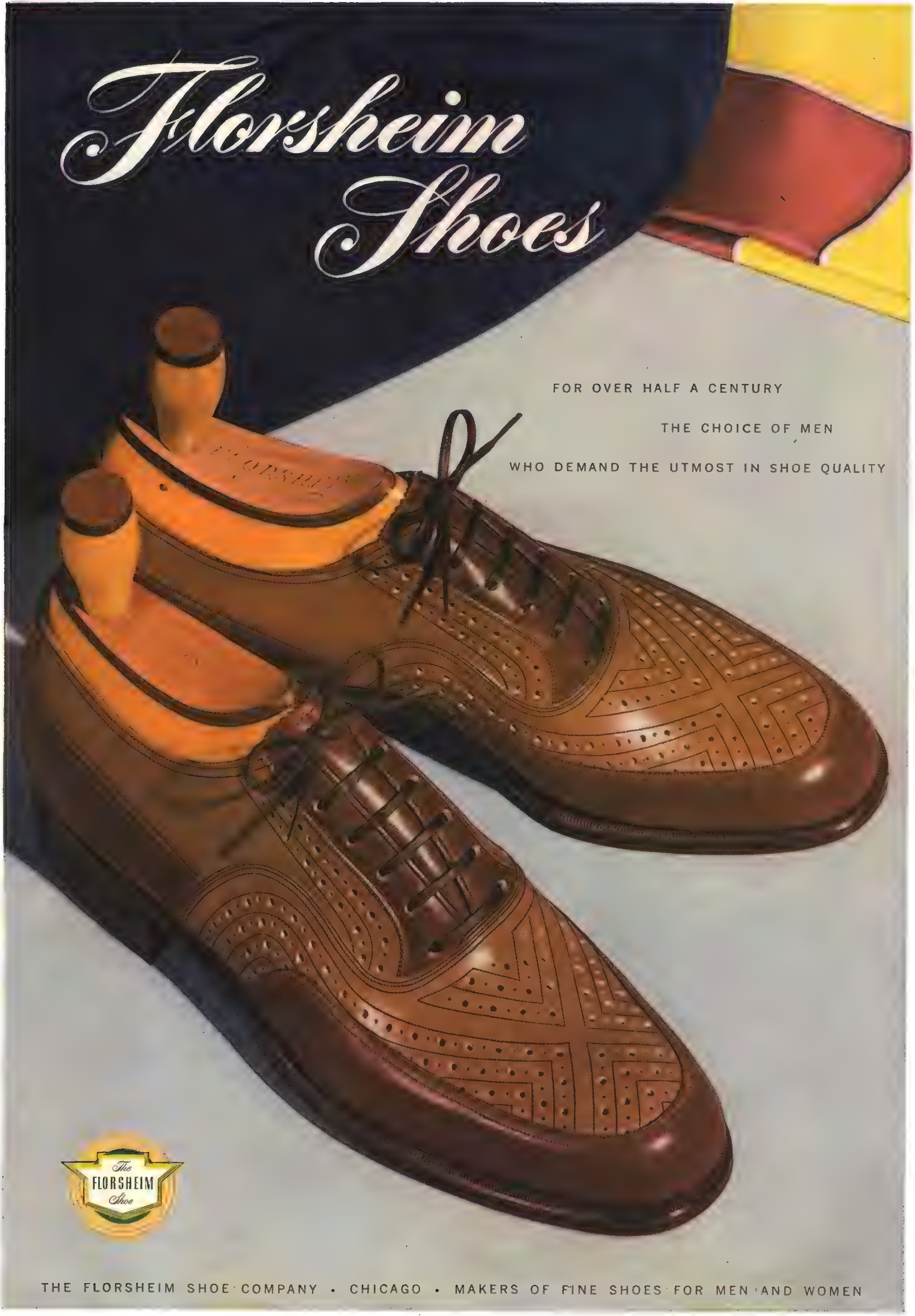

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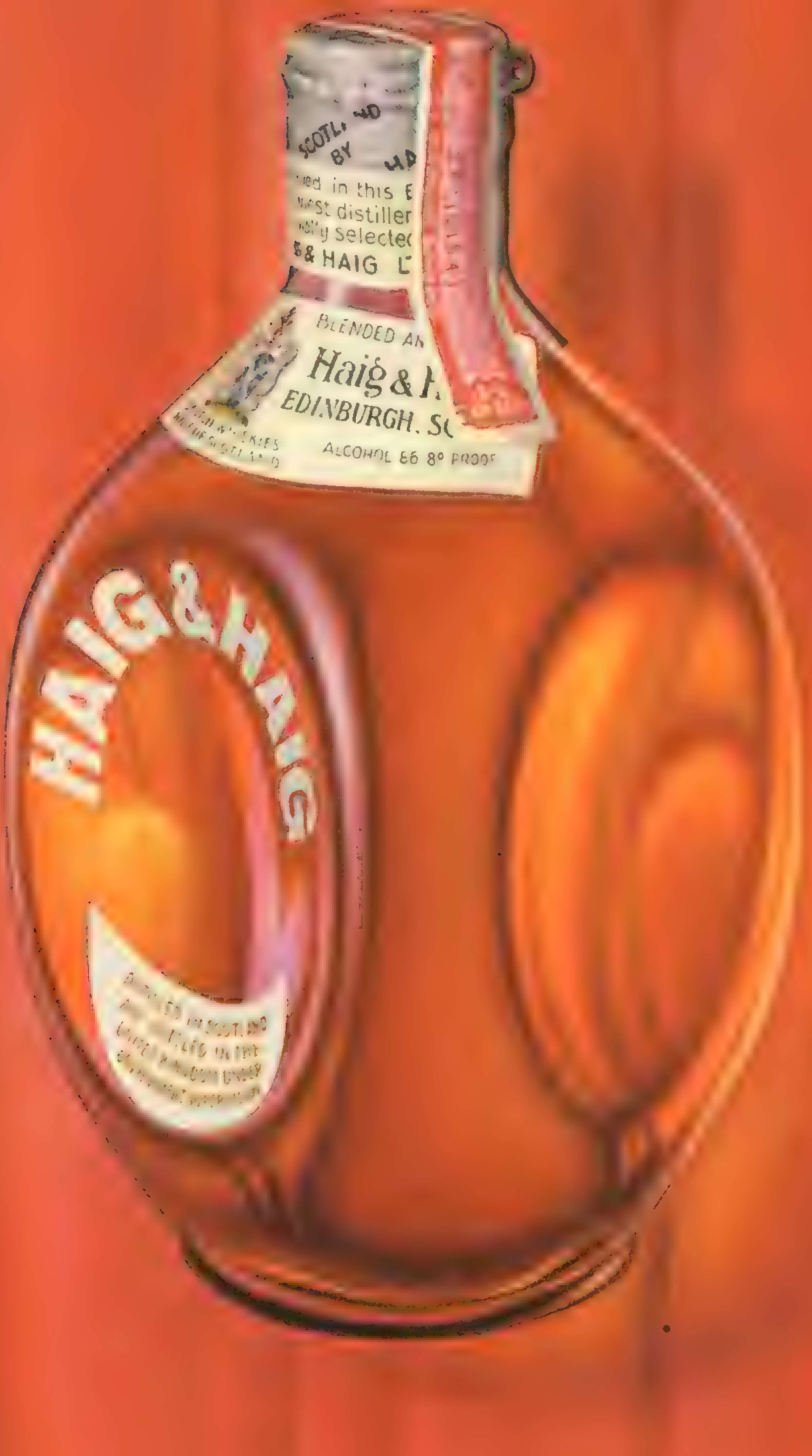
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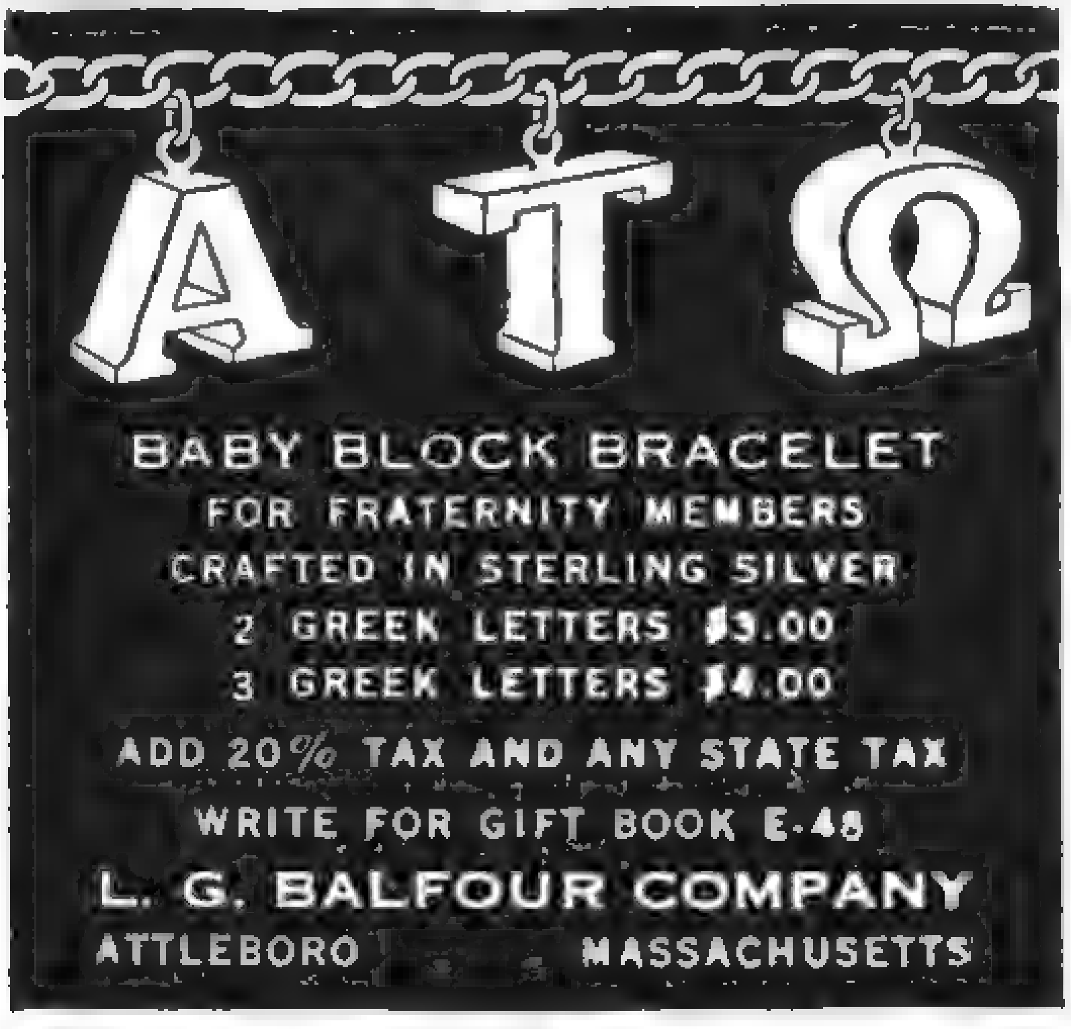

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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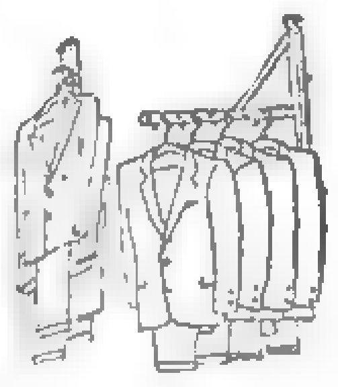
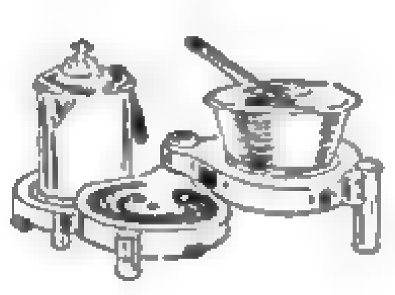
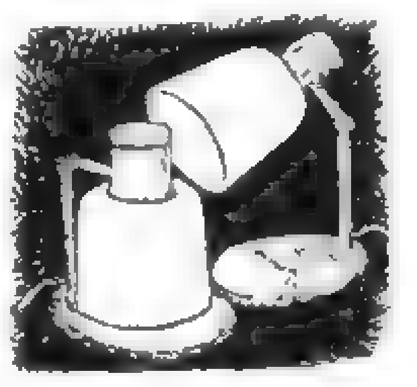


WHAT'S COOKING? The whole dinner—if you're lucky enough to have one of these three-section electric burners. Just the ticket for small bachelor apartments, so short on kitchen space — or for the summer cottage. With three different heat controls and three different cooking surfaces, you can simmer the soup on one burner, keep the coffee warm on another and cook with full heat on the third. When not in use, it can be "telescoped" into the space ordinarily occupied by one burner. Operates on either A-C or D-C current off one plug, and is constructed of heavy duty, polished aluminum with heat proof, Bakelite guards. Under twenty dollars.



BEDSIDE MANNERS. This new design in bedside lamps politely lets your spouse go right to sleep while you finish off that final chapter. She slumbers in peace because the light's not in her eyes—it's concentrated on your book. A rheostat control, which regulates the exact amount of light you want, changes it from a reading lamp to a night light as shown in sketch. Chromium and frosted glass, with an ovoid shaped base. Designed by architect George Nelson, to retail under fifteen dollars.



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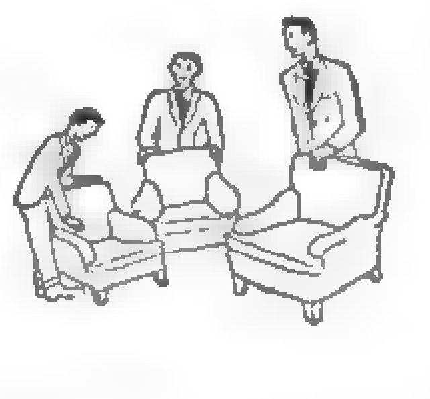

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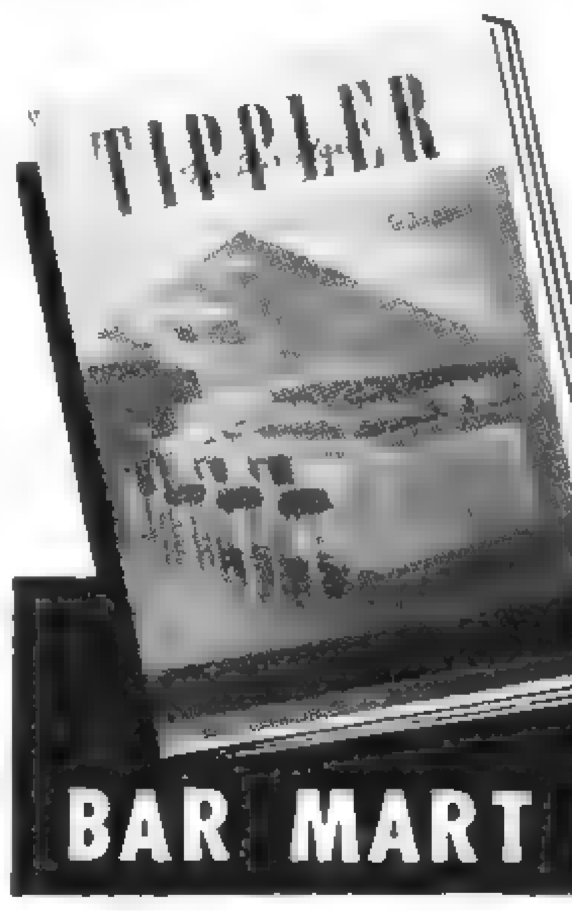

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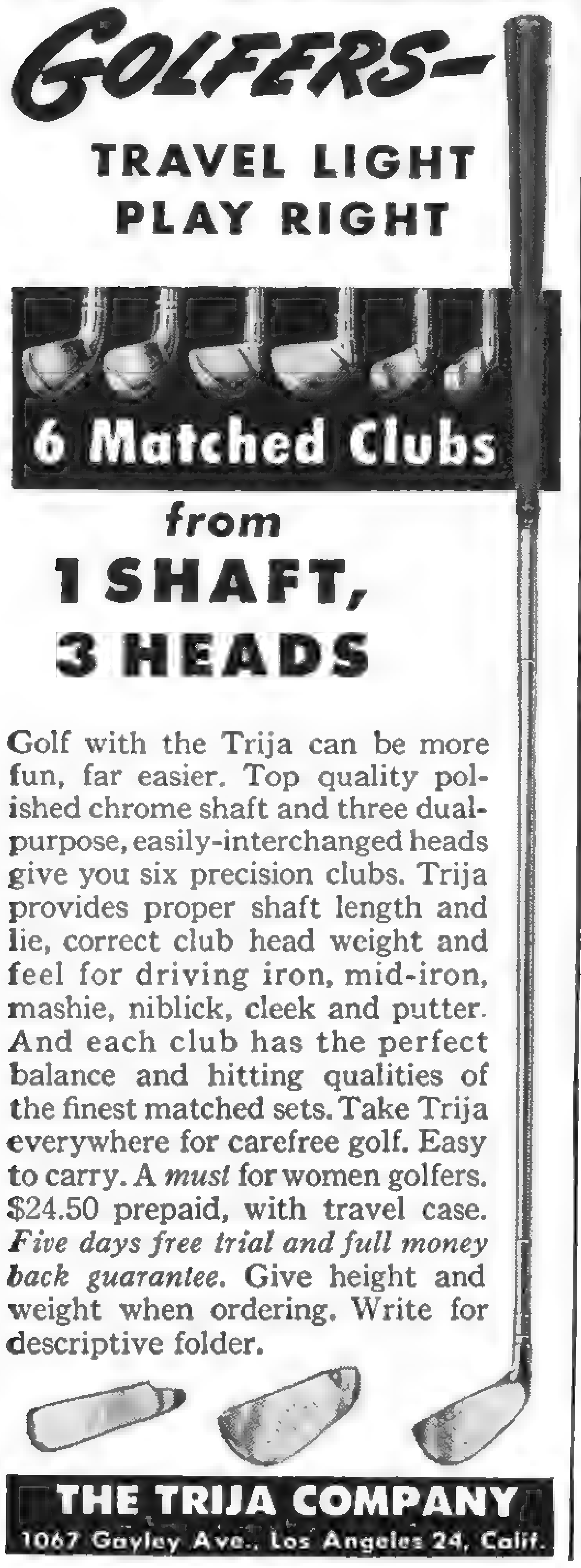

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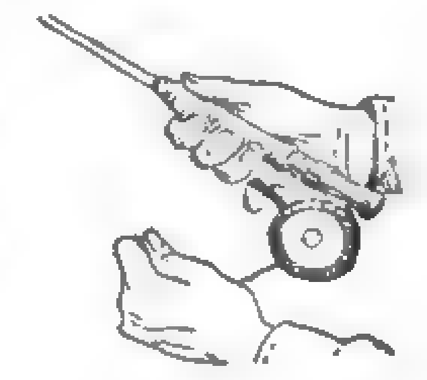
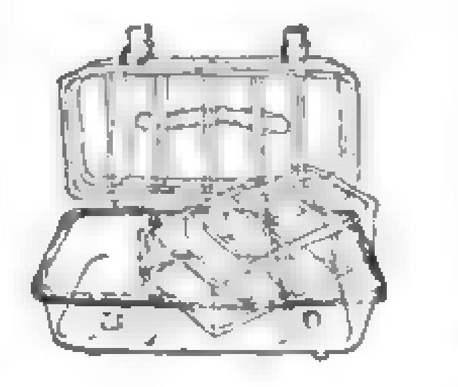
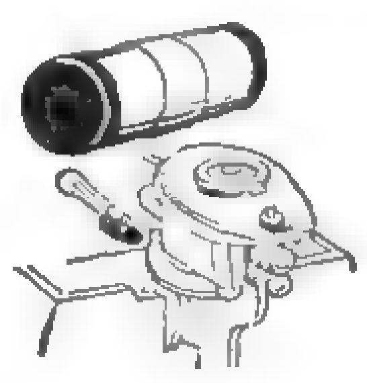
REEL DEAL. Ingenious answer to the old angling question — automatic or manually operated reels, for fly fishing. This combination reel gives you automatic line take-up with finger operated trigger. When you want to take up by hand, the trigger flicks back out of the way . . . Interchangeable, auxiliary spool makes it easy to change lines, simply by removing a screw and substituting one spool for another. Reel and extra spool will set you back about nine dollars.



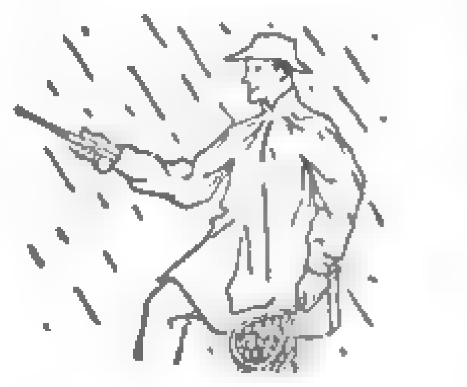
A CLEAR CASE FOR FISHERMEN. No more rusty fishing tackle . . . no more groping around for the right plug, fly or piece of gear. This new tackle box is made of transparent, shatter-resistant Plexiglass so that you can see the entire contents of the case, even when the lid is closed. Sturdy but light in weight, the kit has a four-compartment, removable tray in the lower section and a latch-on separator that keeps tackle in place in the lid. Measures 16″x6½″x6″ and sells for under thirty dollars.



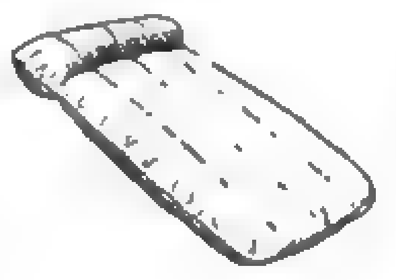
OUTBOARD OVERBOARD? If you have one of these buoy-retrievers attached to it, it's a simple matter to haul it up again . . . Clamp this safety float to your outboard motor, then — should you run into a sudden squall and lose the motor — the safety float is ready to do its stuff. Underwater pressure releases the two floats, each trailing two strong, nylon lines 75 feet long. Special "rocket action" forces floats to the surface through weeds or other obstacles in the water. Just pick up the floats and pull in the lines and your motor is back from Davy Jones' locker. Costs about eight dollars. Smaller versions for fishing rods, guns, cameras and other equipment.



CASTING SHIRT. Designed to keep a fisherman dry in fast streams and sudden showers. Won't hamper your style because it's cut good and full in the shoulders. There's a slide fastener closure and elastic in the wrists to give full protection against the elements. Made of a special synthetic rubber that won't get gummy, and it's so light in weight, you can roll it up and carry it in your creel. The price tag reads about eleven dollars.



SLEEPING BEAUTY. Inflatable rubber mattress that makes a comfortable camping companion. A man-size 73″ long and 30″ wide with a built-in, separately inflated pillow. Bed section is a full 5″ deep; the pillow, 10″. To inflate, use a tire pump, or lung power—if your wind is good. The whole deal simmers down to blanket size—easy to stash away, simple to transport . . . Also comes in handy when there are more guests than beds in the house. Costs under twenty-five dollars.



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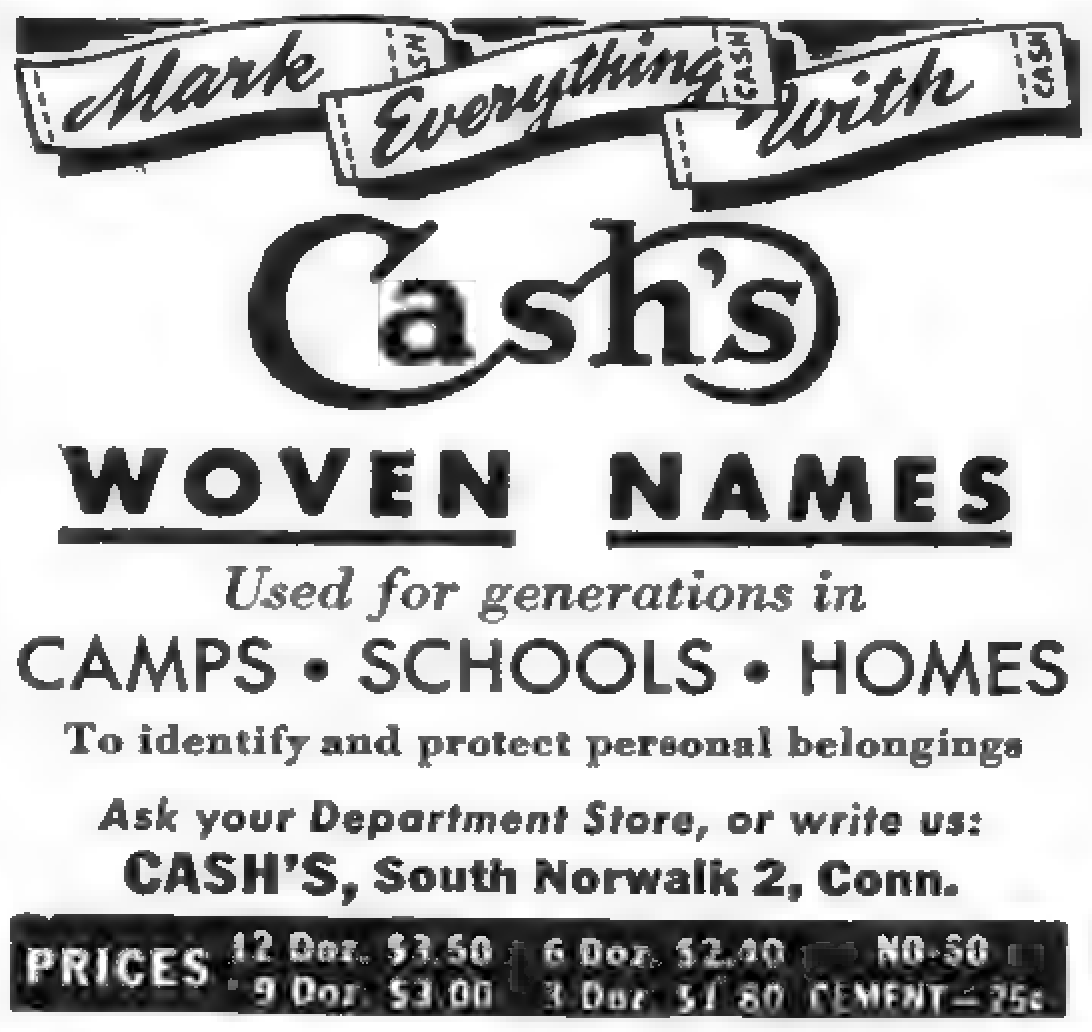

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and "grow" TALLER instantly!

What a glorious feeling to go *up* in the world! What a thrill to rise to new heights of business and social success! And it's so easy. Just step into a pair of "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing shoes. Presto! You're almost 2 inches taller. Secretly, too, for "ELEVATORS" look and feel like any other smart shoes. It's a fact . . . you don't know what you're missing till you're taller. Why not "grow" taller today!

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EASTERN

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Berger's Sample Shoe Store, *Lawrence, Mass.*
Boston Shoe Store, *Atlantic City, New Jersey*
Brockton Shoe Store, *New Britain, Conn.*
Tom Brown's Bootery, *Scranton, Pa.*
Carter's Shoe Store, *Springfield, Mass.*
S. Dalsimer & Sons, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Dickerman and McQuade, *Lowell, Mass.*
Eiseman's, *Washington, D. C.*
Farr Bros., *Allentown, Pa. • Bethlehem, Pa.*
  Easton, Pa. • Reading, Pa.
Filene's, *Boston, Massachusetts*
Gimbel's, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
Hamilton's Shoe Store, *Portland, Maine*
Harry's Shoe Store, *New Haven, Connecticut*
N. Hess Sons, Inc., *Baltimore, Maryland*
Jax, Inc., *Bridgeport, Connecticut*
Kleinhans, *Buffalo, New York*
James Lawrence and Son, *Hartford, Conn.*
Lanoue Bros., *Brockton, Massachusetts*
Manufacturer's Shoe Outlet, *Albany, N. Y.*
  Pittsfield, Mass. • Rochester, New York
  Syracuse, Schenectady, Troy, New York
J. Musinsky and Son, *Lynn, Massachusetts*
Parlor City Shoe Store, *Binghamton, N. Y.*
Paul's Shoe Store, *Boston, Mass.*
Paul's Shoe Store, *Providence, R. I.*
Raleigh, Haberdasher, *Washington, D. C.*
Ralph's Men's Shoes, *Butler, Pennsylvania*
Reineberg's, *York, Penna.*
Richards Niagara, *Niagara Falls, New York*
Stenchever's, *Paterson, N. J. • Passaic, N. J.*
Taymor Shoes, *Worcester, Massachusetts*
Walter's Shoe Store, *Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*
George Weiss, *Trenton, New Jersey*
Weschler Co., *Erie, Pennsylvania*
Wyman, Inc., *Baltimore, Maryland*

MID-WESTERN

B. R. Baker Company, *Toledo, Ohio*
Ben Becker
  Evansville, Indiana • Terre Haute, Indiana
Bob's Shoes for Men, *Minneapolis, Minnesota*
Bob's Shoe Store, *Dayton, Ohio*
Boyd's, *St. Louis, Missouri*
J. L. Brandeis and Sons, *Omaha, Nebraska*
Cohn's Shoe Store, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*
Davis Shoes, *Lansing, Michigan*
Dayton Company, *Minneapolis, Minnesota*
E & W Clothing Company, *Sioux City, Iowa*
Ewer's Men's Store, *Iowa City, Iowa*
The Frankel Clothing Co., *Des Moines, Iowa*
Gimbel's, *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*
Henry's, *Wichita, Kansas*
Hub Clothiers, *Pontiac, Michigan*
The Hub, *Steubenville, Ohio*
Lustig's, *Youngstown, Ohio*
McCullough's Shoe Shop, *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
O'Connor and Goldberg, *Chicago, Illinois*
M. O'Neil, *Akron, Ohio*
Potter Shoe Company, *Cincinnati, Ohio*
Robinson Shoe Company, *Kansas City, Mo.*
Schuster's, *Muncie, Indiana*
Geo. Seitz Shoe Company, *Salina, Kansas*
Sibley's Men's Shoes, *Detroit, Michigan*
Simon and Landauer, *Davenport, Iowa*
Smith-Bridgman and Co., *Flint, Michigan*
Stix, Baer and Fuller, *St. Louis, Missouri*
Stone Shoe Company, *Cleveland, Ohio*
L. Strauss and Company, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
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Woerderhoff Shoe Co., *Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

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Barnes and Co., *San Angelo, Texas*
Bell's Booteries, *Nashville, Tennessee*
Clarke's, *Tulsa, Oklahoma*
Dreyfuss and Son, *Dallas, Texas*
Frankenberger & Co., *Charleston, W. Virginia*
Hine-Bagby, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*
Hofheimer's, Inc.
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Joske's, *San Antonio, Texas*
Krupp and Tuffly, *Houston, Texas*
Levy Bros., *Louisville, Kentucky*
George Muse Clothing Co., *Atlanta, Georgia*
Harrison Parks Shoes, *Columbia, S. C.*
Phelp's Shoe Co., Ltd., *Shreveport, Louisiana*
Pizitz, *Birmingham, Alabama*
M. Pokorny and Sons, Ltd., *New Orleans, La.*
Precios Fijos, *Havana, Cuba*
Gus Roos and Co., *Dallas, Texas*
Roque Gonzales & Co., *San Juan, Puerto Rico*
Rosen Boot Shop, *Memphis, Tennessee*
Rube & Scott, *Little Rock, Arkansas*
E. M. Scarbrough and Sons, *Austin, Texas*
Slater's Boot Shop, *Miami, Florida*
Thalhimer's, *Richmond, Virginia*
H. A. Wahl Shoe Co., *Oklahoma City, Okla.*
Walk Over Bootery, *Tampa, Florida*

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Anderson's Men's Shop, *Salt Lake City, Utah*
B. L. Bayzerman, *Huntington Park, Cal.*
Bloom's, *San Jose, California*
Nat Casserd, *San Francisco, California*
Devlin Shoe Den
  Sacramento, Cal. • Stockton, Cal.
Merwin Dobyns Footwear, *Long Beach, Cal.*
Eastern
  Portland, Oregon • Fresno, California
Egbert's Shoe Store, *Bozeman, Montana*
Given Bros., *Albuquerque, New Mexico*
  El Paso, Texas • Phoenix, Tucson, Ariz.
Fain's Men's Store, *Oregon City, Oregon*
Hamilton's Men's Shop, *Beverly Hills, Cal.*
  Hollywood, Cal. • Los Angeles, Cal.
Karl's, *Reno, Nevada*
King's, *Boise, Idaho*
Manufacturer's Shoe Co., *Honolulu, Hawaii*
Mark's Men's Shoes, *Glendale, California*
May Company, *Los Angeles, California*
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Nordstrom's, *Seattle, Washington*
Rogers Shoe Stores, *Los Angeles, California*
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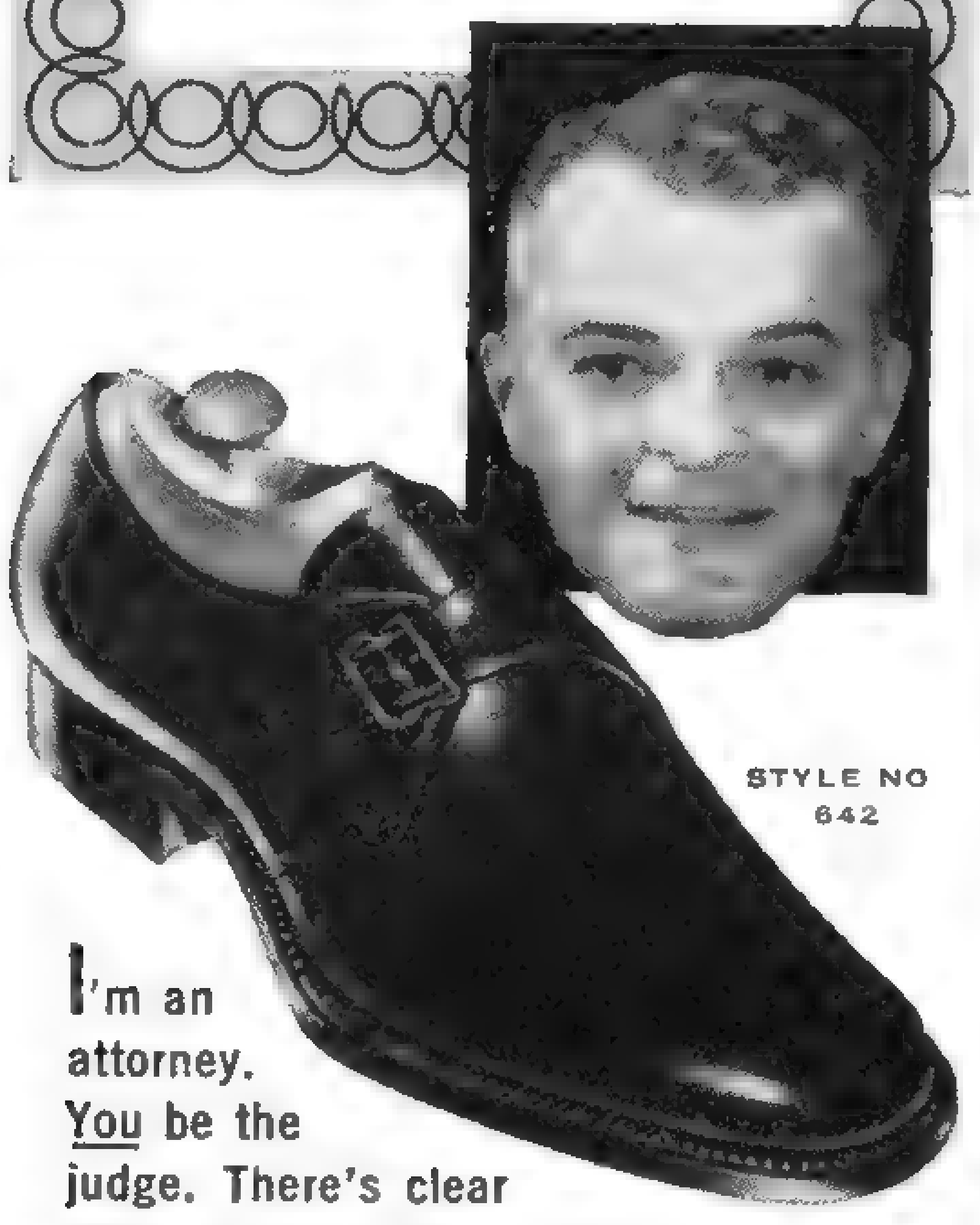

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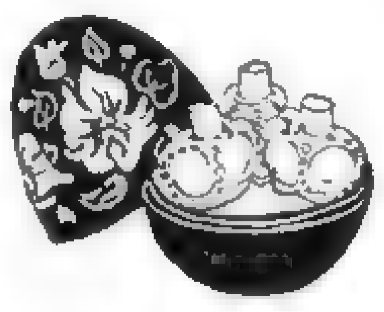
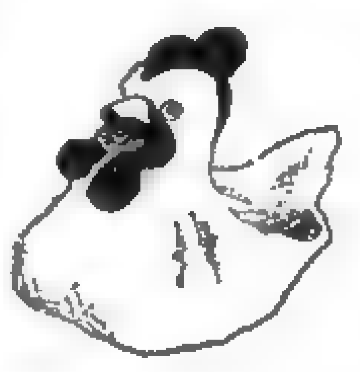
Talking Shop with Esquire

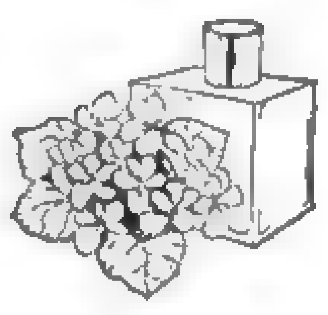
THE EGG AND YOU. A hand painted Easter egg that not only looks purty — but it smells nice too. There are three small bottles of perfume inside it —Stradivari, Duchess of York and Ave Maria — all of which make this fancy egg a singularly appropriate Easter-time gift for any little girl over twenty. It will cost you about five dollars. Or, maybe she'd like the doll-size Easter hat, very fetching, with two small bottles of perfume under the crown. For about three dollars.



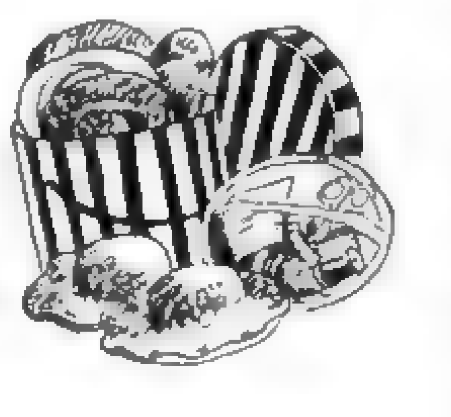
MRS. CLUCK, a yellow settin' hen makes an appropriate Easter gift for small fry. She has real pockets on either side of her torso, which can be filled with Easter eggs and other gifts. Made of soft rayon plush, with felt comb and bill . . . Or, maybe you'd like to make an Easter present of "Cuddles", a plush pig with a high personality quotient. Complete with curly tail and a ribbon on the neck. The hen and the pig sell for about three dollars apiece.



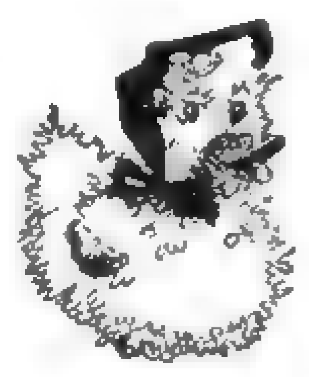
SCENT-SITIVE TYPE? If she's partial to music on the Sweet Side, if she's at her best in candlelight — she'll undoubtedly appreciate a present of the sentimental scent called "Pink Violet." It's all been thought up to complement the Spring version of that old New Look that the girls say they're going to be wearing. Doesn't knock you over with one whiff. Just nice, that's what it is. The perfume starts around five dollars; the toilet water about three, and the "Pink Violet" lipstick costs less than two dollars.



DESIGNING WOMEN — age six to ten, that is—can now design and make hats for their dolls, with this miniature hat-box full of materials. There are six real felt hat bodies, doll size, in different colors . . . a collection of colored feathers and ribbons, a pair of scissors, needles, thread and a sheet of easy-to-follow instructions. Incidentally, the Toy Guidance Council has given this design kit the okay, from an educational angle. All for about two dollars.



SHAGGY DUCK STORY, strictly for children. Musical toy duck that ought to make you a favorite uncle on any niece's hit parade. Concealed in the innards is a Swiss music box that plays a tinkling tune when you wind it up. She comes in either yellow or white, with a yellow felt bill, wings and tootsies. Her Easter bonnet is purple felt with a rose on the brim. Dorabelle the Duck will set you back about ten dollars, but think of the impression she'll make!



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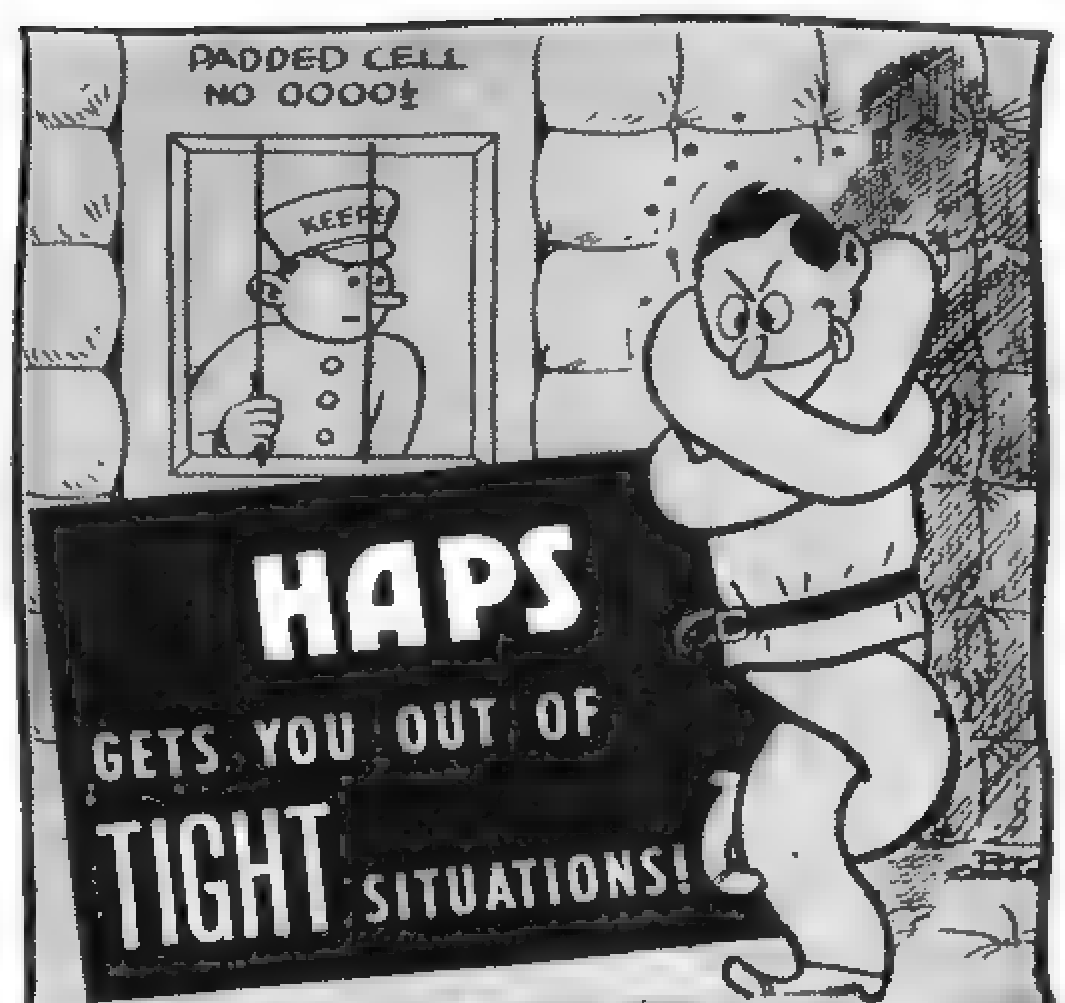

Don't let tight, binding, pinching underwear drive *you* crazy! Wear HAPS, the ONE-PIECE comfort sensation that *cannot* creep or bunch. There's nothing like it in design, knit and construction; in cool, absorbent ease. Try it! *Guaranteed more comfortable and convenient than the underwear you wear now, or money back.*

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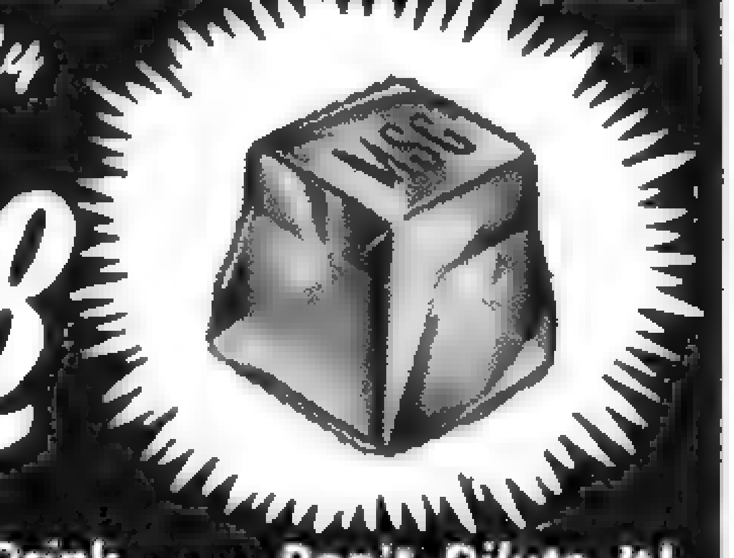

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A miracle! Well, not exactly . . . but the closest thing to it! The ice is in the cube . . . SEALED IN! Keep beverages ICE COLD this amazing way . . . without dilution! Use "Nice-Cubes" in highballs, cocktails, soft-drinks, fruit juices, wine, etc. . . . even BEER! Just freeze these water-filled cubes in your ice-tray . . . then drop them in your drink. They'll chill - without dilution, for when the ice melts, the water remains sealed in the cube! Clever? More than that . . . a household necessity! And they LAST INDEFINITELY. Just re-freeze and re-use again and again! Tasteless, odorless, shatterproof, crystal plastic.

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• Preserve smart appearance with "Garment Drapes." Shape conforms to human body. Helps restore original style lines.

Non-slip pads. Wide, wooden hanger-bar. Light weight plastic. Beautiful colors: Blue, pink, green, yellow, red and black. Glamorize your closets and offices.

Singly $1.25: Sets 6 for $5.00; 12 for $10.00. Postpaid

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SEA FOOD SERVERS

You'll want to give her these crystal sea food cocktail glasses to keep her in the swim! . . . Shrimp, crab meat, etc., stay chilled in the glass liners which fit snugly into the bottom glass filled with crushed ice. Have them monogrammed with her initials.

Set of 8 with monogram $13.75
Set of 12 with monogram $19.75
(Express charges collect) No C.O.D.'s please

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KUPPENHEIMER

Really fine tailoring makes all the difference in the world in the way a man looks and feels in his clothes. That is why men who are most particular about style, fit and the way clothes drape, even after long wear, rely upon Kuppenheimer quality.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

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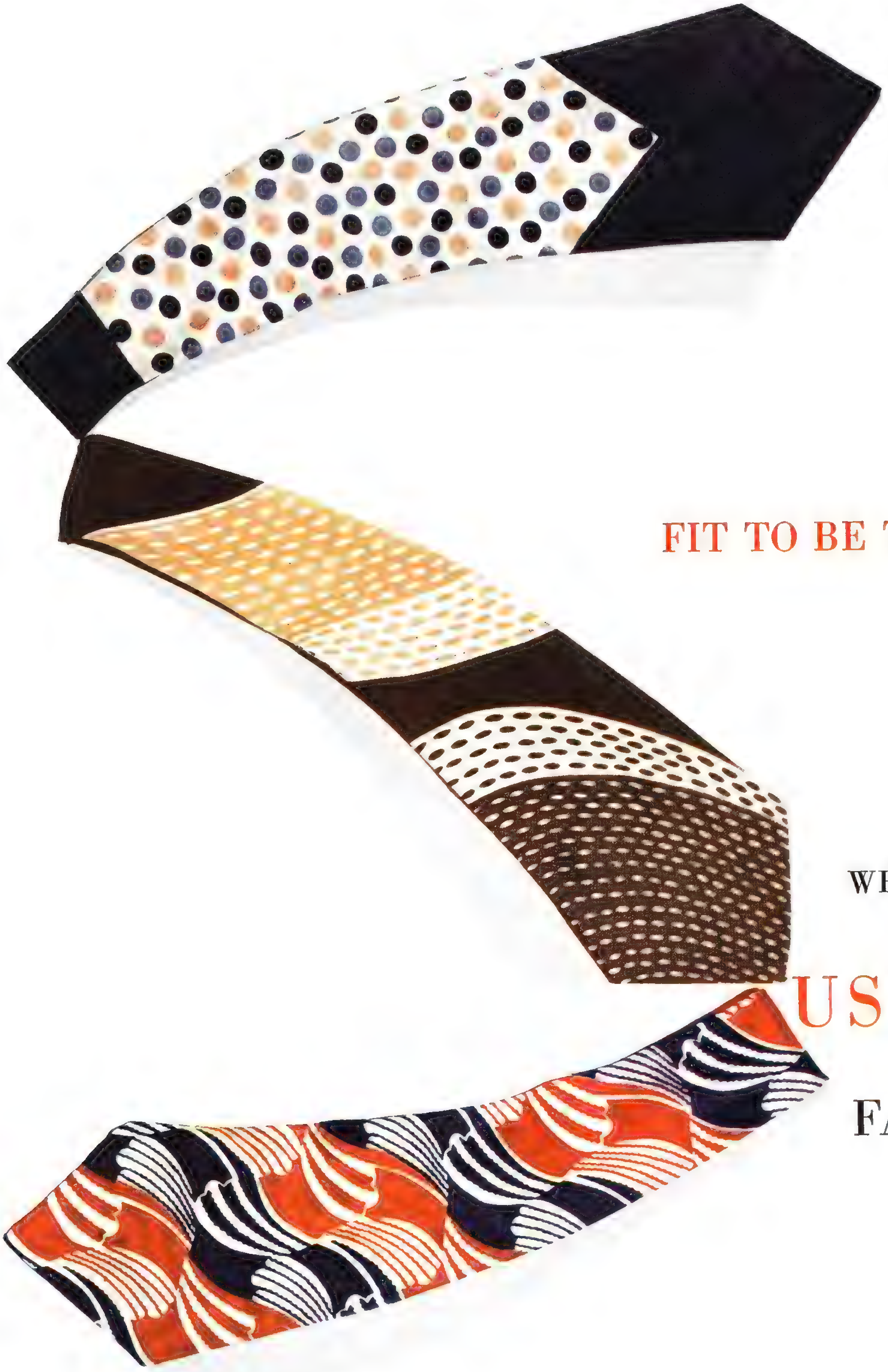

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THE SusKana FABRICS

Susquehanna Mills, Inc., 404 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Suskana* fabrics for Neckties, Men's Wear, Women's Wear and Upholstery.

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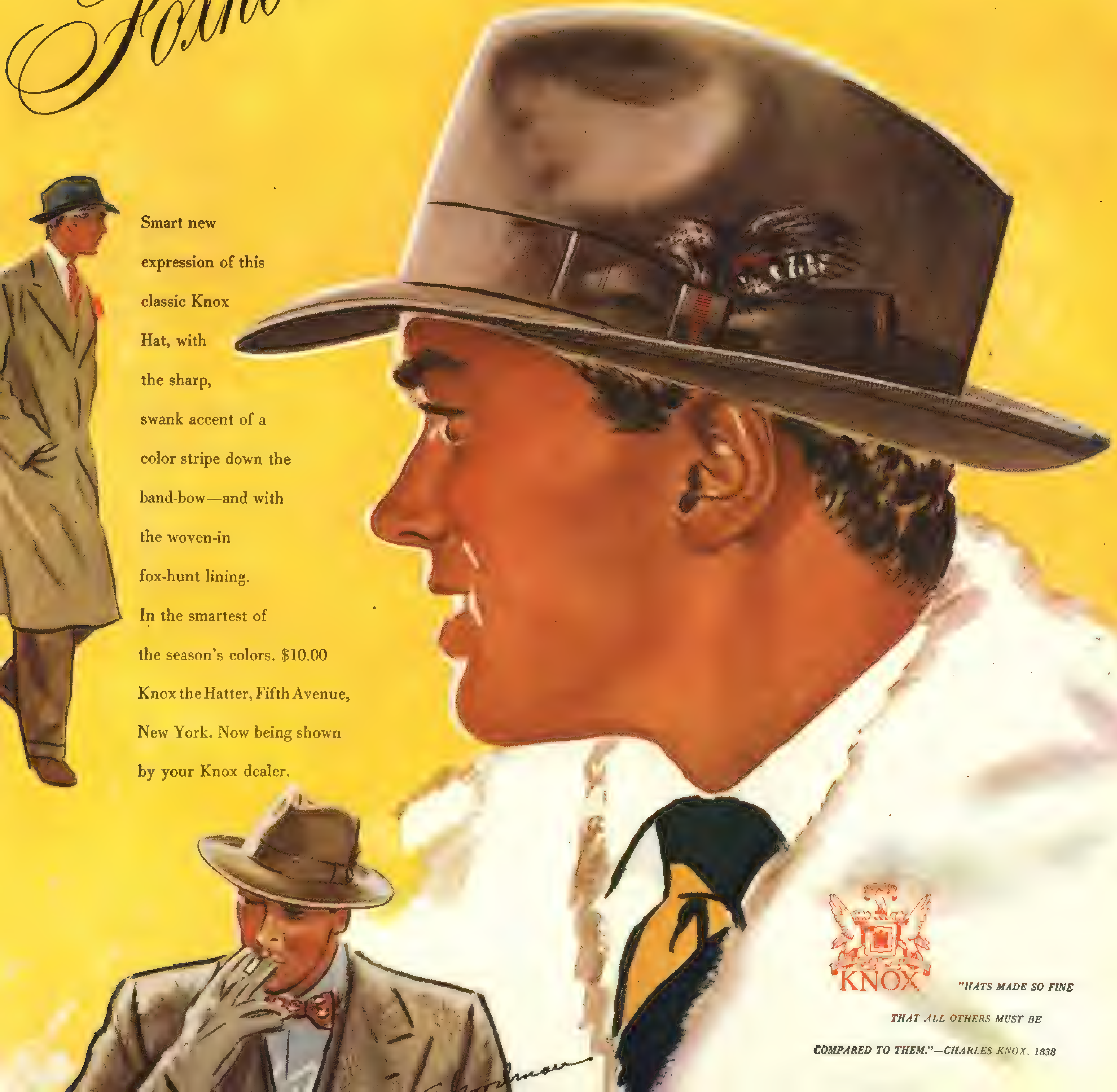
Foxhound



Smart new expression of this classic Knox Hat, with the sharp, swank accent of a color stripe down the band-bow—and with the woven-in fox-hunt lining. In the smartest of the season's colors. $10.00

Knox the Hatter, Fifth Avenue, New York. Now being shown by your Knox dealer.

KNOX

"HATS MADE SO FINE THAT ALL OTHERS MUST BE COMPARED TO THEM."—CHARLES KNOX, 1838

Parfum
EMIR Dana
EMIR

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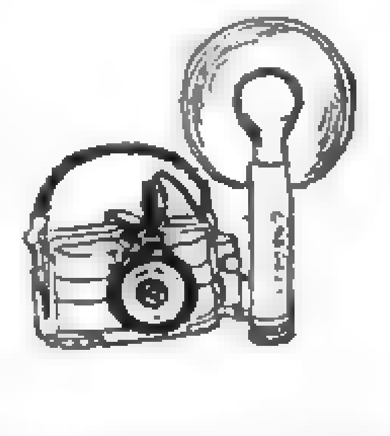
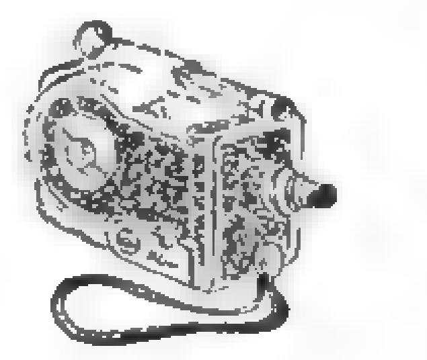
Talking Shop with Esquire

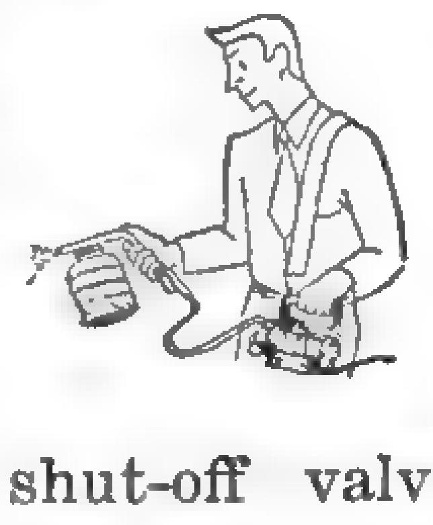
FLASH FOR THE CAMERA CLIQUE. A 35 mm camera with synchronized flash arrangement—amateur photographers can now snap their shutters indoors as well as outdoors, with the benefits of fill-in flash and adequate exposure when light conditions are poor. The lightweight flash unit is easily attached to the camera and flash action is accurately synchronized with the shutter. It's built for No. 11 flash bulbs, but can also use midget or peanut bulbs, with the insertion of an adapter. The works—camera plus flash deal—sell for about seventeen dollars.



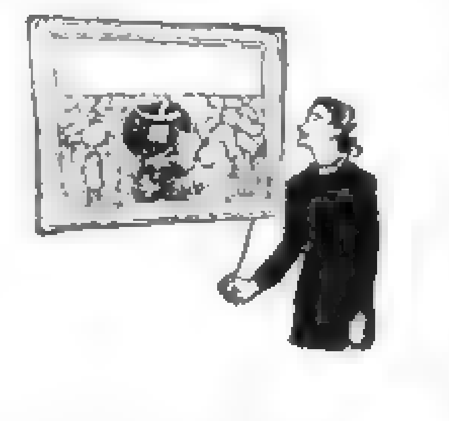
IT'S LOADED! And quickly, too. Outstanding feature of this new movie camera is the fact that it's equipped for easy, rapid, magazine loading. No threading. No complicated gimmicks. Just clip the magazine in place and you're ready to start shooting. In addition, this 16 mm camera has a built-in, Micromatic telescopic view finder; provisions for cable control and a new type winding key . . . All this, and five speeds, too . . . And when it comes to showing those 16 mm movies, this same manufacturer has a nifty projector which utilizes either sound or silent pictures. Exceptionally lightweight, the projector and speaker combine in one unit for easy transportation. There's a special connection for microphone or phonograph pick-up, and an automatic re-wind. The camera costs about a hundred and thirty dollars and the projector sells for under three hundred dollars.



PORTABLE PAINT SPRAYER to give those home painting projects a smooth, professional finish. The adjustable spray head can handle anything in the line of paint, lacquer, enamel or varnish; and the thumb-operated, shut-off valve keeps the flow of paint under control. Lightweight (4 lbs.) electric motor is the 110-120 V universal type, operating on either A-C or D-C. Two spray nozzles — one for straight-ahead spraying, one for spraying up, down, or side-ways. Screens, radiators, furniture and small boats are just some of the things you can use it on—with gratifying results. Under forty dollars.



MANTEL MOVIE SCREEN. A permanent projection screen that leads a double life. One minute it's an attractive picture over the mantel, and the next, it's a full projection screen, 30″x40″ for home movies. All you have to do to expose the screen is grasp a small knob underneath the picture frame and the screen rolls down into place. The picture is a full color reproduction of a painting (your choice of five popular painters) framed in a hand-finished wood. The screen has that special beaded surface to insure maximum clarity and brilliance from home movies and slides. Retails for under seventy dollars.



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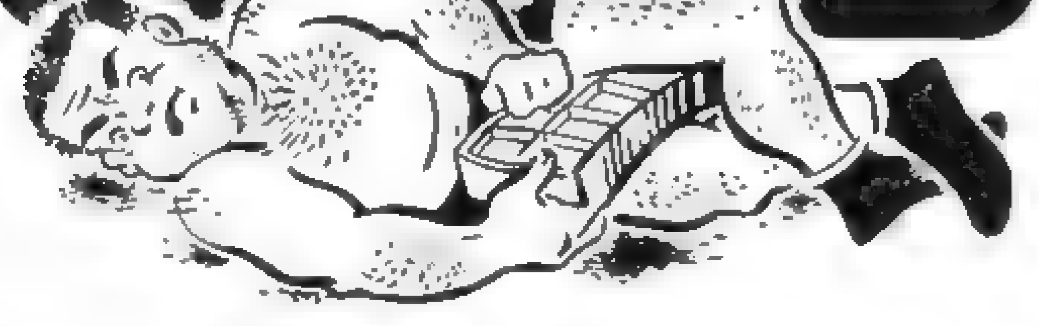

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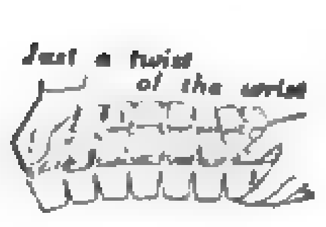

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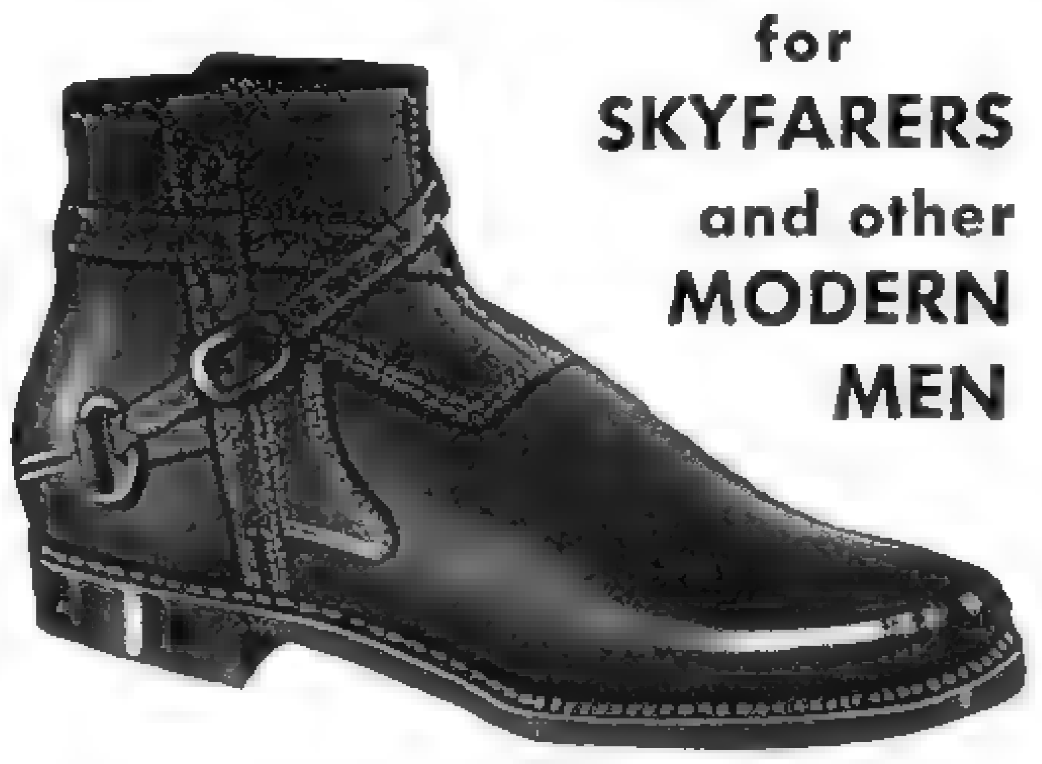
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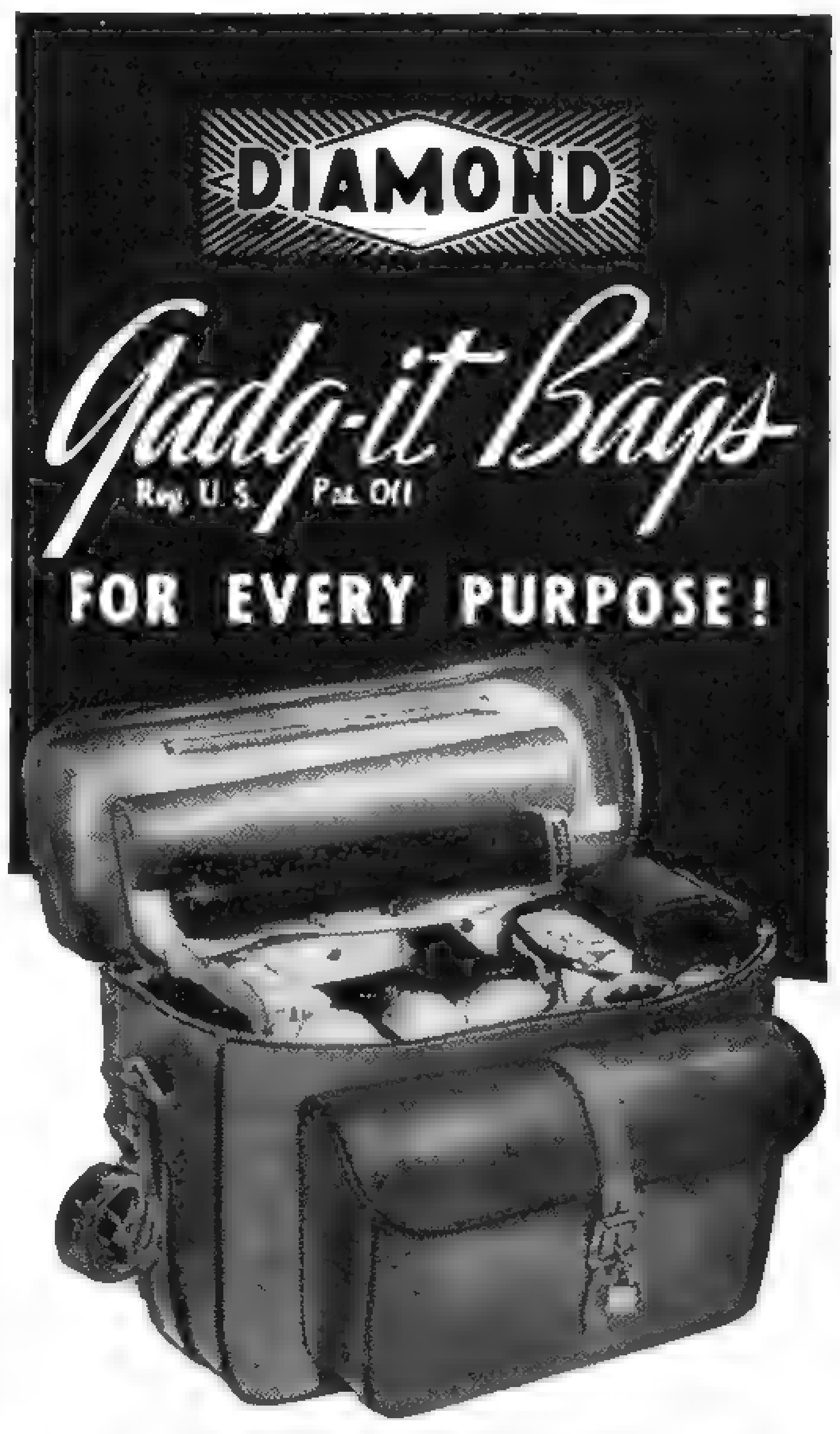

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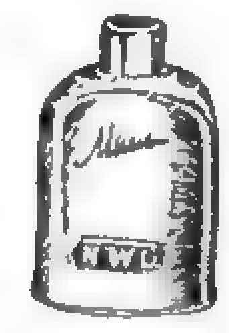
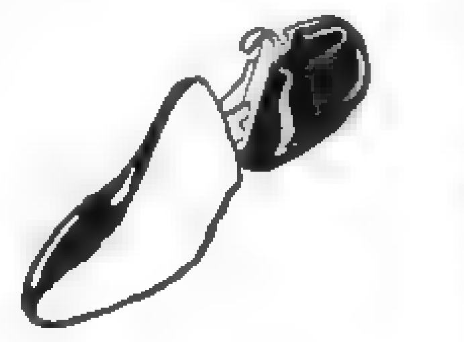
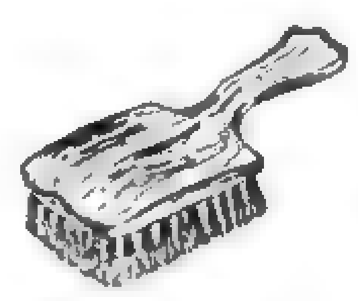


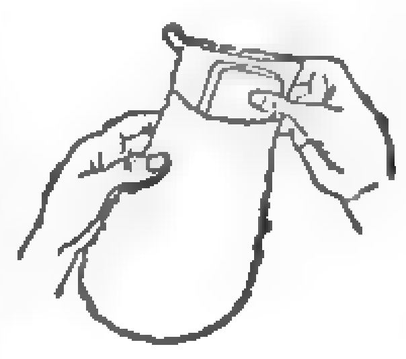
GOOD NEWS FOR SHOES! A new type of shoe tree — made of Tenite, a particularly durable kind of plastic. Designed just like a regular shoemaker's last, so your shoes will keep that new "Bold Look" and retain their original size and shape. An adjustable shaft in the instep makes for a close fit. Comes in several different color combinations and sells for under three dollars.



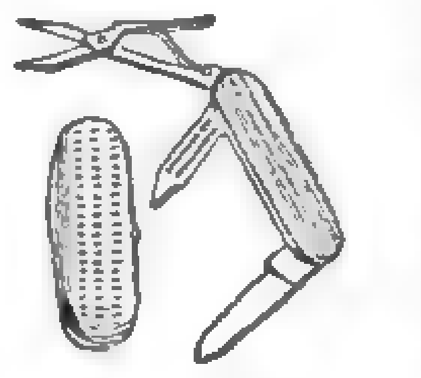
THE BRUSH OFF. A hair brush that's built with a real good heft to it — back and handle of thick plastic Tortoise shell. The nylon bristles are stiff enough to give your hair a real work-out and still not plow up your scalp. That umpteen number of strokes—so highly recommended for keeping the hair you've got — seems somewhat less tedious with a good brush like this. Less than five dollars.



FOR SOAP GROPERS. Here's a deal for shower addicts who lose temper and equilibrium over slippery soap. A sturdy terry cloth bath mitt, made to a man-size scale. There's a special pocket section on the palm, where the cake of soap fits in, and stitched down sections for your fingers—a sort of catcher's mitt arrangement. Your grip on the soap is a sure thing, because it stays put in the pocket, lathering up through the terry cloth palm. Two mitts and a pliofilm case—for traveling or locker use—for under two dollars.



PLENTY SHARP! Imported stainless steel pocket knife that makes a useful and good looking vest-pocket companion. Contains an efficient little pair of scissors with blades ¾" in length, a double cut nail file, and a 1¾" utility blade. Everything you need, whether you're trimming fishing flys on the spot, or going over your nails. Engine turned sides are handsome and scratch-resistant. Costs you about twelve dollars . . . you can buy a smaller edition for about nine, or a larger edition — with shackle — for about fourteen.



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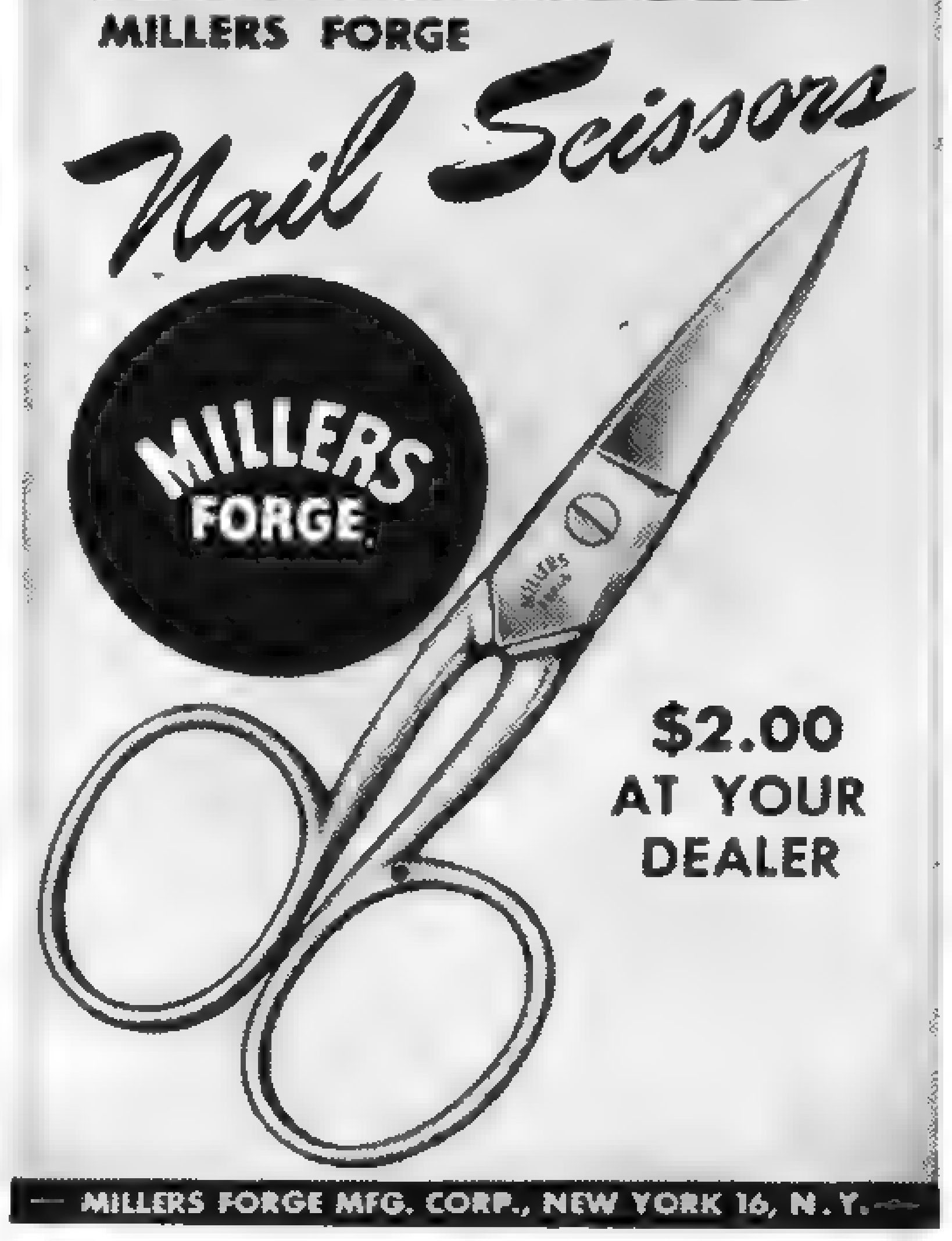

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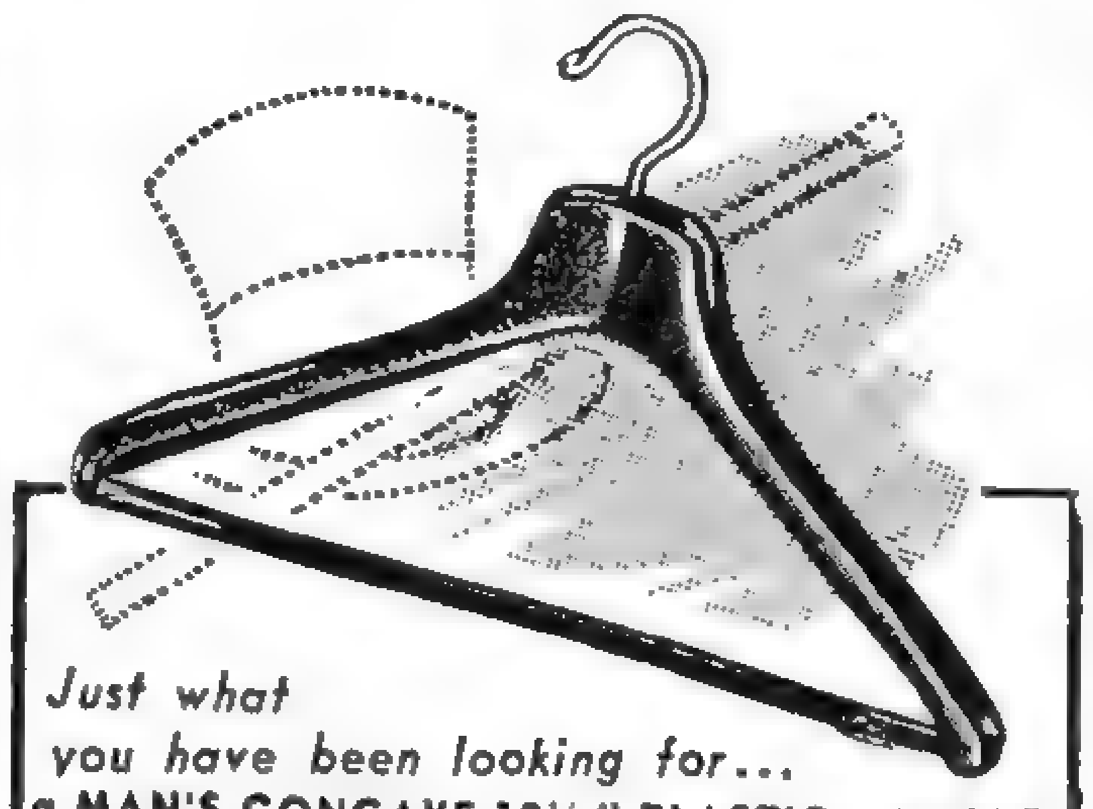

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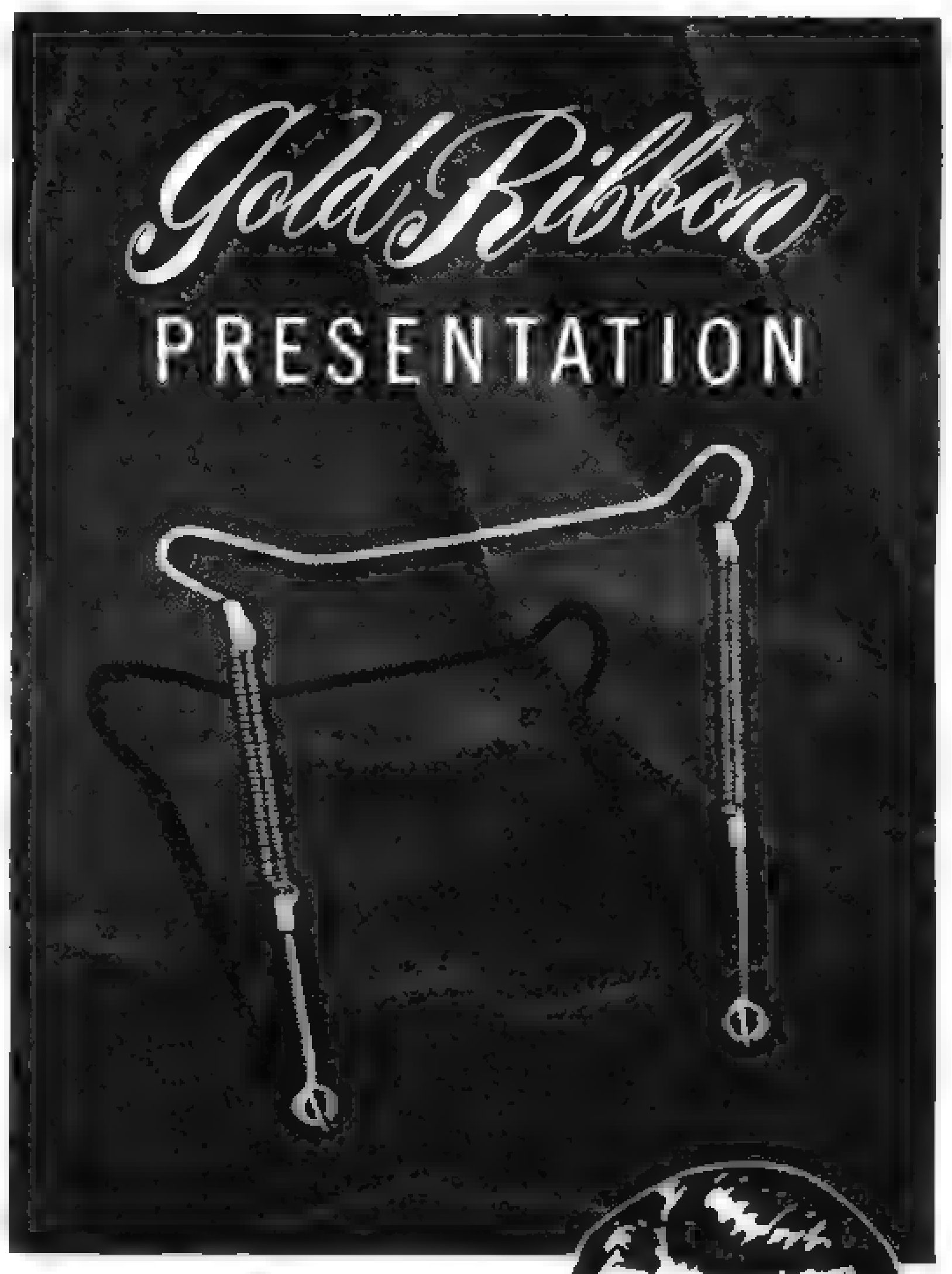

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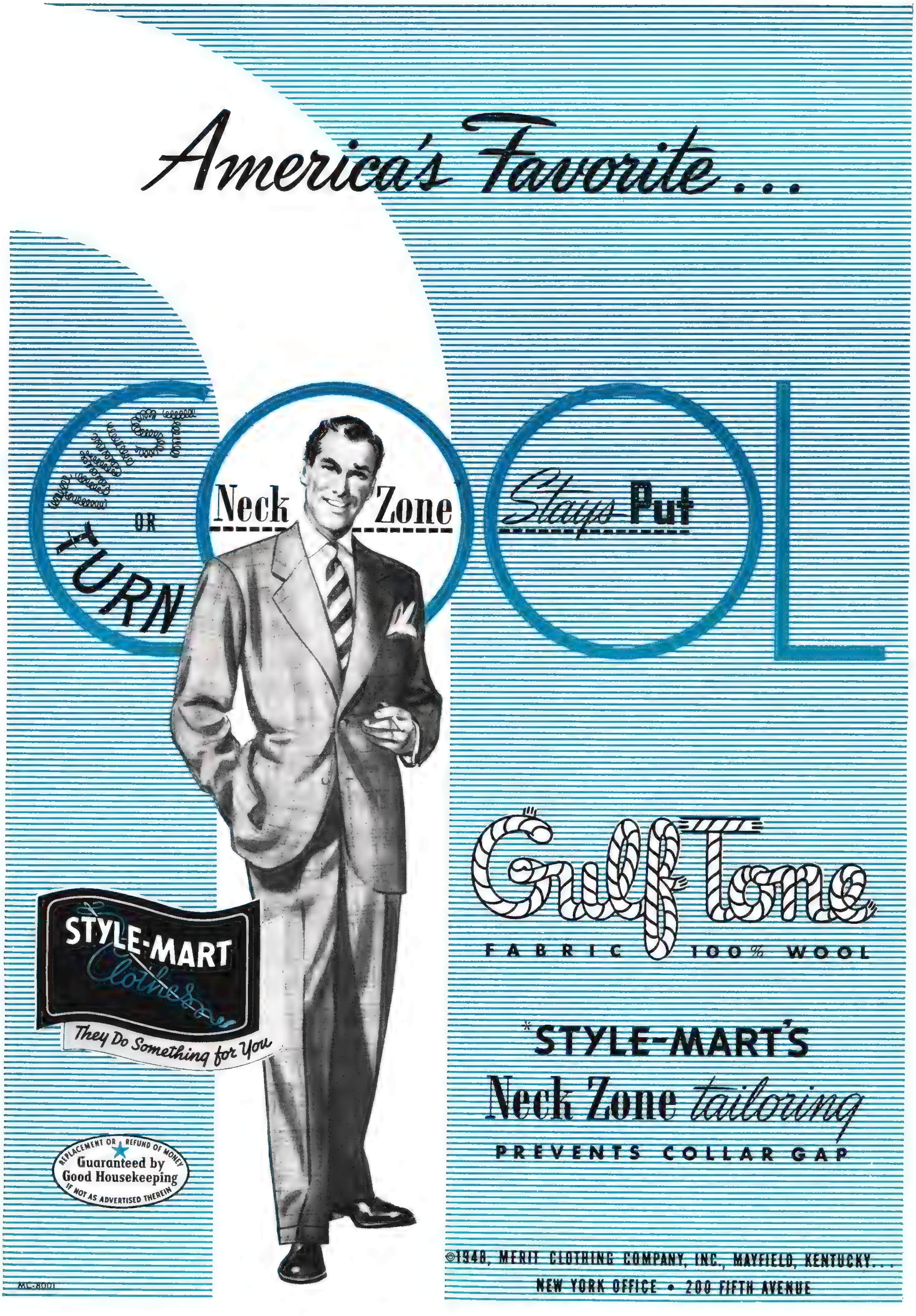

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Painting the Town with Esquire

(Editor's note: New York night clubs and supper clubs, especially the smaller, West-side places, have a way of switching entertainment suddenly, so it's best to check last minute if you're looking for something in particular. Food, drink and atmosphere remain pretty constant.)

LIVING INDOORS is a fine idea these late Winter evenings, especially if you can do it in the charming atmosphere, over the superb food, wines and liqueurs, in Manhattan's own Versailles. Nick (Prounis) & Arnold (Rossfield) are celebrating their fourteenth year (and something almost unheard-of in the restaurant and show business) with the selfsame headwaiter, Robert, his assistant, Andy, and 90% of the splendid staff, including Chef Alfred Lagrange — winner *cum laude* for three straight years of the cooking award from the Societe Culinaire Philantropique. Sample Alfred's Breast of Capon Versailles, Chicken Maison or his Curried Shrimp and Chicken. Dorothy Draper's wonderful decor, re-done in '46 for a cool hundred G's. Bob Grant's music for dancing and Panchito's irresistible Latin-American rhythms odd sets. Entertainment is suave, fast and never intrusive, usually one big star who knows his (or her) New York sophisticates: say Dwight Fiske, Jean Sablon, Evelyn Knight, the De Marco's or Dean Murphy and you've got the idea. Mark this one a must! *ESQUIREcommended!*

SPLENDID DINING on the quieter side is possible, too, at Peter Robotti's wonderful little Chateau Richelieu, right in the convenient heart of midtown at 37 West 51st. Escargots, (with a fine bottle of Pontet Canet '37 or Chateau Margaux, '37), capon, pheasant — or excellent grilled cuts — all served by a smilingly efficient staff of really French waiters. Salads and pastries right on par, and good mixed drinks from the bar. One of the most tasteful little restaurants in town. Dine early and leisurely. Phone ahead. Convenient to the supper clubs afterwards. Unreservedly recommended.

CAVANAGH'S really fine steaks continue to draw discriminating beef-eaters to this established restaurant downtown. The decor is smart, the bar excellent and the service (even before theatre) almost unparalleled. The beefsteak party, introduced by Diamond Jim Brady, is back—with thick slices of beefsteak on fingers of buttered toast; Oysters Casino (oven-baked oysters seasoned with bacon, chopped pepper and onions), as an appetizer and, of course, two double-thick lamb chops for dessert. No knives and forks—you tackle this with your fingers and wipe 'em on the chef's apron provided (with the chef's cap, if desired) by the management. *ESQUIREcommended!*

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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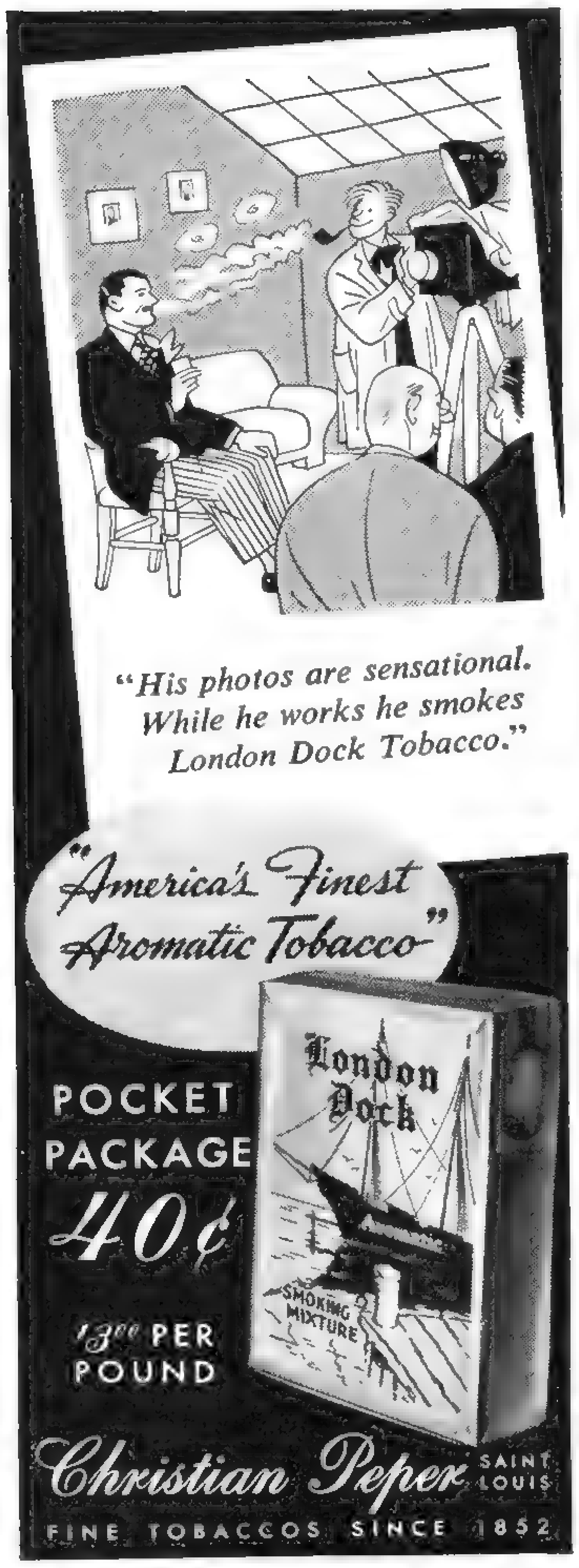

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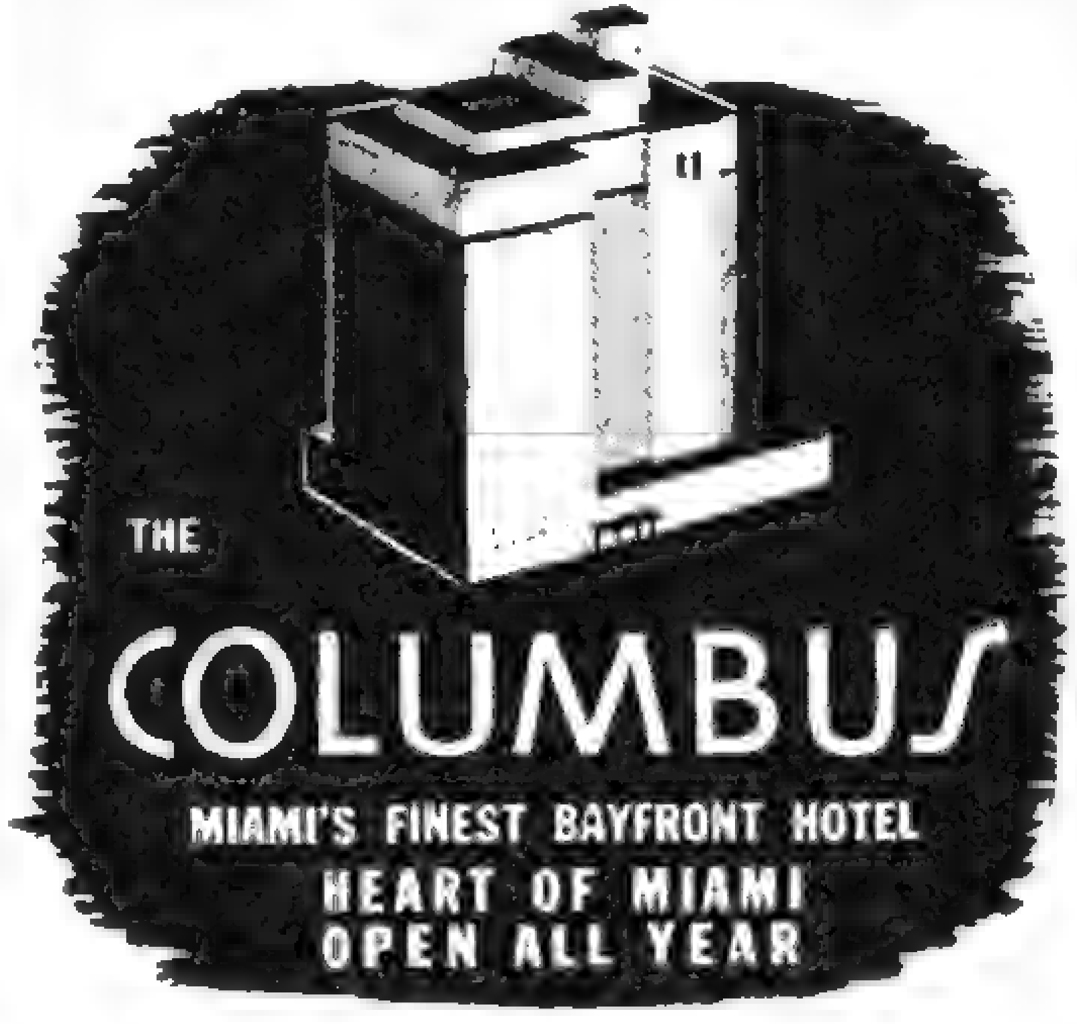

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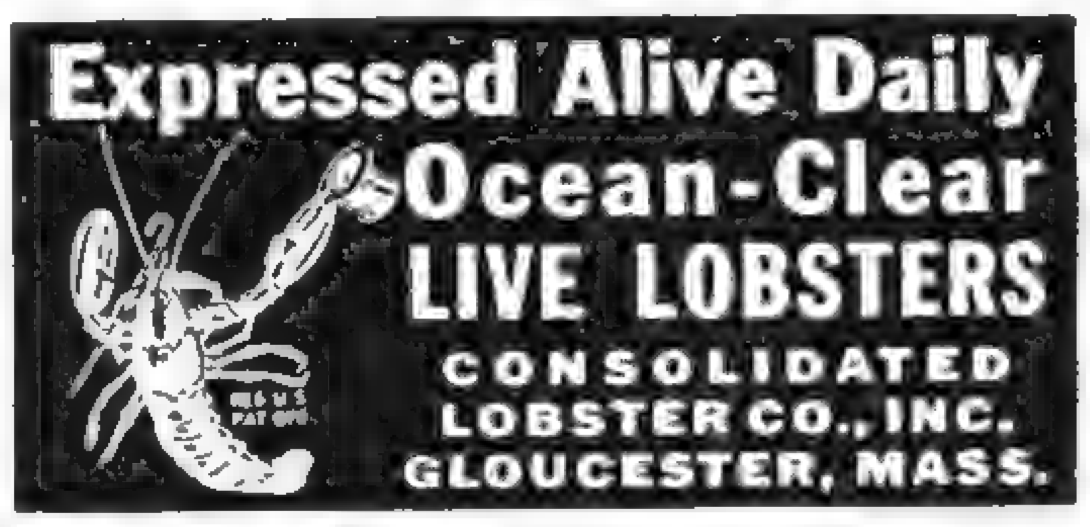

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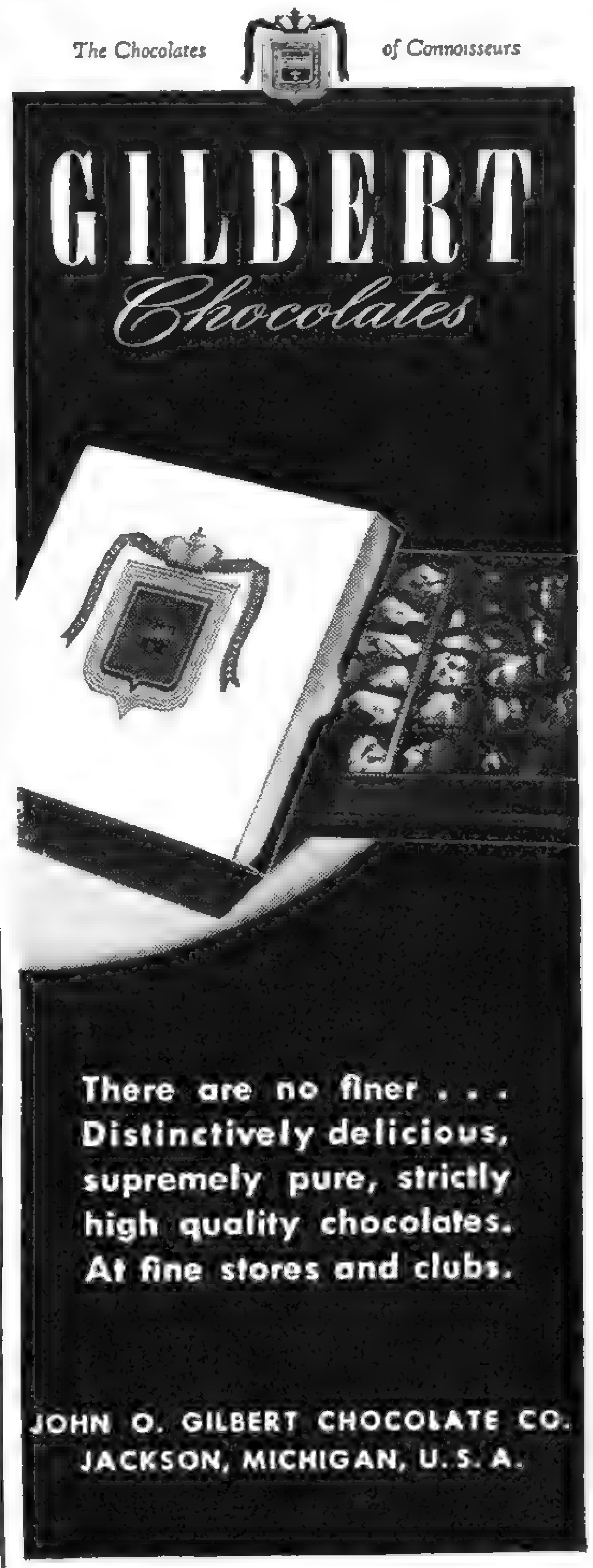

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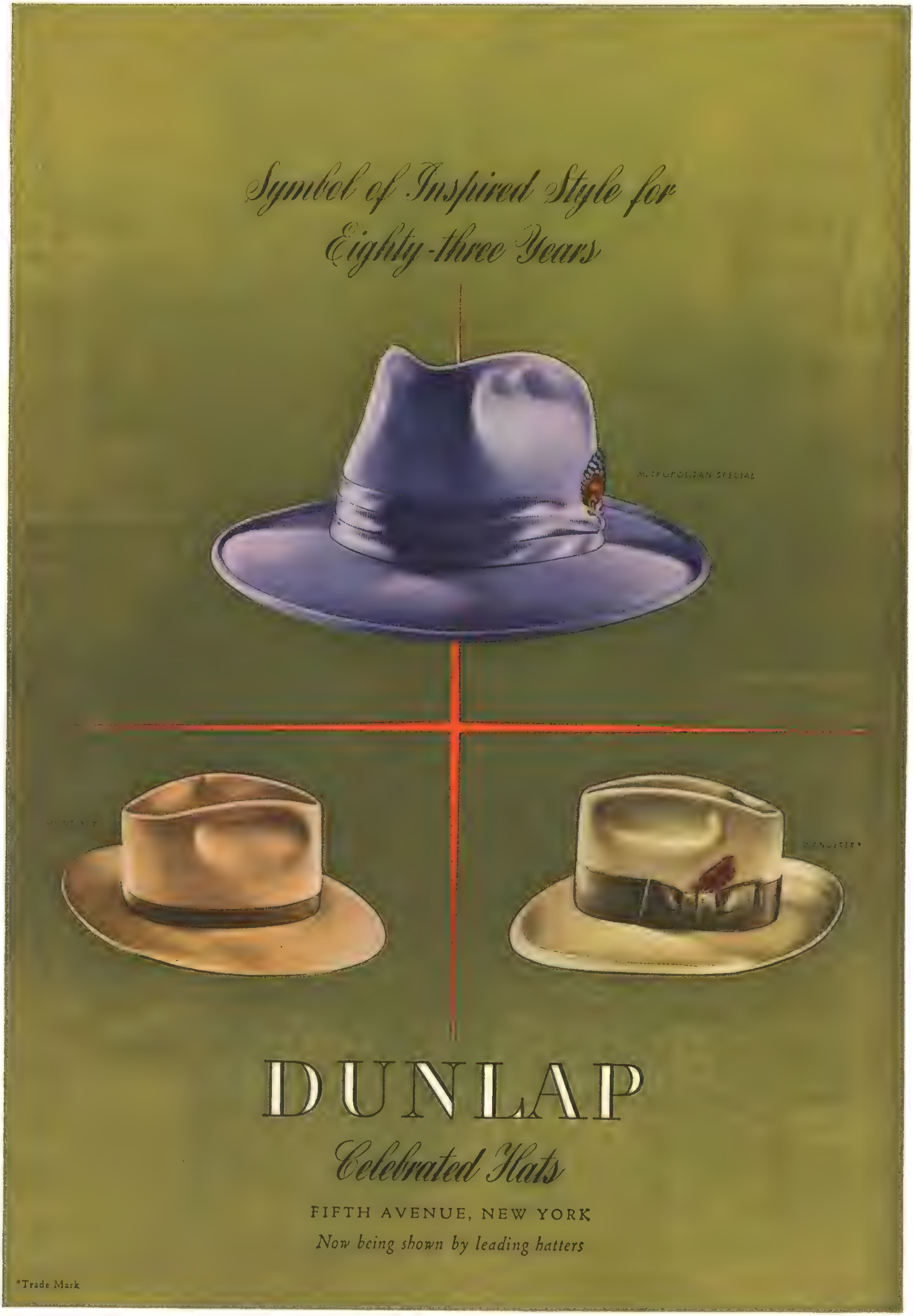

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A moment etched in memory. And made more memorable by Norris Exquisite Candies. For generations Norris has been the silent partner of romance, the thoughtful gesture that underscores every happy milestone. Whatever the occasion, give Norris—the gift more wonderful than words.

The Variety Box of chocolates and confections—each piece individually created by Norris artisans.

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Della Robbia Mints, fashioned in the continental manner of fruits and flowers. 38 individual pieces—every one a masterpiece of art.

NORRIS
EXQUISITE
CANDIES
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Painting the Town with Esquire

AU CHEVAL PIE, Marcel le Normand's little East 45th Street bistro, is unpredictable as ever as to menu—but his food remains uniformly splendid. Marcel, a prankster, is fond of fantastic garb, special dishes and exotic desserts. Go early. Phone ahead to Marcel or Madame Louise.

YOU CAN'T BET from month to month on specific entertainment at Spivy's Roof, but you can always rely on Spivy herself at the big piano after 10 p.m. And probably on Louise Howard, Sheila Barrett or somebody on par with these diseuses to keep the fun going. Better go late and, on weekends, phone ahead. Don't take the children!

ANOTHER RENDEZVOUS for after dinner is Number One Fifth, of course, where Bob Downey maintains a reliable revolving fund of entertainment. Hazel Webster's piano and Downey and somebody good at dual pianos — plus, say Louise Howard or maybe Sheila Barrett again. Best around elevenish or right after theatre. Convenient to the Village spots if you're doing a real pub-crawl. In any case, don't miss it. Better phone.

ON THE LATE SIDE, too, you'll like: Bill's Gay Nineties, with good, solid food and old barbershop singing . . . the rowdy Village Barn, with square-dancing and hill-country games . . . Eddie Condon's standby, with the hottest jazz in town (with Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Wild Bill Davison, or Morrie Feld—and visiting musicians on Tuesdays) . . . El Chico, for Spanish atmosphere, food, entertainment and dancing.

NEW ENGLAND SPECIALTIES head up the lavish menu at Manhattan's own branch of the celebrated Red Coach Grill chain —on 58th just East of Fifth. A really stunning interior, a long, handsome bar and master bartenders. Service is fast and efficient (if you've phoned ahead for reservations). Try the whole live broiled lobster, the New England clam chowder or clams on the half shell. *ESQUIREcommended!*

SMART AND CONVENIENT to the swank East Fifties, the Ship Grill at 400 East 57th provides a snug little bar, a grill and the more luxurious Victorian Room (but uniform prices), and excellent steaks, chops and, of course, sea foods. A very pleasant cove these chill evenings — and very popular with Sutton Placers. Better phone ahead. Go early.

FOR THAT BIG BINGE IN Manhattan, you can't afford, of course, to miss Monte Proser's Copacabana which nearly always produces the best show in town —usually Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Lewis, Tony Martin or some other big name star, backed up by a sprightly dance team and, naturally, those gorgeous Copa beauties (which Hollywood keeps stealing away). Shows at 8, midnight and around 2 a.m. Continuous dance music, with a chance to rumba and samba in odd sets. This is GHQ for the fast Hollywood and New York crowd, and is usually sprinkled with some Washington celebrities. Reservations imperative (if you really want to see the show). Phone ahead to Joe Lopez—on the door downstairs.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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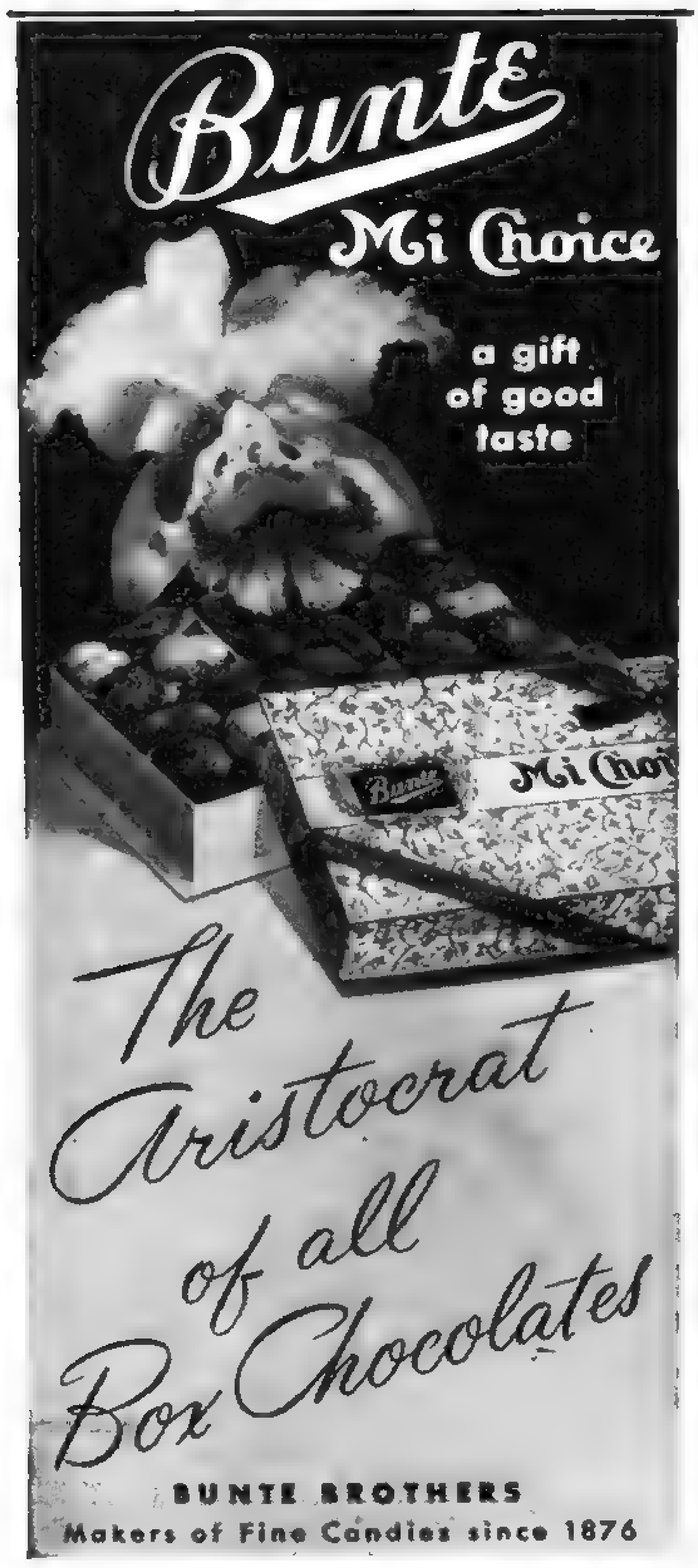

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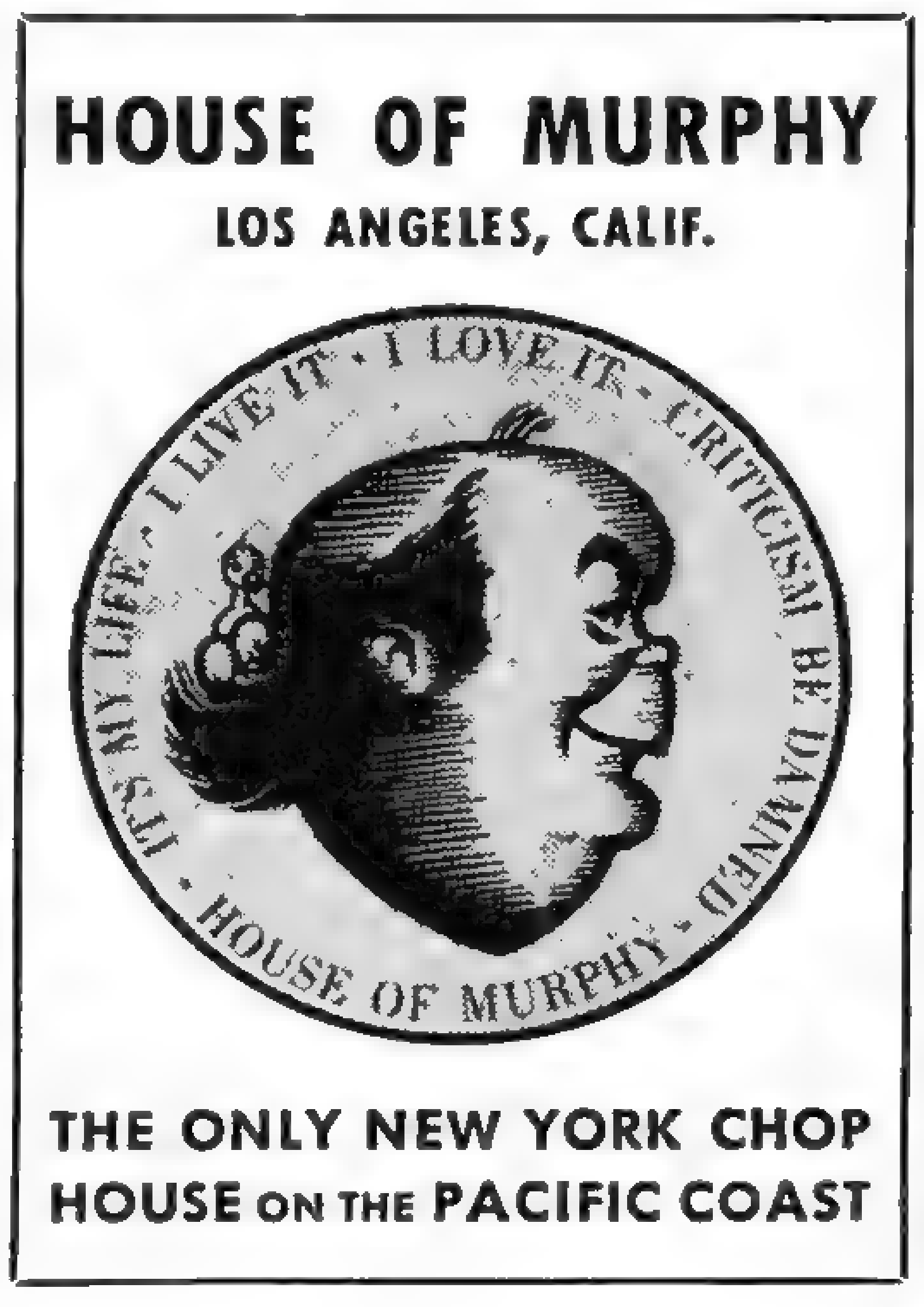

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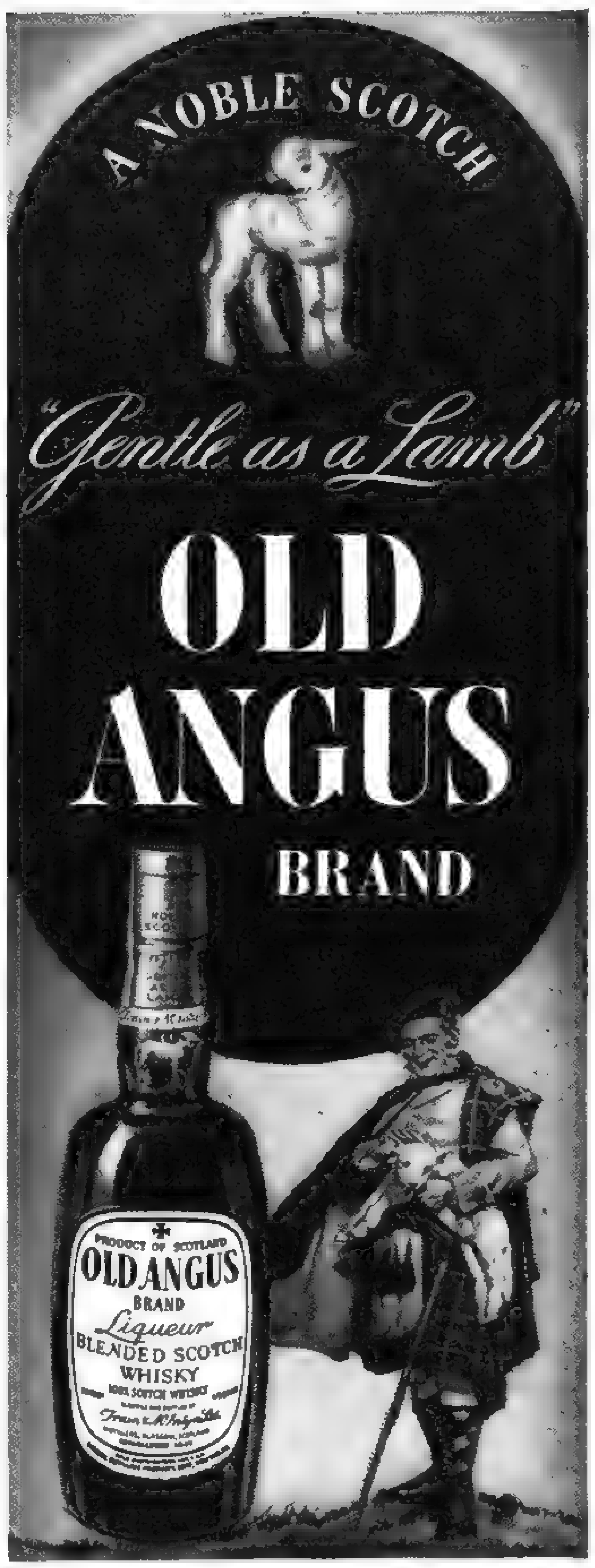

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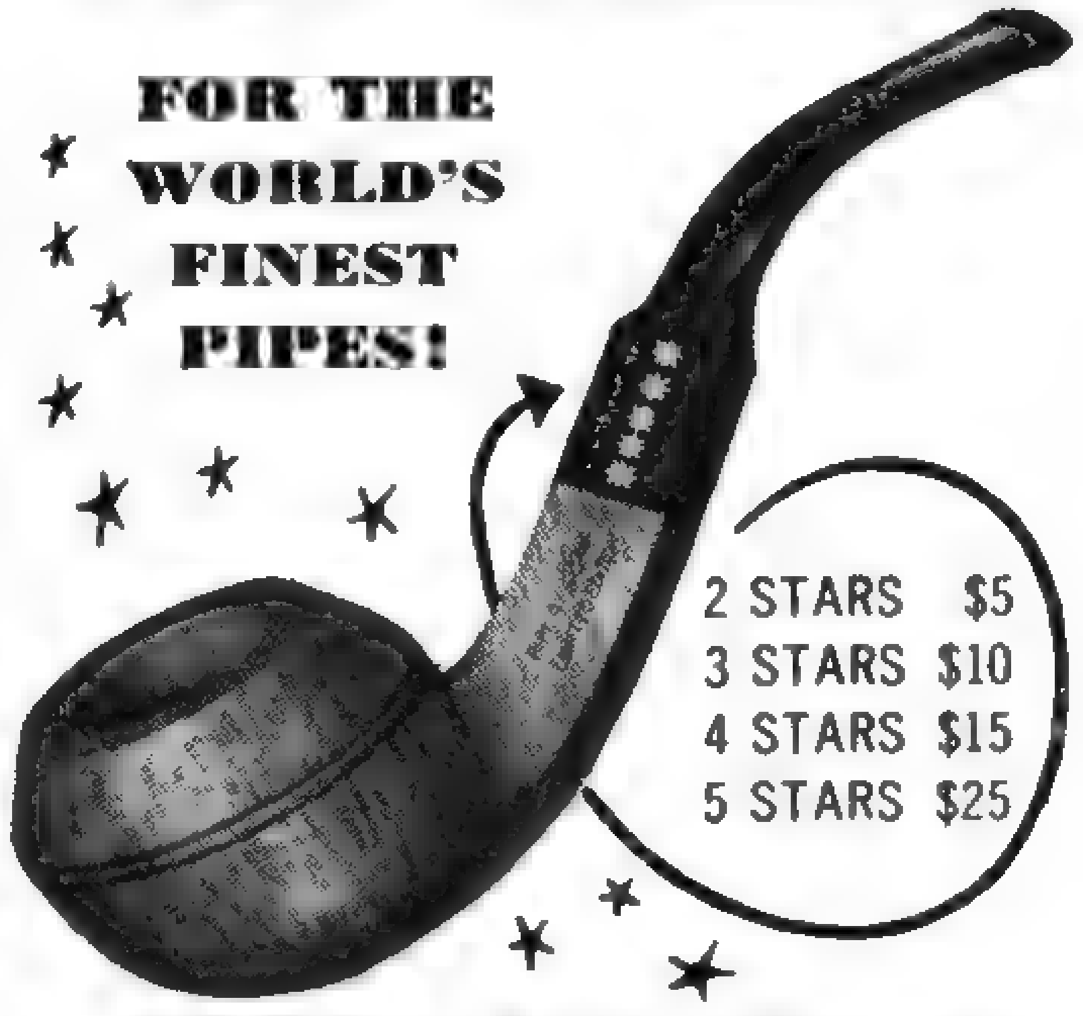

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In every field, there are those who rise above the others, acclaimed and honored as stars. The golden stars inlaid in the bit of each PIPE BY LEE are a mark of stardom, denoting the degree of excellence of the rare, imported briar, the flawlessness of natural grain, the quality of workmanship. Made by pipe masters for pipe lovers, each pipe is a "Limited Edition." Here are gems of the pipe world to be cherished as rare treasures. Happy is the man who owns one.
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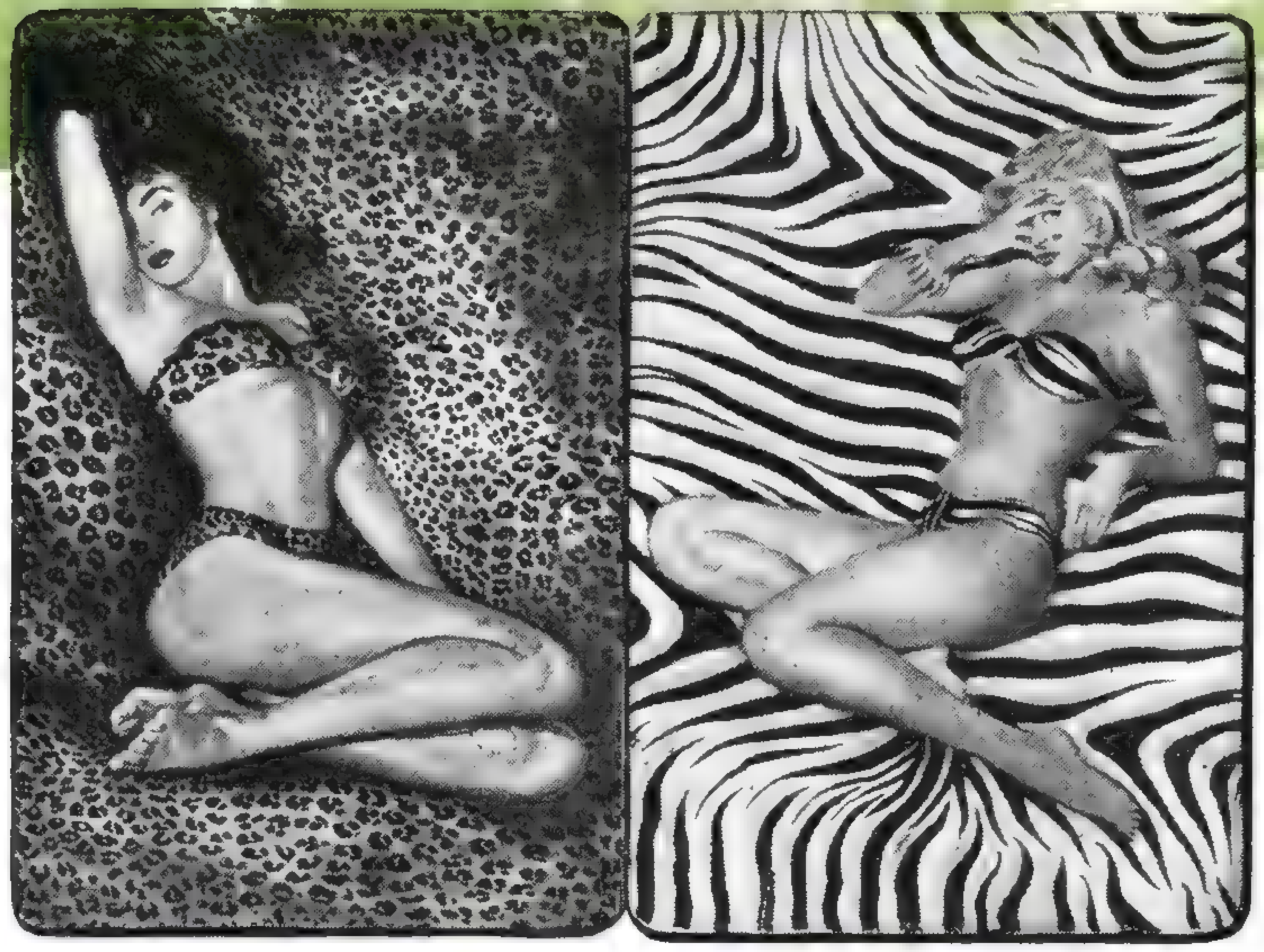
THE STARS MEAN QUALITY

It's Always Spring with Esquire Girl Playing Cards

Whether you're a sophomore or a sophisticate, you'll feel that old Spring urge when you see these lovely Esquire Girls. You'll awake from your winter lethargy as you see what Mother Nature has in store for you *this* Spring:



© Esquire Outdoor Girl
© Esquire Indoor Girl
ben-hur baz
ben-hur baz

Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards—More distinctive, more inspiring, than any other playing cards you've seen, the lovely, luscious Leopard Girl and the exciting, enticing Zebra Girl—exclusive Esquire designs—will bring Spring into your heart. They back up these sturdy playing cards of durable, cellulose-coated, two-ply, gilt-edged stock. Per pair, $2. Either Single Deck: $1.

Esquire Girl Plastic Playing Cards—Washable, chip-proof, fray-proof cards that will outlast 75 to 100 ordinary decks! Featuring the "Outdoor Girl" and the "Indoor Girl." Set consists of both decks in a beautiful scarlet and ebony plastic container: $10. ($9.75 per set if ordering 2 sets; $9.50 each if ordering 3; $9.25 each for 4; $9.00 each for 5; $8.75 each for 6 sets or more.)

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☐ Pairs, Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards
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Handsome, cloth-lined leather bridge set containing an etched score pad and pencil and BOTH decks of Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards. Complete: $4.50.

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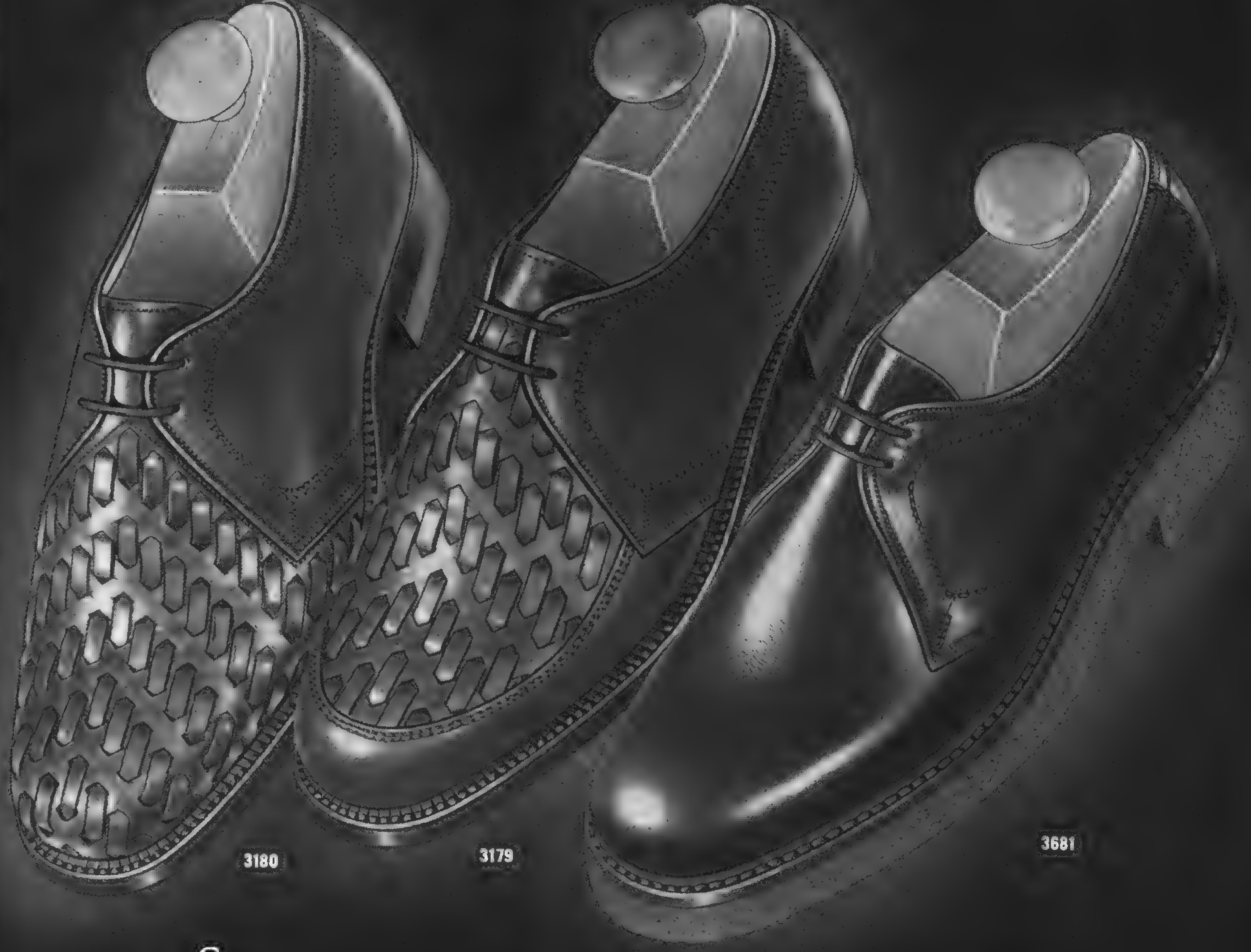
...for America's best-fitted men



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3681—Burgundy Leather Wine Crepe Sole
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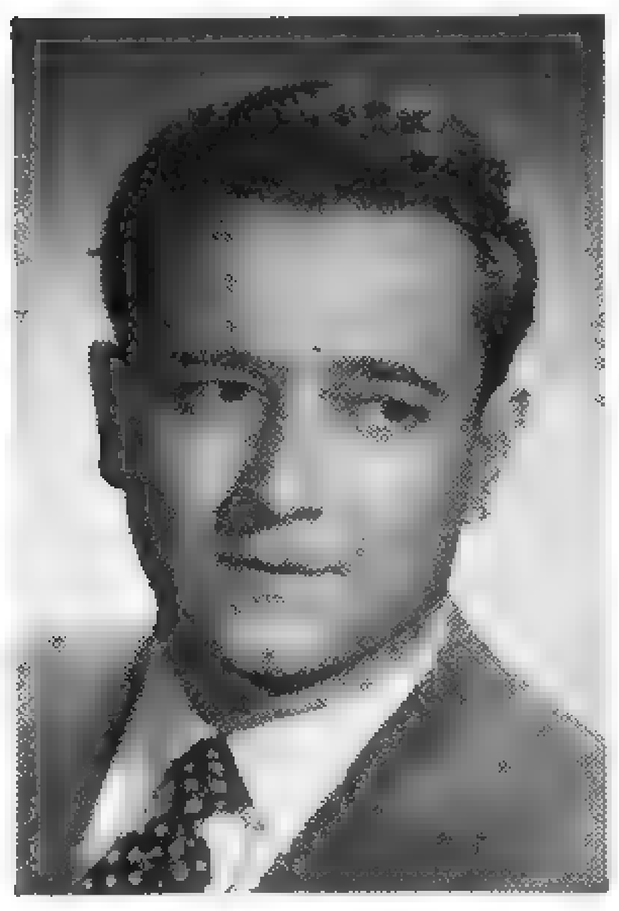
Backstage with Esquire

Harry N. Sperber

Twenty-two years after bidding his mother good-by in Berlin, HARRY N. SPERBER, now a U. S. Army captain, paid his first visit to his former home; he dressed up as a native and went among them, speaking their language. "They never got wise to me," he says. "I found them eaten up by hatred and self-pity." Some significant remarks are contained in *The Fräulein Wins the Peace.* During the war Sperber broadcast anti-Hitler propaganda for the British Broadcasting Company. He enlisted in the U. S. Army, was commissioned into Military Intelligence and wound up as Chief German Interpreter at the trial of Göering and the other Nazi officials.



Barney Miller

BARNEY MILLER is in a sense a discovery, for while he has written thousands of radio scripts, *The Unforgettable Casey* is his first magazine story. He says, "After the University of Oregon graduated me out into the depression I worked for an industrial motion-picture firm, ran a weekly paper in the sagebrush vastness of Eastern Oregon." Followed radio work as writer, producer and, "God help the suffering public, even as occasional actor. I spent the last two years of the war as commander of a Navy gun crew aboard various old rust-pots of the Merchant Marine Fleet, suffering such minor mishaps as spraining an ankle on a balcony in Rome and being grazed by a flying bottle in Manila." He is now with the CBS News Bureau in Hollywood.

Barnaby Conrad, Jr.

After a year of college BARNABY CONRAD, JR., went to Mexico ostensibly to study painting and literature, but got so hepped on bulls that one day he jumped into the ring with his raincoat as a cape. He came out in one piece and began to take it seriously, then the fourth bull caught him, broke the fingers of his right hand and ruined a knee already weak from boxing. Returning to the States he entered Yale and in his spare time "played piano in not-too-respectable joints and punched holes in the triggers of Garand Rifles at Winchester." Having graduated with honors, he spent five months in the Navy until his discharge when it was discovered he wore a metal brace because of the injured knee. Following an operation as soon as he could get around on a cane (a gift from William Lyon Phelps), he went to Spain as Vice Consul. He says: "Franklin and Belmonte took me in hand as soon as the leg got better and I have fought with varying success, the best the time I fought with Belmonte at Castillo de las Guardas and got ears and tail. I am unmarried; have a house in Málaga with dogs, monkeys, love birds, parrot, a beautiful deodorized goat and a not-so-nice jackal."

Joe Laurie, Jr.

JOE LAURIE, JR., writer, comedian and star of the radio program Can You Top This? has been in show business for almost forty years. His career began as the "youngest star on Broadway" in *Plain Jane* and since then he has written and starred in numerous musicals and legitimate plays. An old-timer on *Variety's* staff, he is working these days on a book about show business tentatively titled *Spice of Variety.*

JAMES MENZIES BLACK, JR. (*Memo to a Travel Agency*) is engaged in public-relations work in New York City. He has been writing humorous verse since he edited the comic magazine at the University of South Carolina; he says: "My wife sold the first poem to a national magazine while I was overseas in the O.S.S., and since that time I have had about one hundred published."

Patrick Nicholson, III

PATRICK NICHOLSON, III, is a twenty-seven-year-old transplanted Irishman whose parents came to Texas during the Sinn Fein movement. He attended Rice Institute in Houston, and was interested in journalism until he failed to find any reporters who were making enough to keep even with current expenses. So he entered the Harvard Business School just in time to enlist in the Army reserve. He learned Japanese and spent the war in Washington with a signal intelligence unit. After getting his MBA at Harvard he vacationed in Mexico and got the idea for *The Divers of Acapulco* (page 48) which he says is only half fiction.

Writing in lawyerly fashion, ALEXANDER E. FOX requests that any statement about him in conjunction with his article, *The Blondes in the Black Silk Pajamas,* be confined to this information: "I was born in New York City in 1906 and received my elementary and high-school education in Hartford, Connecticut. Subsequently, I attended the College of the City of New York and received my law degree from the Law School of St. John's University. I was admitted to the New York State Bar in 1931 and have practiced law in New York City ever since. I have been married for twenty years (same wife) and have two children."

JIMMY CANNON learned the art of self-defense on the streets of Greenwich Village, quit high school after his freshman year, and started at the New York *Daily News* as copy boy. After police reporting there he became a radio columnist for another sheet, and was fired for calling radio "a shotgun marriage between the arts and commerce." While covering the Third Army for *Stars and Stripes* he caused an international incident by an uncomplimentary reference to the gay ladies of Luxembourg. His sports column in the New York *Post* is a point of departure for reflective discourse on the whole human comedy, from horse racing to politics and war.

DON WHITEHEAD, our authority on "cooking whiskey," was described by the late Ernie Pyle as "the greatest all-around combat reporter of the war." He is now bureau chief in Honolulu for the Associated Press.

Michael MacDougall

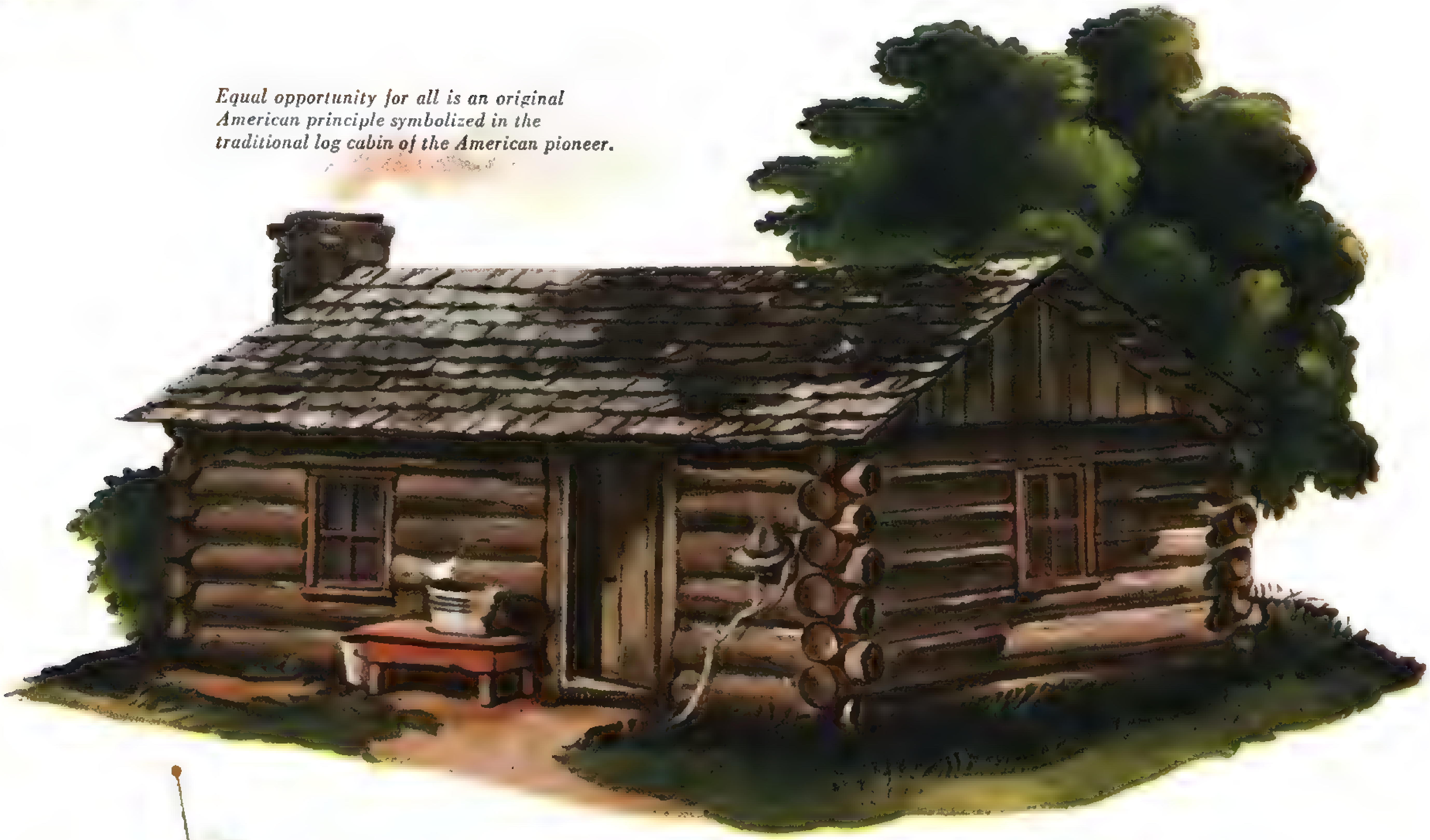
MICHAEL MACDOUGALL is a gambling detective. He learned how the hand can be quicker when, as a boy, he toured the world with Horace Goldin, a magician, and became an expert card manipulator. Billed as The Svengali Kid he demonstrated how card cheats control the deck and one day a backstage visitor in New York hired him to catch a card sharper. At a Long Island country club he watched the sharper and explained his method to the club directors. Since they wished to avoid a scandal, he gave a show at the club, demonstrating the tricks so well that the suspect resigned. His services have been used by police, clubs, steamship lines, U. S. Naval Intelligence, and foreign governments.

JOSEPH E. KELLEAM is the author of *Blackjack,* a book about the Oklahoma oilfields. His father was a physician with the U. S. Indian service and he spent his boyhood on reservations in Arizona and Oklahoma. After college he worked in the Treasury Department in Oklahoma City, married and joined the Okie caravans to the Golden West. This journey ended in construction work on an Indian Reservation. He says: "I liked the work but decided the Indian Service was reducing the Indian to a state of peonage and being part Choctaw myself I objected and quit. Came the war, me and a guy named Kilroy built most of the war plants extant." He's gone back to writing, vide, *Murder Needs a Murderer,* page 83.

Robert W. Minton

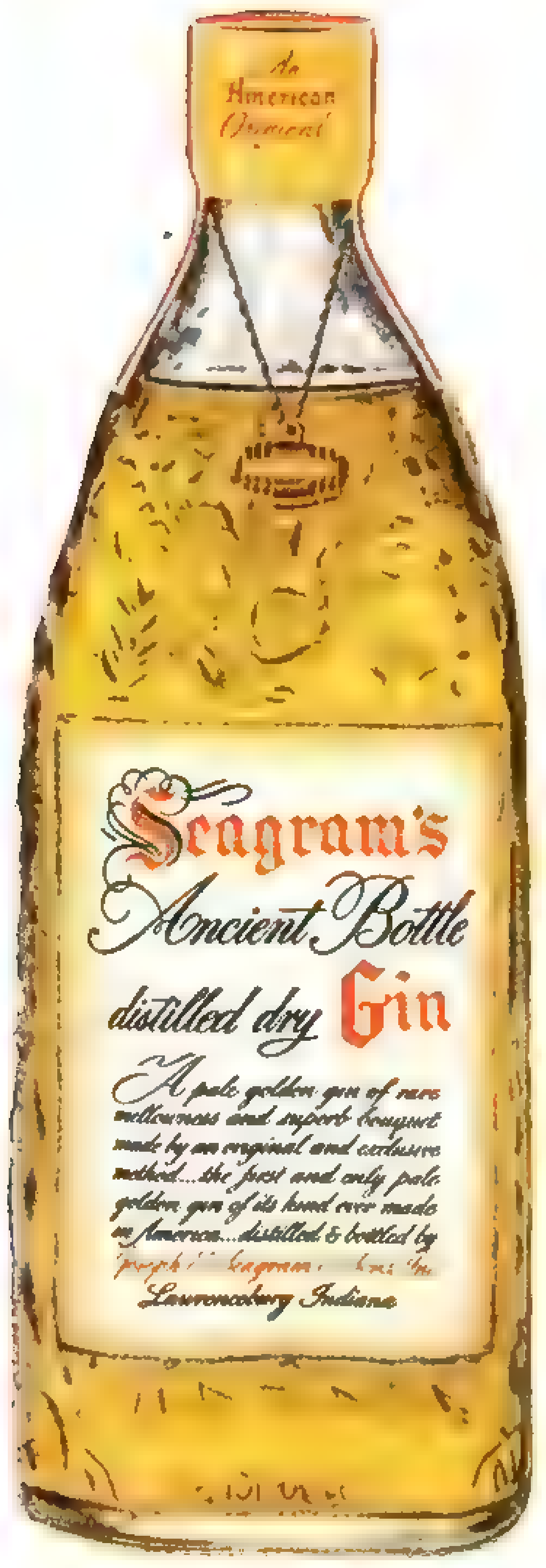
ROBERT W. MINTON (*Miles and Miles of Basketball*) writes, "I began my education after graduating from Princeton in 1940. I spent a year in Hollywood as screen writer and reader. There followed a series of jobs in factories, schools and breweries in the West. My education was interrupted by a year at Columbia School of Journalism in '45." He is a staff writer for the *World Telegram,* has written magazine articles and radio plays for CBS.

American Originals



Equal opportunity for all is an original American principle symbolized in the traditional log cabin of the American pioneer.

Seagram's *Ancient Bottle* Gin is an American Original... the first basic improvement in gin making in 300 years. *See* the difference, because it's naturally golden. *Taste* the difference because this original and unique process makes it naturally smoother, naturally dry-est.


An American Original
Seagram's
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A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and exclusive method...the first and only pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America...distilled & bottled by
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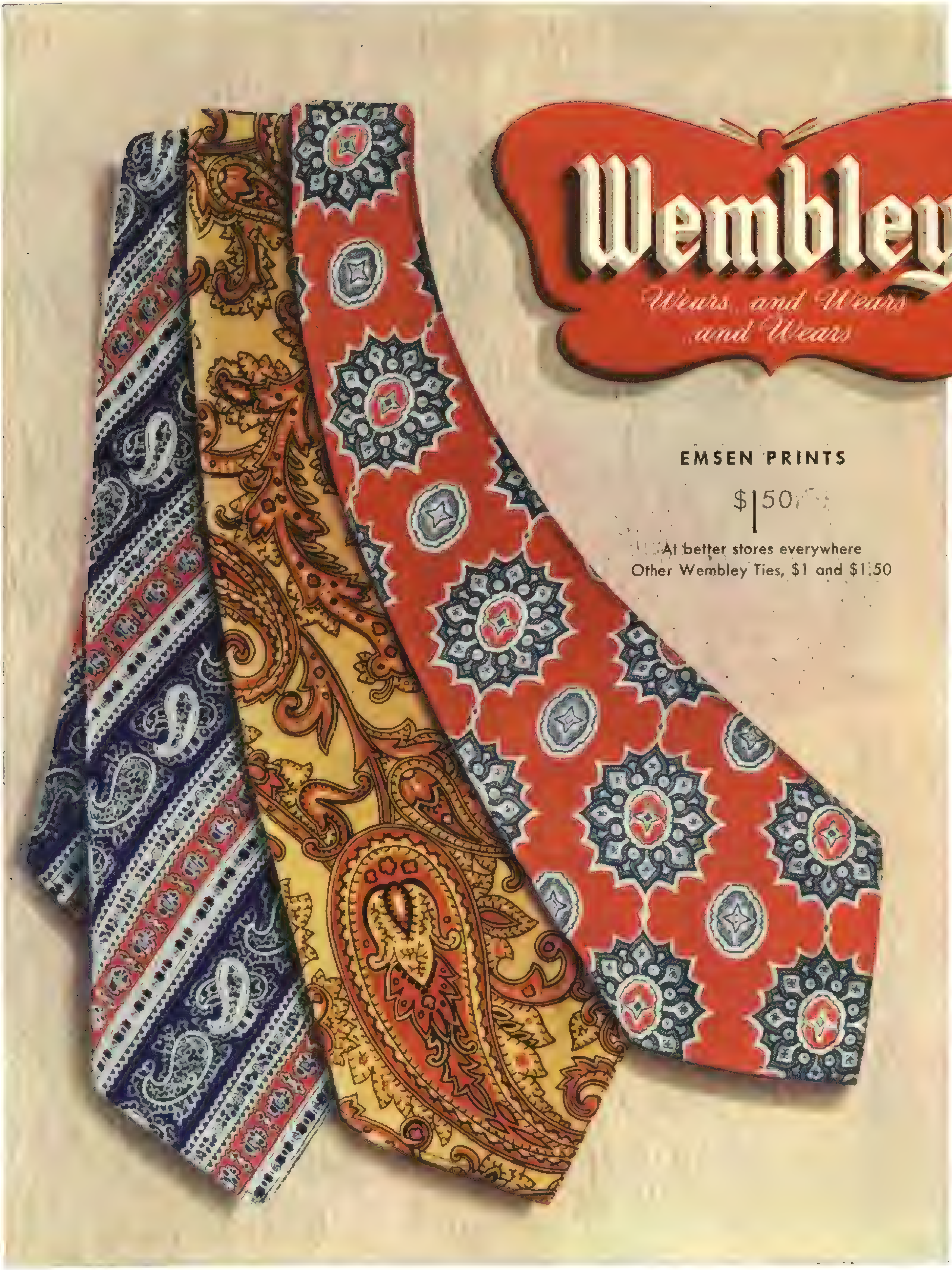
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Wears and Wears and Wears
EMSEN PRINTS
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YOU'LL BE GLAD THAT WEMBLEY CREATED RICH, COLORFUL PRINTS IN EMSEN ALL-WOOL FABRIC. YOU CAN ENJOY WEARING THESE WEMBLEYS, MORN TILL MIDNIGHT, SURE THEY'LL BE SMOOTH, SMART, WRINKLE-FREE.

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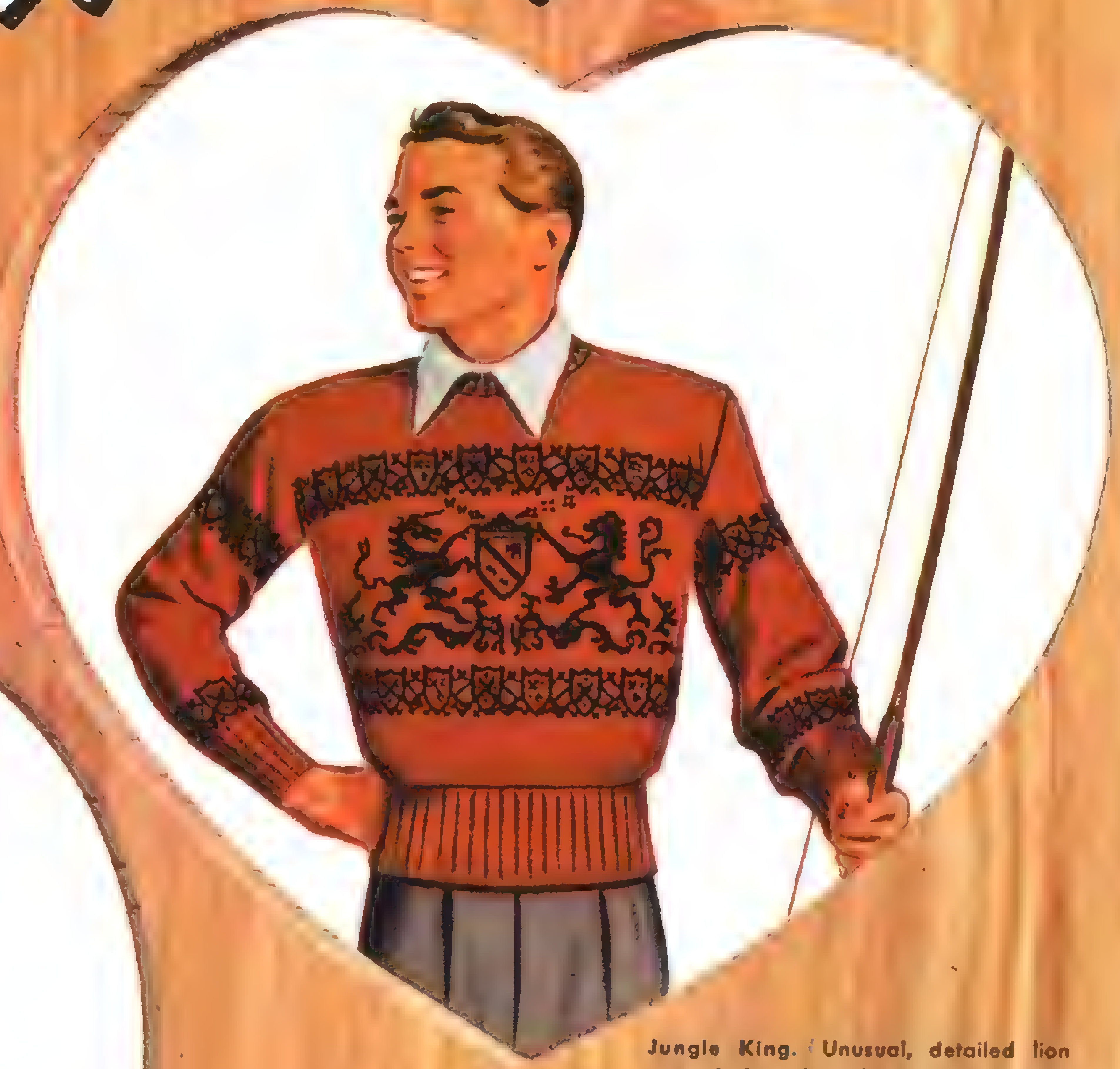
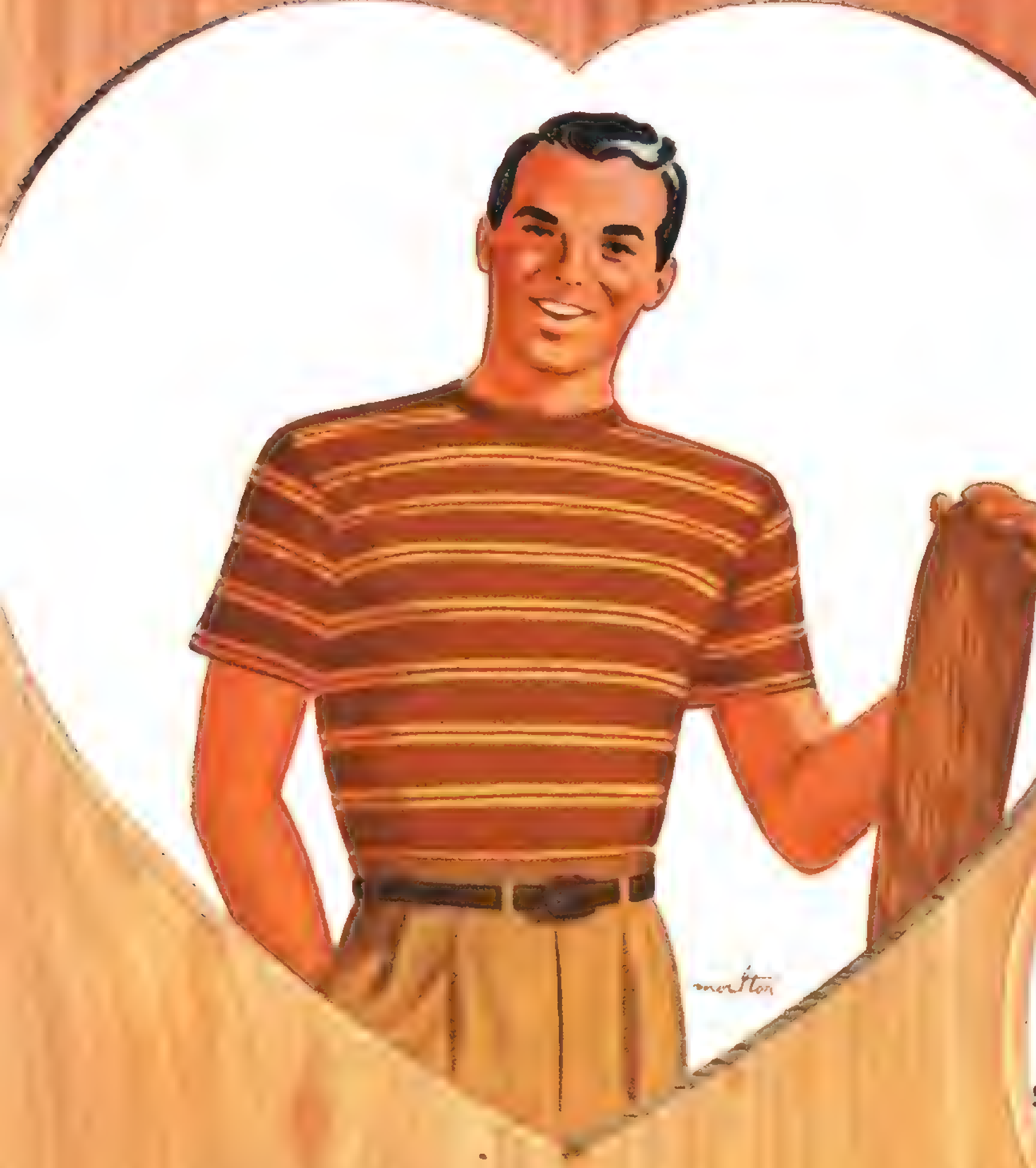
Spring in your heart? Step out with Sportswear by Revere

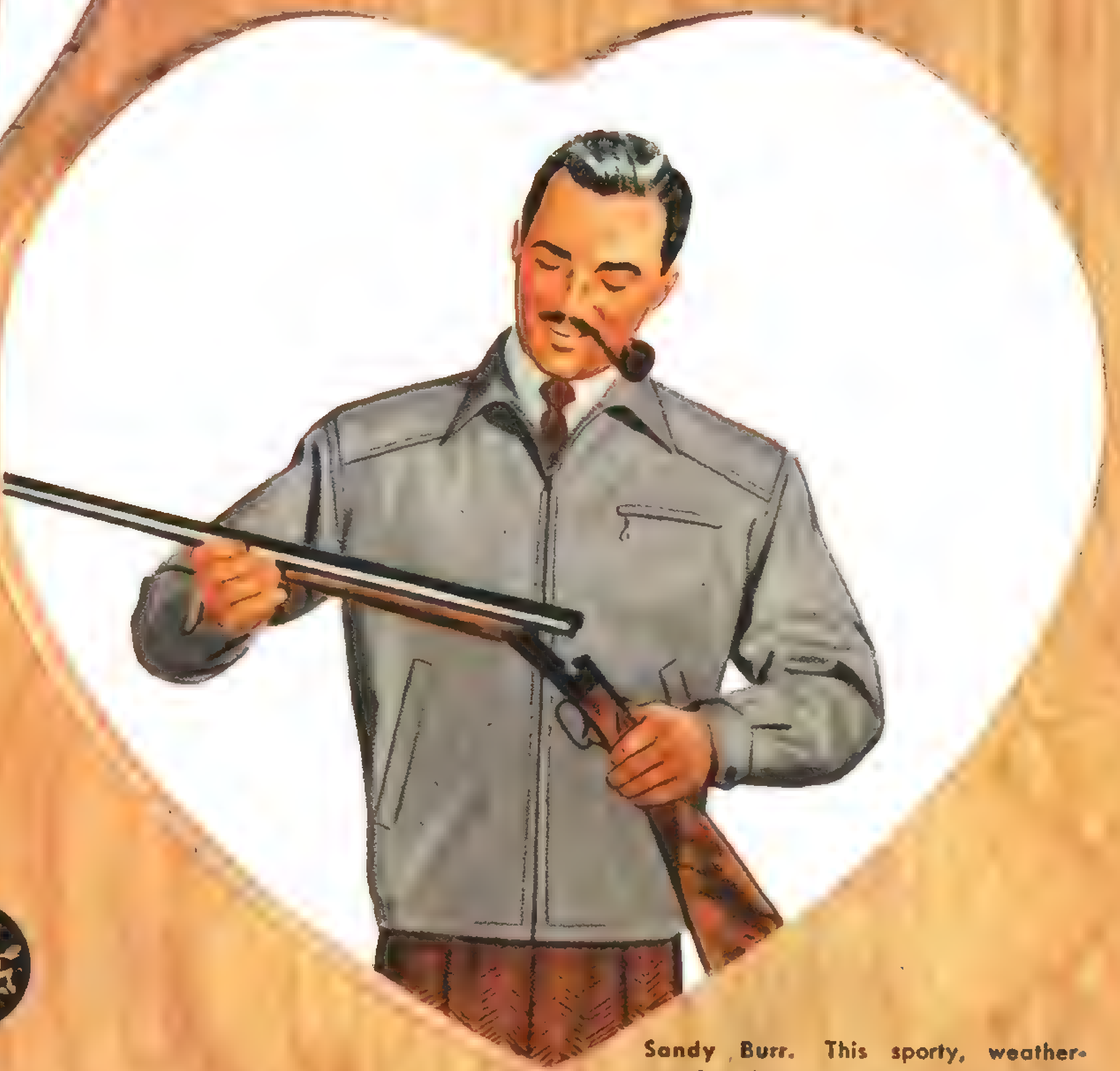
There's no better way to start a cheery Spring day than to step out in smartly styled, gaily-colored Sportswear by Revere! The three good-lookers you see here are typical of the wide, up-to-the-minute variety of quality sportswear Revere offers. Just say "Revere" and you'll be handsomely togged for Springtime!



Jungle King. Unusual, detailed lion crest design gives this striking all-wool zephyr yarn pullover a handsome, hand-knit look. Revere presents a complete array of attractive color schemes to choose from. Priced at about $9.00.



He-Shirt. This stunning He-Shirt by Revere is knitted of the finest, two-ply combed cotton. Priced at about $1.95 (others $2.50, $2.95). He-Shirts come in many styles, some with pockets and collars, also solid colors and designs.



Sandy Burr. This sporty, weather-proof jacket is made of quality Byrd Cloth. Elastic waist, shirt cuffs, zipper breast pocket, double shoulder yoke. In silver, oyster, rust, aspen. Priced at about $12.95. Other jackets $6.95 up.

FOR ALL-AROUND COMFORT, WEAR
"travelo"
KNIT JACKET
100% VIRGIN WOOL

Sportswear by Revere

FOR AMERICA'S UP TO THE MINUTE MEN

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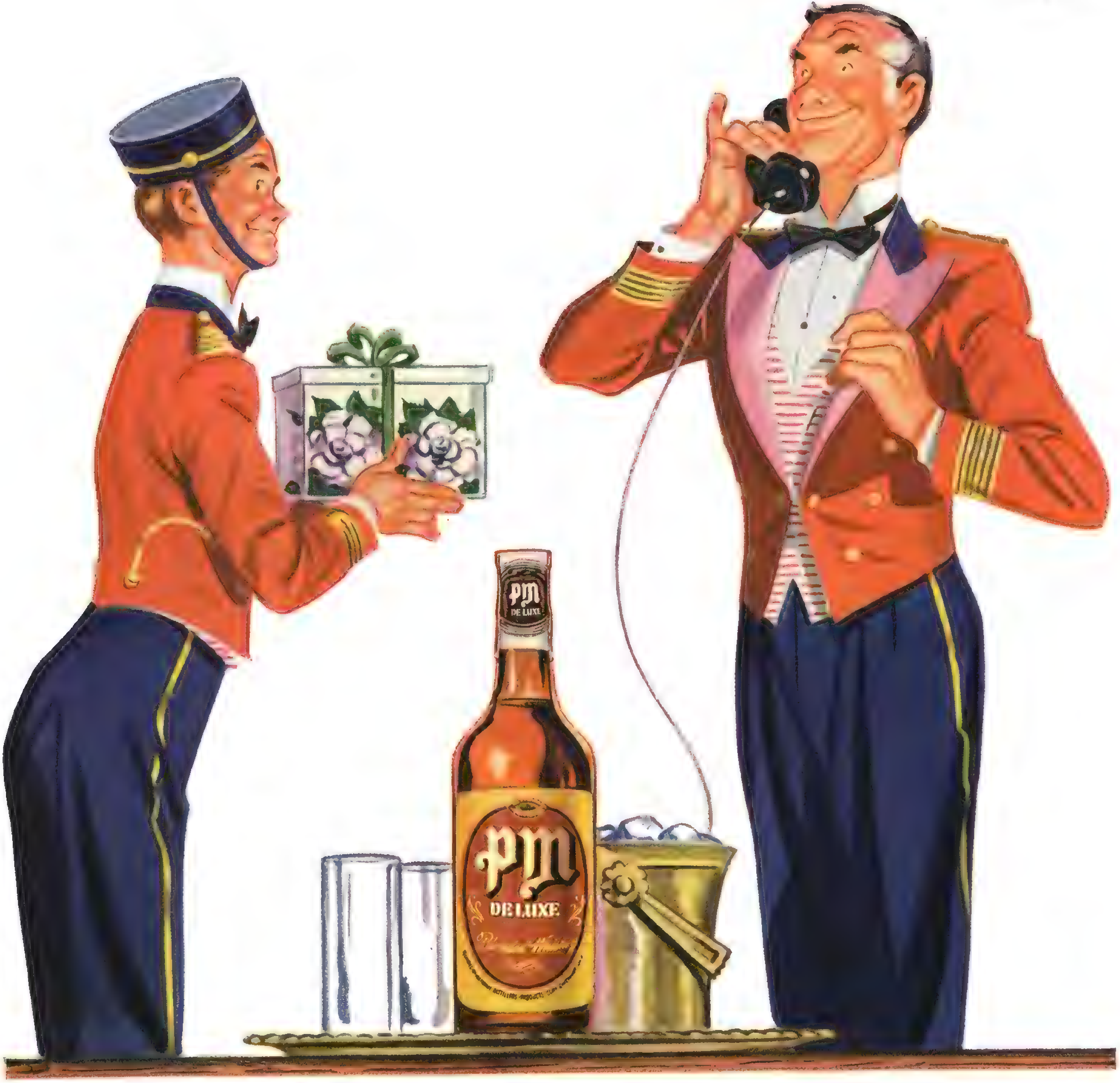


FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Here's your party!
"Yes, sir. You want the Perfect Mixer, sir . . .
A whiskey with a flavor that's Particularly Magnificent, sir . . .
A blend of extra mildness and superlatively good taste . . .
A flavor that wears well, and a flower to wear beautifully . . .
Yes, sir! Right, sir! PM and gardenias—right away!"

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation. New York, N. Y.
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Fräulein Wins the Peace

Homesick G.I.s are easy prey for German girls whose favors furnish a sugar coating for Nazi propaganda

An Article by

HARRY N. SPERBER

"Symphoneeeeeee, symphony of love . . ." Sally, the skinny German torch singer, her bony hands clasped over the bosom of her shiny new American dress, chanted dreamily across the heads of the motley crew swirling around the dance floor of the "Club Americana" in Nuremberg. Smiling Heinrich Koenig's Troubadours played the lilting accompaniment sweetly and smoothly.

"Fräulein Night" was in full swing. It was Thursday, the only evening Army officers are permitted to invite selected German girls to this fancy American dance emporium. The club is situated in a building which bore the name "Künstlerhaus" (House of Artists) during the lurid regime of Julius Streicher. It is one of the few buildings in the Nazi party's holy city which escaped the Allied bombers.

The dance ended. Pushing through the crowd a tall American Air Corps lieutenant steered a pale, poorly dressed German girl towards a corner table, where a lone captain occupied a third chair.

The captain spoke: "Tell me, Lieutenant, is this place jammed to the doors like that all the time?"

"No. Only Thursday. The other days only Wacs and nurses get in here. Then it's half empty."

They kept talking until the captain asked: "Doesn't the lady speak English?"

"No. Just a few words, like 'How are you' or 'Thanks.' In fact, she knows just about enough to get by."

"Do you speak German?"

"Not a word. Her name is Betty. She lives seven miles from here. After this joint closes we'll have to hoof it all the way out to her home. But—she's worth it. Betty's one swell girl."

At the mention of her name the girl smiled shyly, although she did not know what was being said.

He continued: "She has never been a Nazi. She told me so. (He failed to explain in what language.) She darns my socks and washes my stuff. Besides . . ." here he gave one of those man-to-man winks . . . "Boyohboyohboy!" After a pause he went on: "You know, Cap. We had those Germans all wrong. They're really a swell bunch of people. I think they're more like us Americans than any other nation."

A saxophone began to wail from the bandstand. Smiling Heinrich led his players into *Bei mir bist du schoen.* The couple rose and merged into the quickly forming dance crowd.

There were dozens of couples like them. German girls clung to the necks of Yanks sporting everything from gold bars to silver eagles on their shoulders. Cheek to cheek they glided over the dance floor, the winners' warriors and the losers' ladies, hot in an atmosphere of liquor, lieder and love.

Had Adolf Hitler been around to watch he would have been pleased as punch. Coupling a crude sex appeal with the traditional German persecution complex, these maidens convince thousands of Yanks that we had no business fighting the Germans.

There was a decorated colonel at the ornate club in Munich who sat with his arm around a girl young enough to be his daughter. "We shouldn't have fought this man Hitler," he drawled, "just because the English said so. He could have cleaned up in this country. From what I hear the place was lousy with Reds and Jews." He did not mention the source of his information. The girl, snuggling in his arms, grinned.

Germany's young women, such as this colonel's Fräulein, were described as "dangerous bearers of confusion," whose influence upon our soldiers is "alarmingly great" in a report which is now part of the Congressional Record. This report, titled *Occupation Troops in Germany,* was prepared by Army Colonel Julius Klein of Chicago, who found that many G.I.s are willing to "throw away their American citizenship in order to be able to wed Fräuleins of their choice."

"Most of our troops," writes the colonel, "are callow recruits of the average age of 19. They are totally incapable of the conception that the people whom they 'occupy' seek pity for profitable advantages."

At a G.I. club in Frankfurt, a Bavarian dirndl in conversation with a bespectacled T/5 whitewashed the fatherland. Squeezing his hand she said: "When you write home, tell your poppa not to believe what the papers wrote about us Germans. We were really the first victims of Hitler. America must help us first." The soldier nodded in agreement.

In a streetcar rambling through Steglitz, elegant Berlin suburb, a Fräulein regaled a staff sergeant with stories of our erstwhile Allies from the East: "You should have seen those dumb Russians, Charlie. One played with the light switch in our house for hours. Those Asiatics never saw such a miracle: you push a button and the light comes on." She giggled merrily.

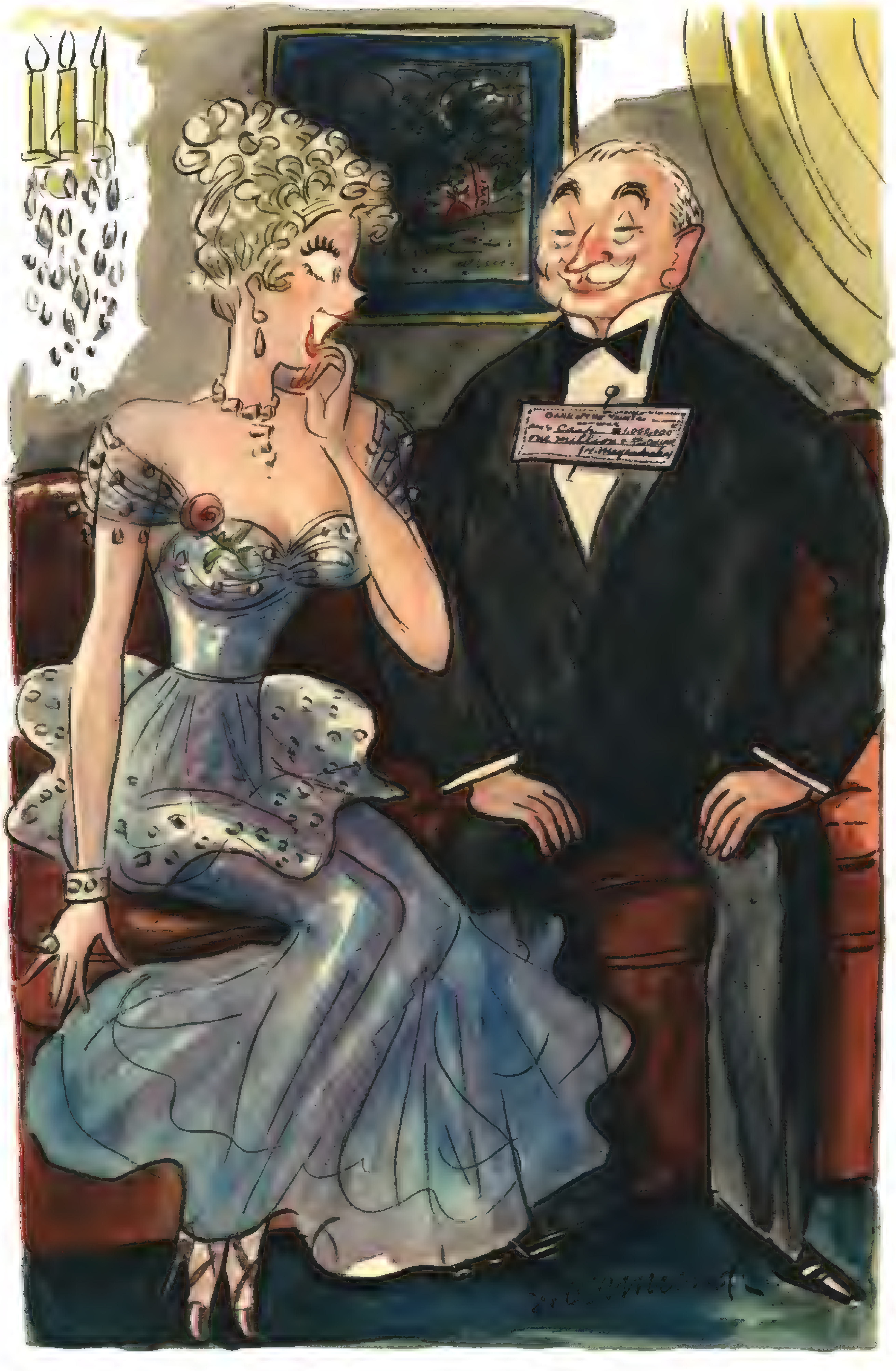
In the officers' mess in Zehlendorf, where the waitresses are picked with a Ziegfeldian eye for beauty, two stewardesses were planning a strike. The Yanks were being served real eggs, while the kitchen personnel ate the powdered kind. One of them sneered: "Most of us can make those Americans do what we want, anyway."

Not all Yanks trail after the seductive Fräulein. Their social contact has taken various forms, since the original order against fraternization was rescinded. Most combat soldiers have long returned to civilian life. The enlisted men are mostly young replacements. Some old-timers have taken discharges in Germany and accepted civilian jobs. They work side by side with State and War Department employees brought to Germany to run the administration.

About eight thousand Americans have either married Fräuleins or dream of wedding bells. Several hundred German war brides have already reached these shores.

"I've handled a lot of things in my lifetime—but this is the last time I handle hot lumber"

The (Continued on page 139)


Cash $1,000,000
H. Meyendecker

"Why, you old rascal—you make it hard for me to refuse being Mrs. Meyendecker!"

Umfefe Swallowed the Sun

By some miracle of compression, the author has managed to squeeze into this story enough penetrating satire to fill a book. You'll see what we mean after you have finished laughing over the bitter argument the head of an astronomical expedition has with the reigning jungle chief in Central Africa about the mysteries of the solar system

A Story by JAY WILLIAMS

Chief Karumi found himself in a terrible dilemma. The fact was he faced either heresy of the most blatant sort, or the total destruction of the sun.

It all began with the arrival of the Astronomical Expedition. They had come bearing gifts of undoubted value, but Karumi soon found that, like the Greeks in similar circumstances, they were not to be trusted. They settled just outside the village with their trailers and motorbuses, and by evening a second village of tents had sprung up which put Karumi's hundred huts to shame. And that evening, at the banquet tendered to the leaders of the expedition, Karumi learned to his horror what they were after.

He began, circuitously and politely, by referring to the equipment they had brought, and said that he assumed they would be looking for big game.

"You might call it that," said Dr. Ankley, the expedition head. "We're going to shoot the sun."

Karumi drew back and passed his hand over his mouth. Speaking simply, as one might to a child, he said, "You're joking. Englishmen are always joking."

"Well, in a sense I am joking," Dr. Ankley replied. "You see, there's going to be an eclipse in a couple of days. We plan to take pictures of it." He pursed up his lips, for the interpreter could not translate the word "eclipse" into the Wamba tongue. "The sun will—will disappear during the day," he explained. "It will be covered by shadow. Darkness will fall. During that time we will take photographs of the—er—the proceedings."

Karumi looked at the ground so that he should not seem to be mocking his guests. "I know photographs," he said at last, when he had regained his composure. "In fact, the last expedition that came through left me some excellent snapshots of the village and of myself in full uniform. A most interesting, if slightly impractical invention. But surely the Doctor is not serious. How can darkness fall during the daytime? And how can the gentlemen know this in advance?"

The interpreter shrugged as one would say, "Crazier things have come from the Coast." He translated the questions, and Dr. Ankley said, "Why, it's quite simple. The moon will pass between the earth and the sun. The phenomenon will be at best visibility from this particular spot in Central Africa. As for how we know in advance, we have experts who, by studying the movement of the various heavenly bodies, can predict the moment of convergence. Is that clear?"

Chief Karumi quietly drank a calabash full of beer. Then he said, "My grandfather told me that once long ago the sun was blotted out in the daytime. But it was not because the moon (which can only appear at night, as everyone knows) came between the earth and the sun. As a matter of fact, the notion is preposterous: if such a thing were to happen, the moon would be consumed in the sun's flames. Well, as I was saying, what happened that time was Umfefe the Evil One swallowed the sun. We have a prescribed ritual for such occasions. The village went into mourning at once, ritual assegais were broken and hurled at Umfefe, and the chief performed a certain secret ceremony which proved so efficacious that Umfefe was forced to disgorge the sun. Had it been otherwise we should be living in a dark world at this moment."

He smiled patronizingly. "It's quite simple, really," he said. "There need be no mumbo-jumbo about it—no prattle of moon shadows and the movement of the earth. Does the Doctor think I am a fool?"

Now Dr. Ankley was one-half dogged Scot on his mother's side, and one-half stubborn Hollander on his father's side. Another man might have been content to let matters rest, but Ankley's grandfather had been a missionary. "Look here," he said. "The moon is millions of miles from the sun. That's the reason the moon is not consumed in the sun's flames. Certainly Chief Karumi knows that the moon moves. You see it rise each night, don't you? It is a fact that the earth moves. And the moon goes round the earth."

"We also see the sun rise each morning," said Karumi.

"It doesn't really rise," Dr. Ankley said, passing his stumpy fingers through his short, stiff, grey hair. "It only seems to because the earth turns towards it and away from it. Well, at one point the three bodies are in line, with the moon between the earth and the sun."

"If all this is so," Karumi said slyly, "what keeps us from feeling the movement of the earth?"

"It's too big," said Dr. Ankley. "And we are too small by comparison." He was beginning to feel harassed.

Karumi closed his eyes. "I'm sorry," he said. "The whole thing is ridiculous. I cannot feel myself to be a midget. If what you say is the truth, our religion would have given it to us long ago. How is it, then, that we have never heard such things? Our religion does, however, tell us that there is a demon named Umfefe and that at certain intervals he *may* try to swallow the sun. Now that's clear and straightforward enough, isn't it?"

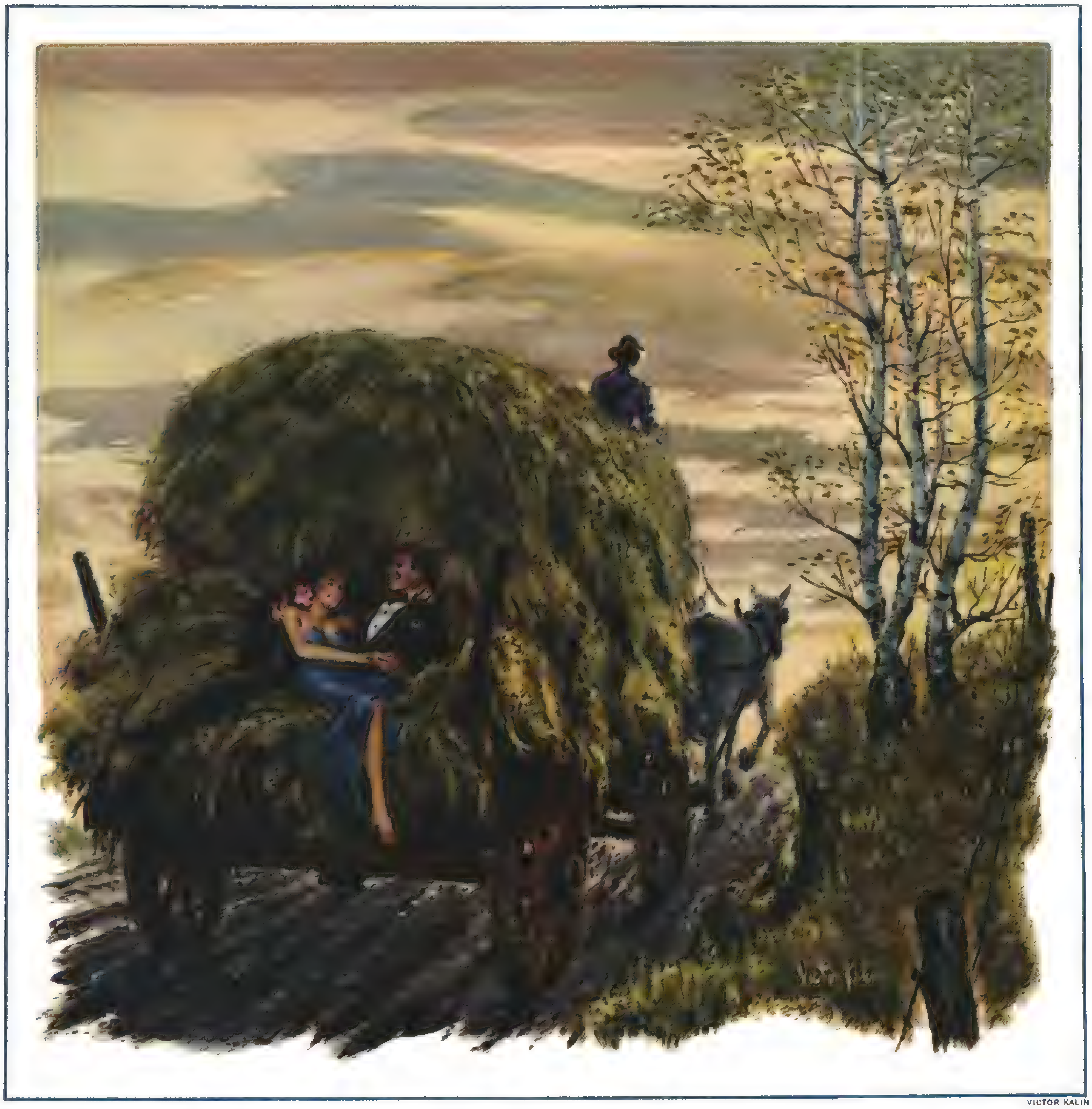
Dr. Ankley let out his breath explosively. Dr. Peasecod, of Yerkes University, said, "Good heavens, Pete, why bother? He'll see it soon enough for himself."

"Drat!" said Dr. Ankley. "It's his complacency that gets under my skin. Ask the chief," he said to the interpreter, "how can he be so cocksure his religion is right?"

When the question was translated, Chief Karumi sat up very

(*Continued on page 127*)

"Here Veto, here Veto!"



VICTOR KALIN

Hate Is Closest to Love

Suddenly it had all become clear and he had slapped the girl he loved across the mouth and walked out

A Story by WILLIAM FRANCIS

THEY'RE letting Rusty out tomorrow. There's a little two-by-two article stuck on the second page of the second section of this morning's paper about it. When Rusty went in there were headlines and a full page of pictures. People forget quick.

Remember 1936? That was the year of *The Music Goes Round and Round* and *Gone With the Wind*, the year the war started in Spain. Maybe you remember it because Max Schmeling KO'd Joe Louis in the twelfth round that June, or because Bold Venture took the Kentucky Derby that year. I remember it because 1936 was when they put Rusty O'Connor away.

Rusty was a big good-looking Irishman, red hair and blue eyes and a twisted grin, tough as a bricklayer's palm and tender as a raw blister. He had a code of ethics and morals that he made up as he went along. I don't know how close they were to what they tried to teach him in his parish school, but they included going to Mass on Sunday and I never knew him to miss. His home life was a mean, grubbing fight for existence and the only time he'd got enough to eat was when he went out and stole it. He didn't drink because he'd spent too many Saturday nights dragging his old man home from some gutter or other. He was always a big kid and girls were always easy for him, but he didn't give them much time; he had too many ideas.

He hated dirt and filth and anything twisted or distorted, and the sight of a crippled arm or leg or back made him physically sick. And in this he was himself distorted. He hated his home because of its filth and he hated his mother because she couldn't cope with it. But most of all he hated his father for his stupidity and drunkenness. When he was fifteen his old man found

Rusty's savings, a hoard of silver and bills amounting to twenty-some dollars, and spent it on a two-day drunken spree. When Rusty discovered the loss he went to the saloon, got his father, sobered him up and then beat him into insensibility. Into that beating he put all the pent-up hate of his environment. He never went home again and he never saw or heard from his parents. I know this because Rusty O'Connor happens to be my brother and when he left home for good he took me with him.

I was fourteen then. I don't know how many different jobs Rusty had during the next five years. He made enough money to keep us in a clean, respectable boarding-house, and enough so I could stay in school and graduate from High. I don't know what he did for his money, but when I graduated Rusty had enough saved to start bootlegging. He didn't want me in on it, but I wanted in and he needed me. It worked this way. There were a lot of ships laying offshore with cargoes of liquor from England or the European Continent, and if you had a boat and cash you could go out to them and buy what you wanted. We were lucky on our first trip, no pay-offs, no high-jackers, and we came back with five hundred dollars' worth of whiskey that we sold for fifteen hundred. It wasn't long until we were in big business with three boats and a warehouse full of bottled goods and pay-offs for protection, and graft for the cops. If it was wrong we didn't know it.

We played it straight, good liquor for good money, nothing watered and no labels changed. And we played everything that way, even income tax. Our clients were guys with penthouses and country estates, the best speak-easies, country clubs, anybody who wanted good liquor and could afford to pay for it. We had a penthouse ourselves and we didn't do business at the back doors; we were invited into the front rooms and we went to parties at the best houses. Rusty kept our dough in bonds and gilt-edge securities. He didn't play the market. He said it was a sucker's game and in 1929, while everything was going bust, Rusty and I were sitting pretty.

After things sort of settled down Rusty decided we'd better get ready for repeal so we bought into the old Merrick Brewery. Old man Merrick had kept his plant going during prohibition making near beer and canned malt for home brew, but it had been tough going for him. Every year he'd dipped into his pocket to keep the brewery working and the crash almost ruined him, so it wasn't hard for Rusty to buy us in. In fact, for our dough we got control. Rusty started making and selling real beer there; under our setup it was easy because we had the protection already bought. The Merrick name stood for good beer and Rusty kept it that way. We made a lot of money and when repeal came we were in solid, a good brewery and most of the liquor business sewed up. Of course during the first year or so of repeal we did plenty of bootlegging still, but most of our business was out in the open by 1935. That was the year Tracy Merrick came home.

The first time I saw Tracy was when she came into our office with old man Merrick. She was a tall girl, wide shoulders, clear grey eyes and soft-looking ash blonde hair. I remember the sport coat she was wearing, an English tweed with leather buttons, and the colored shirt like a man's, with a tie of homespun wool. She had a wide generous mouth and when she smiled her eyes helped.

"Tracy," Merrick said, "this is Tim O'-Connor." She smiled. "Where's Rusty?" Merrick asked.

"He had to go out of town," I said and I was glad. I didn't want him to meet Tracy, because she was the kind of a girl he'd lose his head over, and she wouldn't be good for him. Don't ask me why I thought so; maybe it was because she had that superior attitude Merrick had, an attitude he maintained toward Rusty and me despite the fact that we'd put his brewery into the black and saved him from ruin. He didn't let us forget that he was a Merrick and we were a couple of Irish boys out of the tenements. Rusty didn't notice it, of course. He didn't think much of the old man, either as a business-man or a person. He was polite but distant with Merrick. But I knew he'd notice the girl's attitude and that wouldn't be good for him. That's a lot to get from one smile, isn't it? But I knew Rusty well enough to know how he'd go for Tracy. I wanted her myself.

I couldn't keep them from meeting, but when I saw Rusty later I tried to sort of prepare him for her.

"Merrick's kid is back from school," I told him.

"Yeah? What's she like?"

"Snooty," I said.

He laughed. "I guess that's what she went to school to learn," he said. "You should have gone to college, Timmy, you'd be just as snooty as any of them."

"Maybe," I said.

Rusty met her that night, when he went to the Merrick house to talk to the old man about business. Not that he had to, but he was nice enough to play along so Merrick would still think he had something to say in the plant. When he got back one look was enough for me to tell he'd reacted to Tracy just as I'd figured.

Rusty had a habit of whistling through his teeth, softly and somewhat tunelessly, whenever he was happy or excited. Always the same tune; *The Blue Tail Fly*. I don't know where he'd ever heard it, but for almost as long as I remember Rusty it was that tune:

Jimmie crack corn, but I don't care,
My Master's gone away.

He was whistling it that night over and over again.

The next few weeks he spent a lot of time at the Merrick place, lunch, dinner, evenings. He'd ask me to go along sometimes, but I always refused. I didn't want any part of them.

I tried to find out what they were after, although I had a pretty good idea. I figured Merrick wasn't above using his daughter to help him get the brewery back once more.

"It's time you and I had some kind of papers drawn up, Rusty," I said.

"Papers?"

"Yeah. Something to show what's whose in the business."

"What's the matter, Tim, don't you trust me?"

"You know it isn't that," I said, "but what if one of us gets married or . . ."

"Married. Yeah. Yeah, we'd better have some papers."

So we got some papers. Rusty told the lawyer to split everything in half, fifty-fifty, and after that he wasn't interested. But I was, and because he left it up to the lawyer and me I was able to fix things the way I wanted them. I got the brewery control and Rusty got most of the securities. Rusty signed everything without question; he didn't even read the stuff and the agreements made no difference to the way we acted. And I didn't say anything about my control. I just held it as an ace in the hole.

One afternoon while Rusty was away on business, Tracy called at the office. She walked in, sat on the edge of my desk, took a cigarette from the humidor and lit it. And all the time she kept those grey eyes on my face.

"Are you afraid of me, Tim?" she asked.

"Only of what you can do," I said.

"You avoid me."

"What do you want, Tracy?" I asked.

"There's a dance at the club tonight. I want you to take me."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I've a date."

"You're a very poor liar, Tim."

"Yeah."

She didn't say anything else. She carefully butted her cigarette in an ash tray and then walked out. She didn't even slam the door. Later that afternoon I got a wire from Rusty:

BE A SPORT TAKE TRACY TO DANCE TONIGHT FOR ME.

I phoned the Merrick house. Miss Tracy was resting. Would I leave a message?

"Tell her I'll pick her up at nine," I said and hung up.

I drove Rusty's car, a big specially built convertible, black and chrome. Tracy kept me waiting for half an hour. The old man was cordial, but the Merrick superiority air that grated on my nerves spoiled it. Tracy looked beautiful when she came down, so beautiful in fact that I didn't say anything about her tricking

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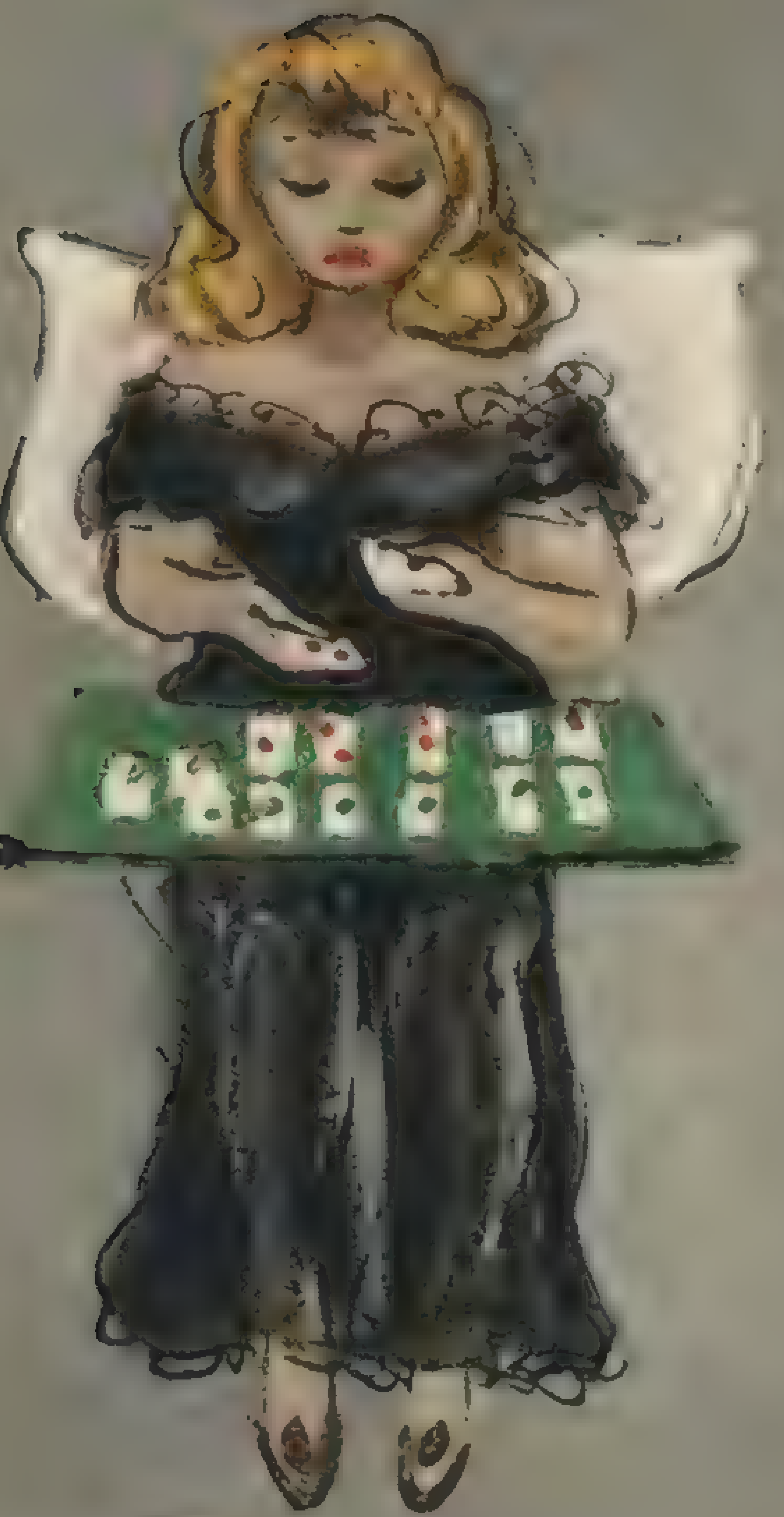
"A fine chaperone you turned out to be!"



The Blondes in the Black Silk Pajamas

An Article by ALEXANDER E. FOX

In New York State, where adultery is the only ground for divorce, the rate in the last four years jumped 72 per cent. But that doesn't mean that the morals of its citizens have hit the downgrade. Not at all. In fact, it is estimated that at least 90 per cent of the more than 11,000 divorces granted there in 1946 were collusive.

As practiced in New York, collusion in most cases involves the staging of a little tableau in which the husband, if he's a "gentleman," agrees to play the role of villain. The scene is usually a hotel or furnished room. The props are a bed and an "unknown" lady, who, according to testimony, is generally a blonde, although brunettes have been used on occasion with excellent legal results. The costuming—anything that is properly scant will do, although for the lady black, filmy silk pajamas appear to be legally *de rigueur*.

As soon as the stage is set there's a knock at the door. That's the cue for the lady to jump into bed and modestly pull the covers up far enough to expose a bare shoulder or so. The husband, if he sticks closely to the script, will ask, "Who's there?"

"Western Union," comes the reply. Or, "A bellhop." Or, "A plumber to fix a leak." It all depends on the artistry of the playwright, although why anyone should expect a telegram under such circumstances has always been a source of wonderment to judges who hear these cases.

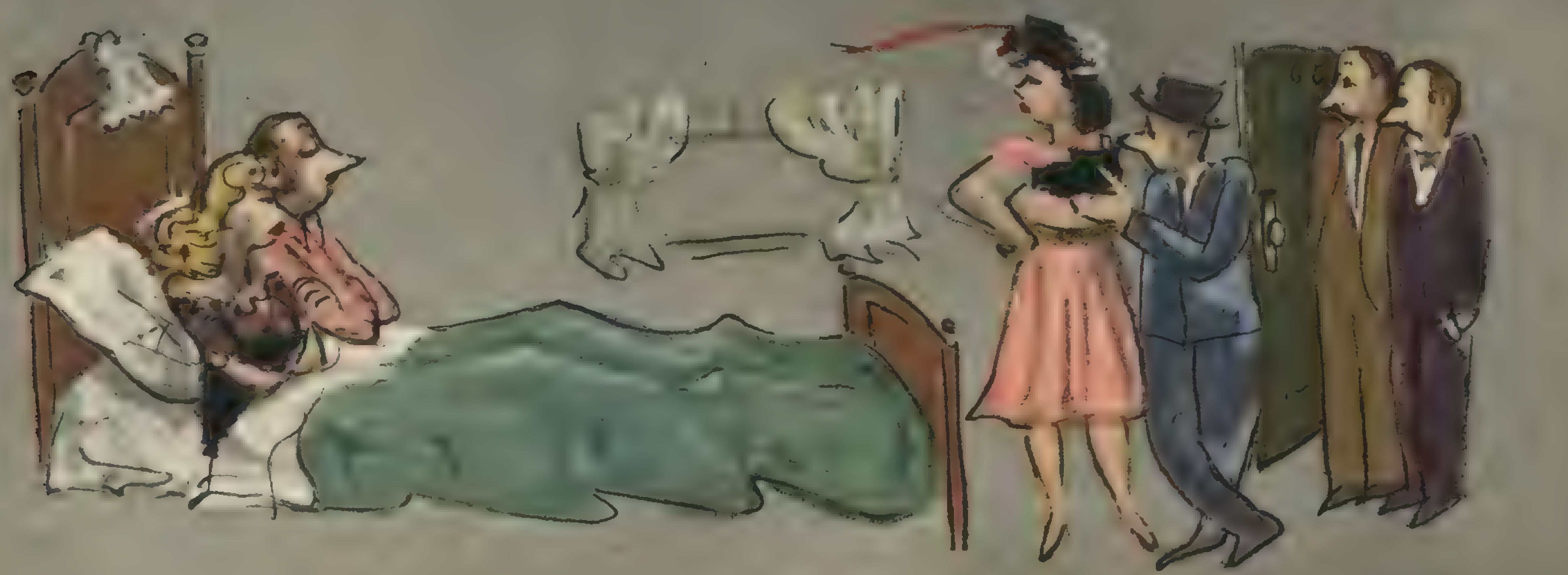
The husband opens the door and admits the supporting cast—his wife and a couple of witnesses, usually mutual friends. When the witnesses later describe it in court, the action sounds highly dramatic: The husband's attempt to slam the door was foiled by an insistent foot, strategically inserted. One of the witnesses strode over to the bed and ripped the covers from the shameless hussy. The husband was either alarmed, angry, or brazenly unconcerned. He told them to "get the hell" out of there or nonchalantly invited them to stay for a drink. The wife invariably oozed indignation.

Actually, however, the wife and witnesses walk in unopposed, stand around for a few seconds looking sheepish, then leave. Whereupon the lady hurriedly dresses, collects her fee and departs. The husband can then play solitaire or reflect on the majesty of the law, depending upon his mood.

In most cases these little dramas are directed and staged by the principals themselves after they learn precisely what kind of a show the law requires. Of course, you hear stories about lawyers who arrange all the details of these raids and love-nest scenes, even furnishing the correspondent. But most attorneys will not risk disbarment by *knowingly* becoming parties to collusive divorces. Those who like to oblige a client can accomplish the desired result by a bit of smooth innuendo which leaves them beyond legal or professional reproach.

When Mrs. Smith consults her lawyer about a divorce, he will most likely get quite indignant if she suggests that he "arrange this adultery business." But as soon as he succeeds in impressing her with the fact that there are certain things he mustn't *know*, his indignation will subside and he'll probably say, "However, since you are separated, it's quite likely that Mr. Smith occasionally indulges in—er—extra-marital activities. Why not have him followed some night on the chance that you'll catch him with the goods? All I'll need is the testimony of one or two witnesses that they saw your husband and some woman—just the two of them—in a bedroom under circumstances that are

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD BAER



Getting a divorce for adultery is a farce in which detectives and sexy blondes are the stars and nobody has any fun but the judge

suspicious. A hotel room, as an example."

If Mrs. Smith is normally intelligent she gets the idea and the drama is arranged. But if the client or her husband are somewhat obtuse, the lawyer may recommend a detective agency to *follow* the husband. This costs more, but the lawyer receives a clean-cut case from which every trace of collusion is removed.

Sometimes a husband's fortuitous recollection of a former playful moment enables the parties to dispense with the staged raid. Explaining what proof is needed, the lawyer may suggest that perhaps the husband has had some little affair in the past—"We're only human, you know"—and wouldn't mind giving his wife the evidence to prove it.

"For example," says the lawyer, "I had one case recently where the husband recalled a little party he once attended at a bachelor friend's apartment—without his wife, of course. And during the course of the party he and one of the female guests became interested in one another and retired to one of the bedrooms where they were interrupted by their host who accidentally walked in. Rather embarrassing, but under the circumstances that developed later, quite convenient. You see, his host later agreed to testify for the wife and naturally, I had an open-and-shut case."

An illustration like this may be just the thing that's needed to stimulate a husband's memory to the point where he too recalls a similar incident in his past. And what's more, it just so happens that he too has a witness to prove it—a friend who opened the wrong door at the wrong time and would be quite willing to help a pal out with a little testimony.

After the evidence is neatly packaged the plaintiff's lawyer is ready to go ahead. Of course, he may *suspect* that collusion exists, but he doesn't *know* it, and who is he to doubt the word of his client and her witnesses? His job is to prepare a few legal papers, see that they're properly served and filed, and go to trial in the case.

In New York City these trials are handled with assembly-line speed and precision. They have to be, for an average of a thousand matrimonial cases are ground out by its courts each month from September to June. Uncontested divorce trials usually last about fifteen *minutes.*

First, the plaintiff takes the witness stand and answers a few formal questions which the lawyer reads from a printed card supplied by the court to save time. When was she married? Where? Any children? Does she want support? Was the adultery alleged in the complaint committed with her consent or connivance? The answer to this last question is, of course, always "No." And, in cases which depend on a staged raid, that is probably the only bit of perjured evidence. The testimony regarding the scene in the love nest is merely a narrative of what was heard and observed. The law disqualifies the plaintiff from testifying as to any of these details or from giving any evidence whatsoever that might tend to prove infidelity—which makes it tough on anybody who unexpectedly returns from a trip and, without witnesses, discovers an errant spouse in an errant moment.

The other witnesses follow in rapid succession—the process server, who quickly relates how he served the summons on the defendant, and then one or two witnesses to the adultery. The lurid recitals of the latter are held down to a bare legal minimum by bored, half-listening judges—"There are other

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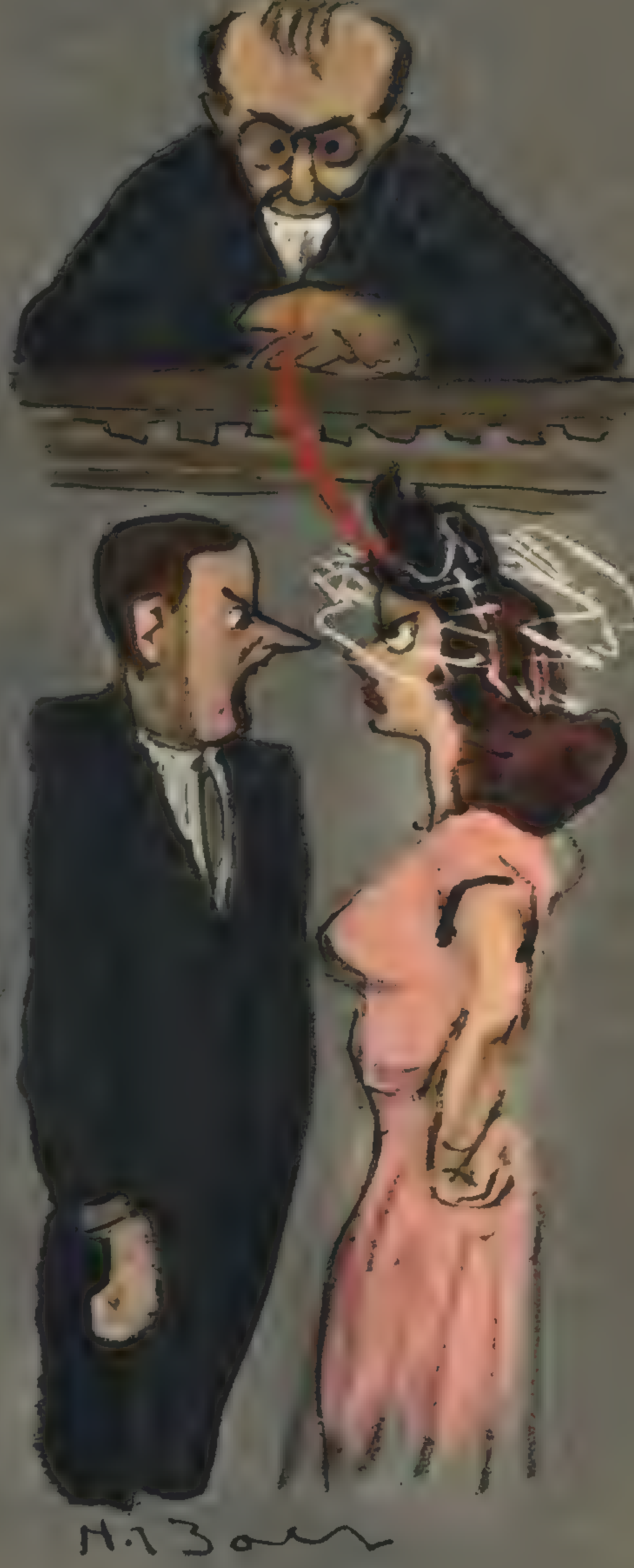

Mr. McCarthy Goes to Boston

Will the flamboyant Ted Williams at long last have a real boss?

A Sports Article by JIMMY CANNON

America has a writer today who by general acclaim is the new Damon Runyon, not excluding the great Damon's own words on the subject—and the writer is Jimmy Cannon, proudly presented here in the first of a series of articles for Esquire. Jimmy Cannon not only is heir to Runyon's colorful and human touch, but he happens to be a guy who gets along fine with people, big or little, and knows most of them. As a sports writer, he's been around with the champs. As a critic, he can take on the champs. His sense of humor is already famous. Result: better read this one.

It is not unusual for the sports journalist to describe a baseball game as though it were an event of great political significance which could alter the course of the life of every person in the city where it is played. The loss of a single contest by the home team is regarded by some sports writers as a municipal calamity comparable to the drying up of the water supply. The reporters base these assumptions on an affinity between the players and the spectators which can only be detected from a seat in the press box. It is an alliance similar to the relationship between the civilian population of a beleaguered city and the army that defends it from assault by a barbaric force. If such descriptions of mass sorrow are accurate I wonder how the people of New York manage to survive their grief, because they are represented by three teams and their agony must be constant. After reading the reports on a day when all New York teams were beaten I expected that half the citizens of my town would be found hanging from the hooks in their closets. The rest, I imagined, would stick their heads into ovens after turning on the gas. But even with the housing shortage it never occurred to me that any of them might bleed themselves to death with a razor or jump in front of a subway train. I suppose it is because I am a guy who dislikes anything connected with shaving and I consider exercise in any form to be a habit of the ignorant and the very young. It also indicates why I despise amateur sports. I believe that any man who sweats himself by deliberate exertion without being compensated should be scrutinized by the bug doctors. Once, when all three New York clubs were losing consistently, I tried to control my hallucinations of wholesale suicides by ignoring the sports sections, including my own. I read the Broadway columns instead.

In those days before the war that type of journalism was modeled after the reports of a house detective in a transient hotel. It was a time before the popularity of the night-club dinner show and it seemed normal and correct for so many chorus girls to be stricken with motherhood. That is a state not difficult for young ladies to achieve when they only work a four-hour day from midnight until curfew. The petty scandals of the night clubs soothed my nerves because I realized that the birth rate was keeping pace with the suicides that must have occurred if the sport-page tales of despair could be believed. The disasters recorded by the Broadway columns were small and usually happened to objectionable people. Those who populated the Broadway columns of that day courted their small disgrace and were proud when their vulgarities were noticed in print. But then the vendors of gossip began to turn from the little troubles of night-club bums. Slowly their beat expanded. At first they covered the city and then it was the state. They suddenly became interested in all the states and then only news of national importance was worth printing. Their sphere grew and now they will discard any item which does not concern the universe. I was compelled to return to the sports pages and their stories of grief-hurt multitudes because this sadness became tiny when measured by the misery in the Broadway columns. A Broadway column is now considered dull and worthless if Broadway is mentioned once. Now every line of type predicts the end of the human race and almost every item between the three dots is concerned with war, plague and universal death. Not even adultery is considered important news on the Broadway beat. The pregnancy of a chorus girl is no longer a valid item and only a prime minister's wife or better rates a mention for filling up with child.

Frank
BEAVEN

"—and now would you say a few words to our radio audience?"

So I have abandoned the literature of the Broadway column until they return to the night clubs and stop frightening me with their revelations of the many plans for our civilization's doom. But I must admit they are more important than the sports writer. They are better paid and more widely syndicated and they influence a greater part of the population. I still read the Broadway columnists in the Boston newspapers because they seldom leave their beat and confine their activities to praising a lady called Ruby Foo and the food she sells in her chop-suey joint. The sports writers are the shots in Boston because their horse races, their big-league baseball and football teams and their hockey club are among the local enterprises connected directly with the national scene. The sports writers of Boston are the most emotional in the country. They consider the loss of a ball game to be a personal insult. They continually describe the foul nature of those who play ball in the uniforms of the Braves and the Red Sox. They denounce the managers with poetic scorn and abuse the front office with a venomous rage which approaches the frontiers of libel. All during the season of '46 one of them declared the Red Sox to be stupid and graceless frauds whose only claim to being big leaguers was the uniforms the club gave them. The Red Sox won the pennant that season and the sports columnist praised them with a lyrical pride. They brought honor to the city of Boston and as a citizen he was proud of them. I asked the author of this extraordinary copy what effect his reversal of opinion had on his readers.

"They agreed with me," he explained.

"But weren't they angry because you had been panning them all year?" I insisted.

"They forget what you write the minute they read it," said the sports columnist which, I suppose, proves the absolute power of the press.

They have been moved by an ecstasy of hope since it was

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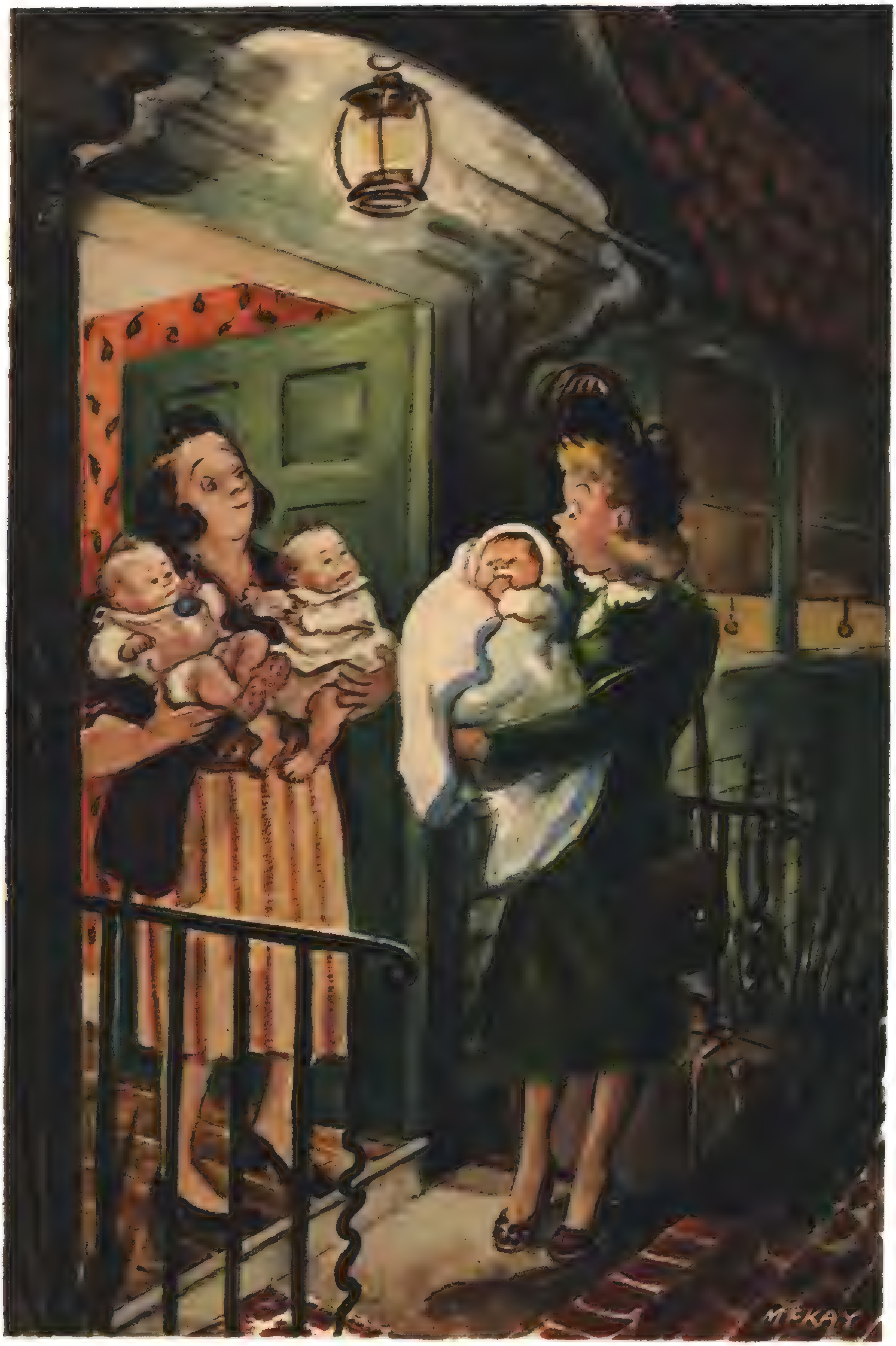


"Why, Mother!"

The Divers of Acapulco

With everything to live for, why does a man gamble with death

A Story by PATRICK NICHOLSON, III

This taut, dramatic yarn we think rates some dancing in the streets. It's about a Boston Brahmin and a Mexican peasant who hated each other at first sight, but were brothers in their unrelenting pride, and it packs the kind of punch you used to look for in the early Hemingway pieces

It was at the Papagayo Hotel that I encountered Ted Bonner, in the days when only deep-sea fishermen and wanderers over the earth knew about Acapulco as a vacation center. My firm had sent me down about a contract with a commercial fishing firm, and I was lolling on Los Hornos Beach taking the sun. This tall, tanned young fellow came up after a moment, and looked at me as if inviting an opportunity to speak, yet being too well-bred to intrude. He was about twenty-three. He had what they called then in his native Boston a "whiffle," a crew haircut. It gave a rather amazing effect, shooting his cropped yellow hair straight up above the deeply tanned face.

"Hello," I said. "Nice day."

He understood from the major-domo at the hotel that I was something of an old hand in Acapulco. Could I tell him whether there was any diving from the rock a half-mile or so out in the bay?

Well, I told him about the newly opened El Mirador, and about the diving act that the kids put on every afternoon when the tide comes in. "There's some real diving," I said. "Go over and watch that instead of risking your neck around this bay."

Some syndicate formed in Mexico City had put in the El Mirador, one of Acapulco's first big hotels. It is up near the top of the volcanic rim that overlooks Acapulco Bay. Sheer cliffs fall away from the back of the hotel, down to the Pacific.

The cliffs are better than 250 feet high at some points, and the water just below is only a few feet deep in the cut at low tide. But when the tide comes in during the late afternoon it washes rapidly in and out of the cut. As it fills momentarily the cut is deep enough for a diver to arch his way down into it from 250 feet above. He must gauge his long descent so that he hits the water during the few seconds that the cut is full.

The dive appealed to the Acapulco kids just as bullfighting appeals to the entire Mexican nation. When the tourists learned about this local pastime they began gathering regularly in the late afternoon to throw coins down for the divers. What had been a foolhardy sport became commercialized. There came to be in Acapulco a definite occupation of El Mirador diver, just as there were fishermen and waiters. *Novidados*, learning the profession, dived from 50- or 75-foot ledges for pesos tossed into the water. After a time the more skillful *novidados* became understudies to the few proud *maestros* who essayed the full 250-foot dive. These understudies commanded the ledges from 100 feet up to near the top, and dived only after extracting from three to five pesos from some patron.

Of the *maestros* of the 250-foot level, there were three slim, proud, brown boys who carried themselves like Aztec chieftains and ruled as autocratically. The ten-peso fees they demanded for the really terrifying performance were a minor part of their compensation. There was also the applause, and the proud walk back up the stone stairs and so to the platform; as well as the hero worship paid by the small fry of Acapulco. *Novidados* were required to pay in a more durable form of exchange: one-half of their daily take. This mordida, the "bite" sanctioned everywhere in Mexico, was solemnly split each evening by the three rulers of the topmost level.

II.

During my first conversation with him Bonner persuaded me to accompany him the next afternoon to El Mirador. We arrived just before five, I remember. Standing near the ledges leading to the cliffs was Lupe, the little *jefe* of the divers. The boy was deeply bronzed. He was about eighteen. Some Spanish forebear had bequeathed him a beautifully cut face, turned to us in profile.

As Lupe chatted with another of the *maestros*, Bonner surveyed the little Mexicans. Both of them stood with unconscious grace, tiny-waisted. Their torsos were smoothly muscled, their chests of unusual thickness. There was about them a certain pride and quiet dignity.

Suddenly Lupe turned to confront Bonner, and the two surveyed each other with a curious hostility. I had known Lupe casually for many years. After the silent interchange of stares between him and Bonner, he shifted his glance to me and broke into a courteous smile.

"*Que tal?*" I asked.

"Now good; now bad. And thou?"

"*Muy bien*," I assured him.

"What brings thy *Yanqui* friend to Acapulco?" he continued, nodding toward Bonner.

"He is a diver, and comes naturally to the center for diving."

"A diver, eh?" As he spoke, Lupe again surveyed Bonner. He said something, unintelligible to me, to the other *maestro*, and both laughed.

"What are the beggars saying?" Bonner demanded.

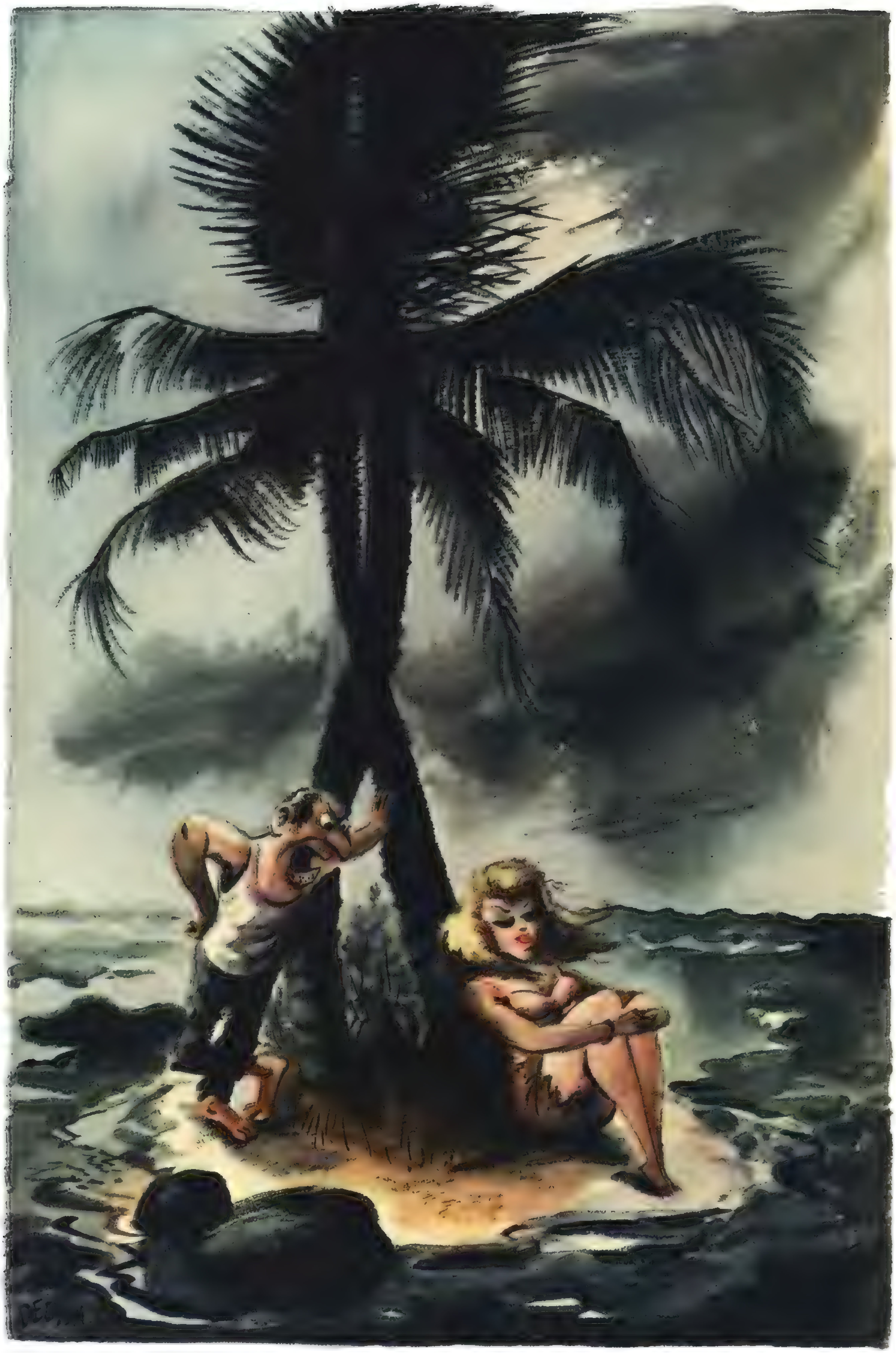
"It is nothing," I replied. "They are interested to know that you are a fellow diver." I could think of nothing other to say.

Then the Mexicans walked away for the afternoon performance. Bonner spoke hardly a dozen words to me, while the Mexicans gave their exhibition of superb timing and skill. En route back to our hotel he could talk of nothing but the height, the precision, the daring, the beauty of the dive. "It's quite a difficult thing," he said. "I suppose your arrogant little friend Lupe thinks he and his pals are the only ones on earth who could ever handle it."

"I should think," I replied, "that everyone else on earth would be willing to leave it to them."

The next day was a Saturday. Bonner had invited me for (*Continued on page 176*)

"And if you'd care to do a little farming, this land has lain idle for several years"



"Really, Miss Pringle—statistics show a big percentage of women die old maids!"

Hang on to Those Vices!

There's a lot of good medicine in doing what comes naturally

An Article by J. B. RICE, M.D.

Drinking, smoking, cussing and other equally pleasant methods of relaxation may be nothing more than automatic safety devices that ease unconscious nervous tension possibly caused by untuned pianos. So says Dr. Rice in this engaging article on the therapeutic value of these "bad habits"

WHEN my father, a blond six-foot-four-inch giant, built like an oak tree, was nearing sixty, he consulted our family doctor for some minor complaint. Before he had a chance to tell just where it hurt, the doctor said, "Tom, I've been expecting you. Now I'm going to tell you straight from the shoulder—you've got to give up your vices."

"Vices?" snorted my father. "What vices? Haven't got a single damn vice—never had."

"Now, Tom," said the doctor, soothingly but firmly, "how much tobacco do you use in a day?"

"Tobacco?" growled my father in astonishment.

"How much, Tom?"

"Fiddlesticks," spluttered dad, but he shifted his 300 pounds gross weight from one leg to the other. "Not more than a ten-cent plug of Horseshoe in a day, except maybe on Sunday . . . might chew a little more in church."

"How much liquor?"

"Liquor?" asked my father innocently, as though he had never heard of it before.

"Come, Tom, how much?"

"Look here, Doc, you know I'm not a drinking man," protested dad indignantly. "Maybe an occasional nip of old Irish for my health,"—but he shifted his weight again.

"How often?"

"Aw, shucks, Doc, not more than a couple a day—except in real cold weather."

"Coffee?" pursued the doctor.

"Oh, a cup or two," with resignation. "Maybe three in the morning."

"Tea?"

"Hah!" shouted dad triumphantly. "Hate the stuff!"

"Don't tell me that you don't drink iced tea?" prompted the doctor, quietly.

"Damn it all, Doc—well, maybe a glass or two for lunch and dinner—when there's no beer in the house."

The doctor's voice came straight from the sepulcher. "Tom," he said, "if you won't take care of your health, I'm afraid I can't do a thing for you. Man, can't you see you're killing yourself? A man of your age—close to threescore—just can't stand all those stimulants. If you don't cut out your vices, Tom, you can expect the worst—and don't hold me responsible!"

With leaden feet and massive shoulders slightly stooped, my father plodded wearily home, the original cause of his visit to the doctor forgotten. He threw his "uneaten" portion of Horseshoe plug into the ash can, solemnly poured a quart and a half of good old Irish whiskey down the drain. The remains of a case of beer he carried sadly over to a neighbor he didn't like, grumbling, "Now that old stinker can kill himself."

For weeks he wandered forlornly around the house, chewing rubber bands and wads of paper; kicking viciously at Earwicker, the family cat, and any of us kids who happened to get in his way. He guzzled enormous quantities of root beer (he could never stand milk—"calf-pap" he called it). Meanwhile, his health worsened visibly. Why couldn't that damned old fool have warned him about killing himself before it was too late, he complained bitterly.

At length, convinced that his end was near, he decided to enjoy life for his few remaining months. He went back to all his vices with gusto—even hotly insisting that the reluctant neighbor replace the beer or be taken to court. In reckless enthusiasm he added three more vices—poker, horse racing and cigarettes, which he smoked in a long ivory holder to keep from singeing his luxuriant white beard.

From then on, until he was past eighty, my father rushed gleefully into the beckoning arms of every vice he could find. When death finally did catch up with him, our town lost one of its happiest, best-adjusted, and, spiritually, one of its most youthful citizens. His sage advice to his sons and grandsons, "Don't sow all your wild oats now; save some for later life, when you'll need them most," anticipated a sound principle of modern mental hygiene.

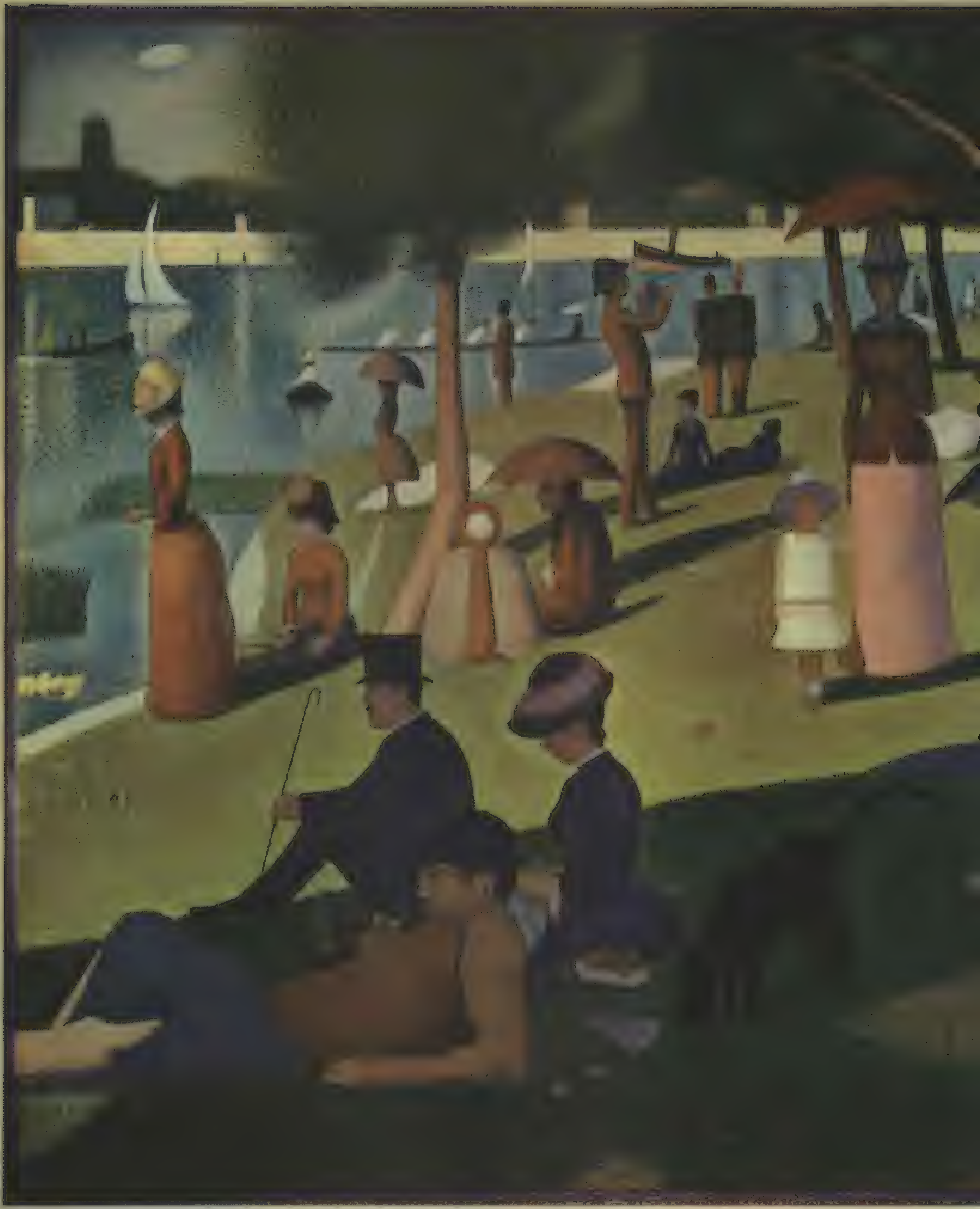
Fortunately, coffee and tea, the twin bogies that scared the pants off our fathers—not to say our mothers—have lost their power to frighten a more blasé generation. But most of us are still gullible enough to believe that we would be healthier, wealthier and wiser without tobacco, liquor and gambling. Certainly much of the fun of living is derived from all sorts of wickedness. And there is a great deal of doubt that we would be any better off should the world suddenly be plunged into the depths of purity.

Whole libraries have been written on the evil consequences of alcohol and tobacco. That their excessive use is harmful, or even disastrous, no one can deny. But one book, which appeared about the middle of the last century, to cite an extreme example, discourses at great length on the deleterious effects of tobacco on the chastity of young females. Had tobacco any such intriguing action, the spectacular rise in its use throughout the world would, likely enough, have been even more precipitous than it was.

Nicotine, in the amount and in the manner absorbed by smokers, acts as a mild sedative. The dean of American pharmacologists, Dr. Torald Sollmann, says that "the chief importance of nicotine lies in its habitual use in the form of tobacco . . . as a stabilizer and lubricator, as 'oil on troubled waters of life.'" That nicotine does exert just such stabilizing influence has been proved by scientific experiments on people's reaction to an unpleasant stimulus. Under ordinary conditions a cigarette has no effect on the perception of pain, such as that produced by an electric shock. But under severe emotional strain, when the normal response is exaggerated, a cigarette damps the reaction down to normal. Curiously enough, when the perception of pain is abnormally reduced, by fatigue for example, the absorption of a little nicotine steps it *up* to normal.

Tobacco lessens jumpiness or nervous irritability by providing a brake on the emotional pendulum, keeping it from swinging too far in either direction. For the high-strung man or *(Continued on page 155)*

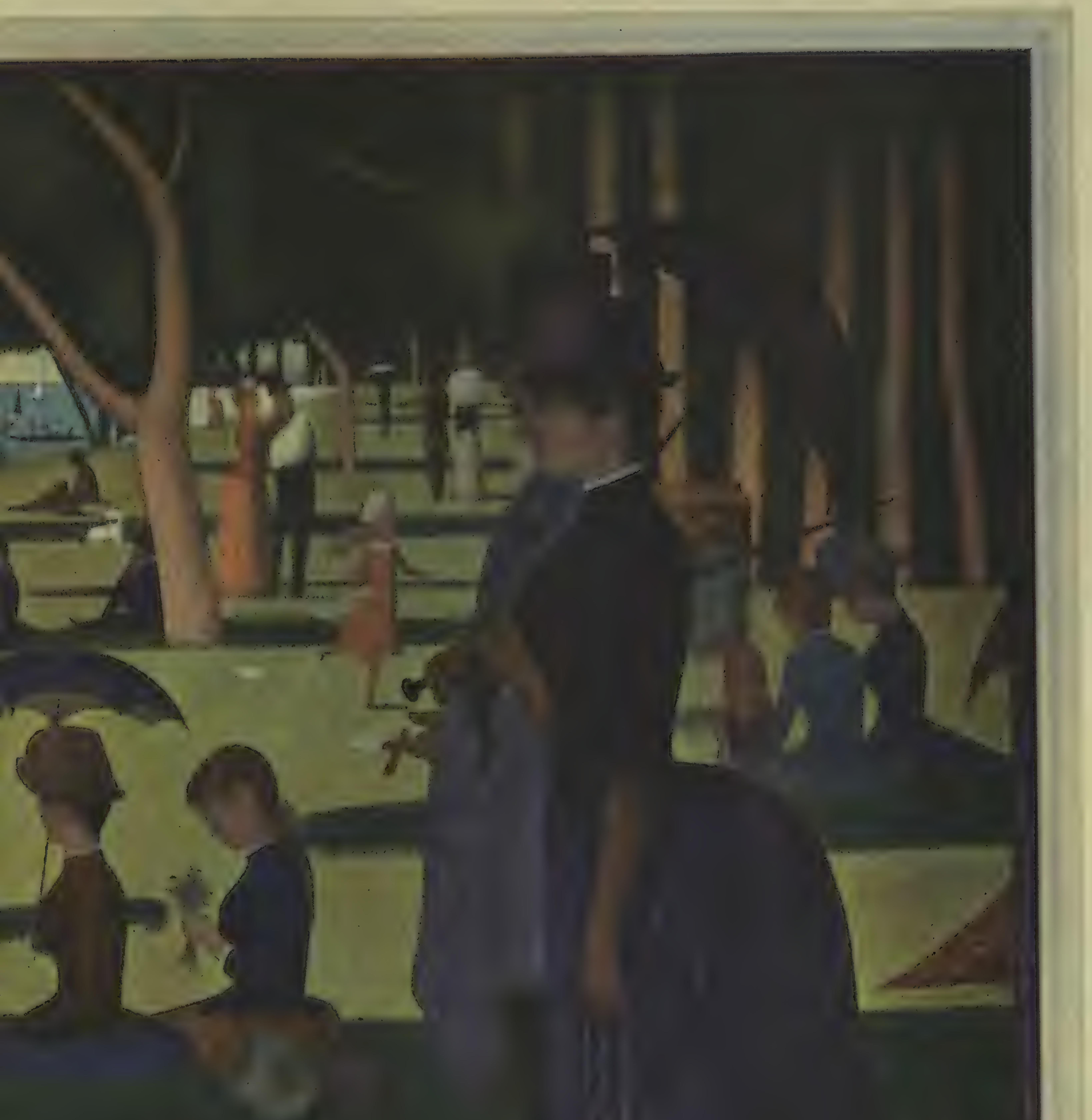
"We think he's leading a double life!"



COURTESY OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

SUNDAY ON GRANDE JAT

by Georges Seurat

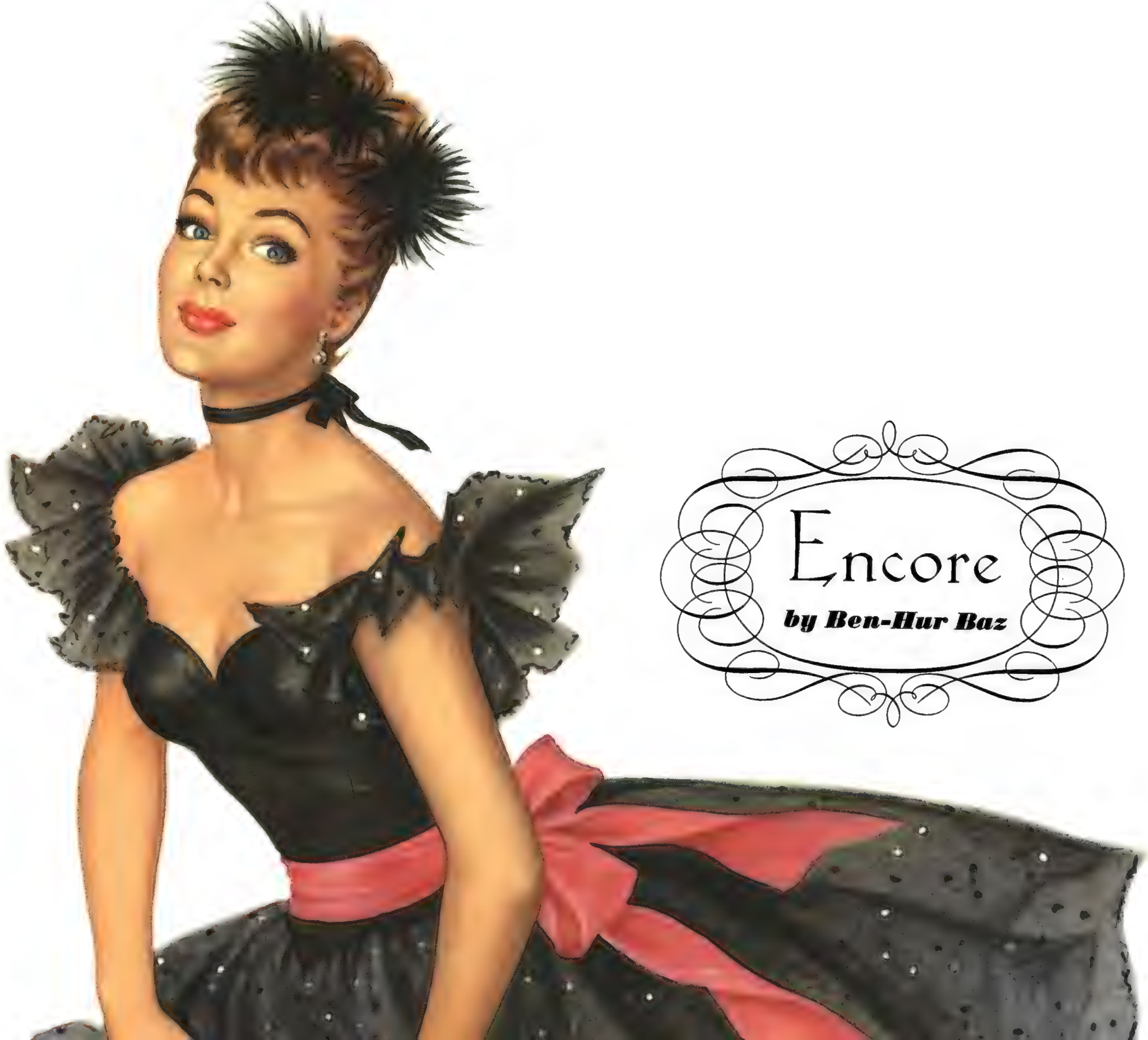


HELEN BIRCH BARTLETT MEMORIAL COLLECTION

TE ISLAND

Encore

by Ben-Hur Baz



ben-hur baz

A Mugg Named Abel Green

***Variety*'s quick-witted, crisp-phrased editor is both seer and idolator of entertainment, calling the turns in every show from strip to pix, horse opera and legit**

An Article by

SIDNEY CARROLL

In the second story of a building just two steps off Broadway, a man sits behind a plate-glass window. He sits at a desk, visible to every naked eye on 46th Street. In that same window the models of a certain Madame Frances, *couturière*, used to slink. Today the window is given over to the man at the desk. Today a single word sweeps across the window like a gilt-edged comet: *Variety*. The word tells all. It identifies, among other things, the man in the window.

Within the hallowed walls of this building (it looks like a flophouse, both inside and out) *Variety* is born each week. *Variety* is the bible of show business and the man in the window is its own true prophet. Anybody who doesn't recognize him doesn't belong in the neighborhood. From the desk in the window he guides the destiny of the weekly newspaper which is meat and drink to every star of stage and screen and every ham in hock from Broadway to Hollywood and Vine. It is indispensable to many more besides. George Bernard Shaw says he couldn't do without his weekly copy of *Variety*. And Cardinal Spellman, when he first met its editor, said, "Mr. Green, I read *your* bible too!" If any one spot in the United States could be called the nerve center of America's entertainment industry, Abel's goldfish desk is it. Across its battered top flows an endless consensus of wonderful nonsense. The papers always piled high in front of him keep him *au courant* with every nook and cranny in the show world—acrobats in Oshkosh, writers in Hollywood, stars, strippers, jug bands, jazz bands, soap, hoss and grand opera. All of this, and television too, is *Variety*'s domain and all of it comes to Abel's desk from *Variety*'s four hundred correspondents in the field—those international spies who proudly call themselves "muggs." For forty-two years *Variety* has been proving there's no business like show business, and for fourteen of those years Abel Green, as editor, had been the first to sift the evidence.

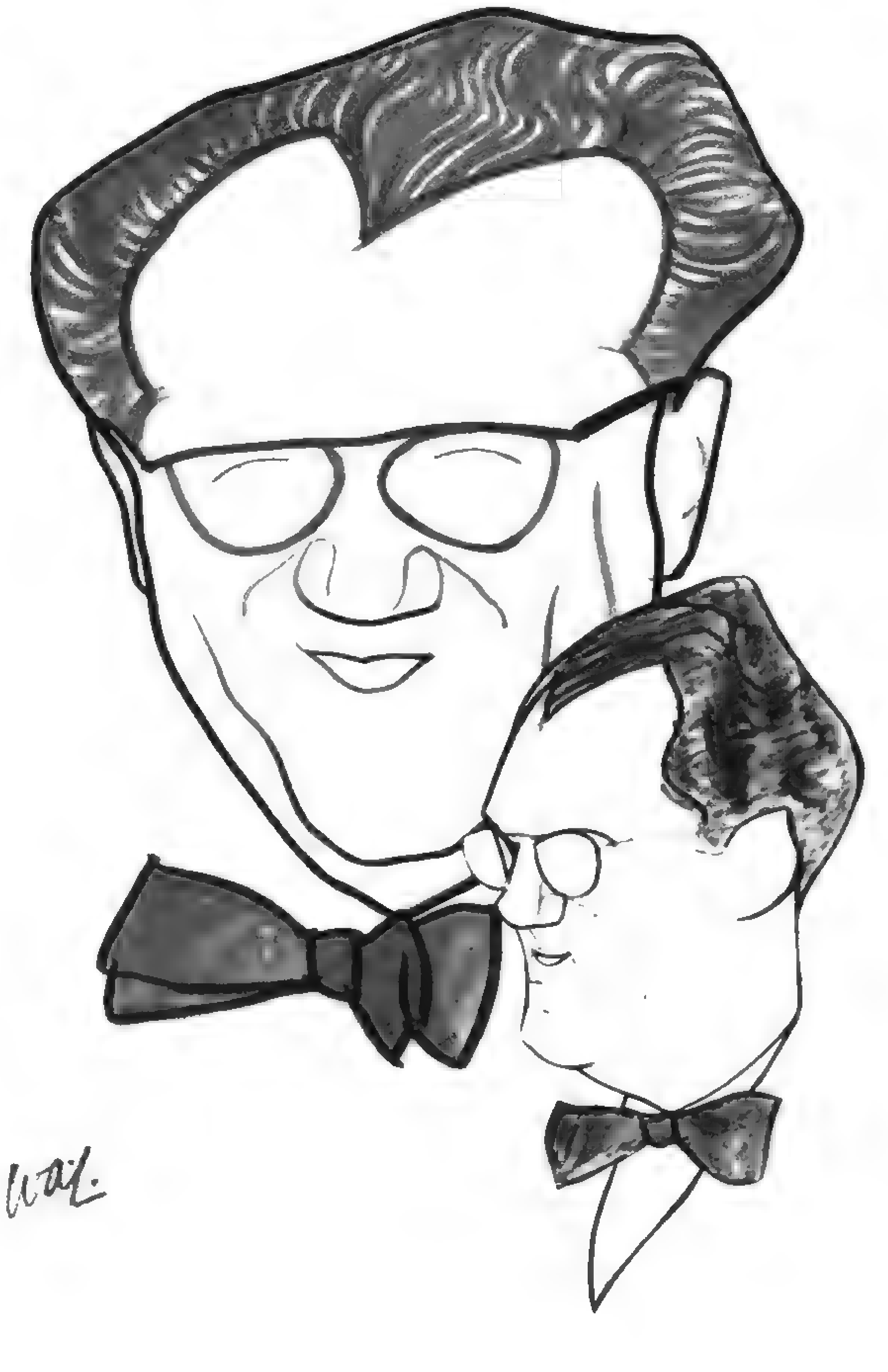
He is a chesty man of middle stature who wears loud bow ties and quiet suits and looks like a second violinist in the Philharmonic. Twenty-eight years of feeling the pulse of show business have given him this one vocational disease: he talks in staccato rhythms, like a musician who is incredibly hep to the jive. *Variety*'s great claim to journalistic fame is the extraordinary way it handles the King's English. Green, of course, has made innumerable contributions to that lingo. (It was he who dreamed up the immortal headline "Stix Nix Hix Pix.") There are partisans who claim that Abel talks like he writes. This is only partly true. He sometimes abbreviates words, à la *Variety*: "Can't meet you today—unforch." He euphemizes, à la *Variety*: "Show biz today is all one big segue from cinema to kilocycles to legit." He also likes Broadway's common language: "Gimme a quick Ameche one of these days."

But by and large Abel's talk is a peculiarly personal thing; it commits its own kind of assault and battery on the dictionary. It is slick talk, and surprisingly glib. When a Broadway wit, who fancies himself a raconteur, told a stale yarn to Green in the Stork Club and it went over with a hush, he apologized with, "Well, that's how it was told to me." Snapped Green: "Weren't you bored to death?" It is such fast talk you have to listen hard for the full impact of the philosophy that drops so trippingly from his tongue. "Let's not kid you and me. The three biggest fields of entertainment in the world today are movies, radio, and sex." When he reminisces he talks like the Runyon boys wish they could talk: "When I broke into this racket we were drinking frustrated varnish. I'm wondering how we still keep our kidneys."

He broke into the racket twenty-eight years ago, when, tired of trying to write pop tunes, he got a job from Sime Silverman, the man who started *Variety*, the man who left such legends behind him that Jimmie Walker once suggested that the city change the name of Times Square to Sime's Square. Sime was the original occupant of that desk in the window. One day in 1933 he said to Green, "You sit here, Abel." Abel's been sitting there ever since . . . days in and nights out.

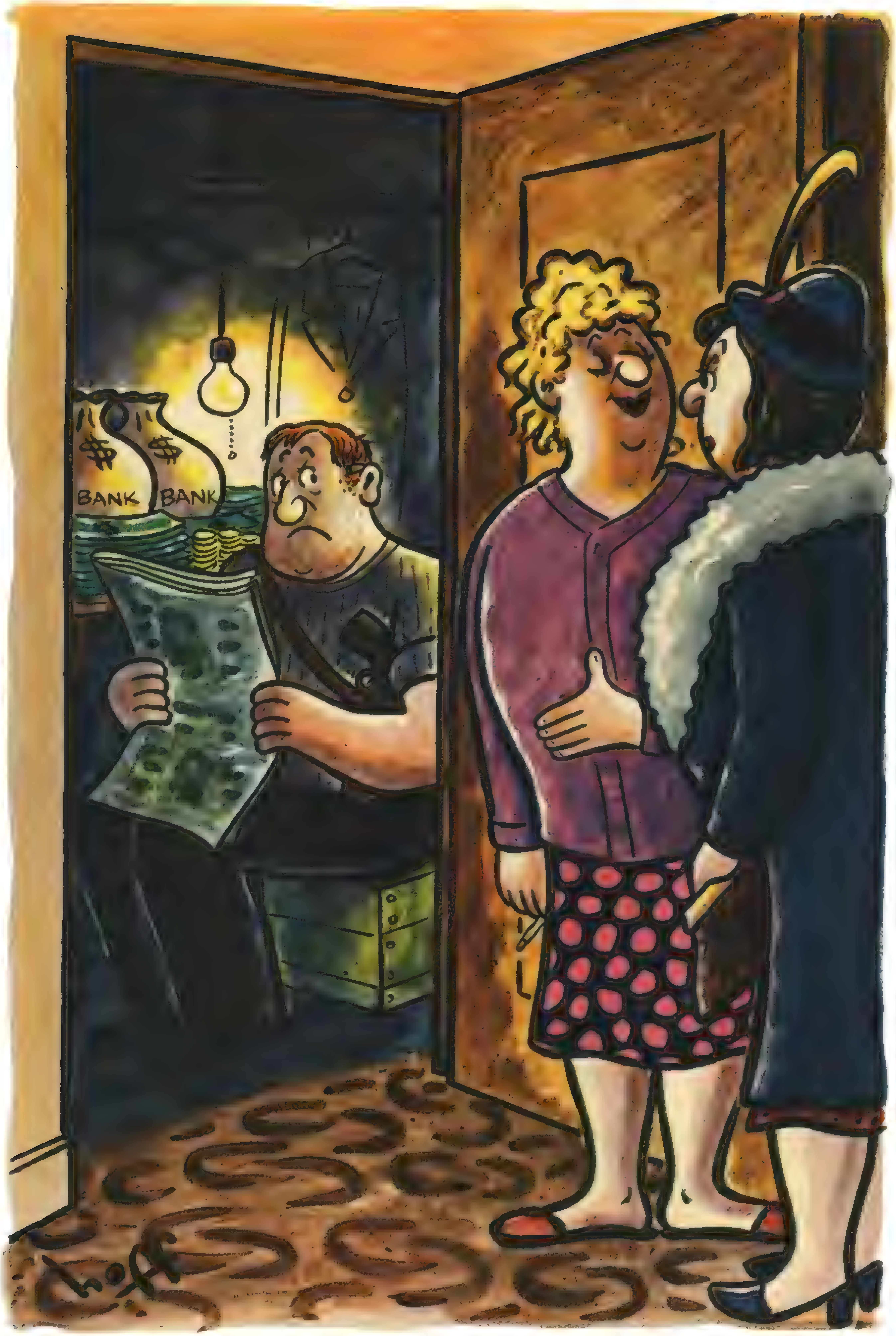
Abel never dares call any hour of the day or night his own. Because any minute a nabob from Hollywood may waylay him in a saloon and cry the blues until the unearthly hours, a Broadway producer may want to sit up all night asking his advice, an impresario from the open road will drop in to chat about the fall and decline of the flea-circus industry. Green's acquaintanceship in show business and in that periphery of it which extends into sports, business, and politics, is vast—possibly as vast as that of any man in America today. It is impossible to walk down any Manhattan street with him without being detoured into greetings and salutations ten times to the block. This is as it should be. The editor of *Variety* must be gregarious. But the extraordinary thing about Abel's acquaintanceships is this: they are all friendships.

Variety has had two editors in its time. The first was the fabled Sime, the second is the extraordinary Abel, which is perfectly okay with Sime Silverman's son Sid, who is now the publisher. Like Sime, whom he reveres to the point of hero worship, Abel is a man who believes that show biz is the only biz, that show folk are the most fabulous folk, and that *Variety* is a rag of infinite riches. He is a prime example of the mugg made for the job, the job for the mugg. Forch . . . #



Editor's Note: Mr. Abel Green, offered opportunity for rebuttal, made with the following: "The 'chesty' part is due more to my tailor than my biceps. Most exercise the average *Variety* mugg gets is lifting that right arm (unless he's a southpaw drinker) and using those typewriter fingers. The model platform is no choice spot when you want to be 'out' to anybody. Calling the *Variety* building a flophouse is certainly a switch; *we* usually call the hits and flops of show biz.

"Anyway, apart from the top Hooper comparisons to the late great Sime—truly a combo Bennett-Greeley-Pulitzer-Ochs of show biz, I'll settle for this 'trailer' as is."



"Please excuse Tyrone if he doesn't come out—he's hot right now"

America's No. 1 Composer

What Babe Ruth did for baseball, a lanky, balding Brooklyn-born composer—Aaron Copland—is doing for serious American music. Critics hailed his third symphony as the first major American work in the great classic tradition. His influence on composers is so great Oscar Levant cracked: "In music, B. C. stands for the dark ages 'Before Copland.'"

An Article by HERBERT KUBLY

The tenant of a poorly heated, barren loft on the top floor of a nondescript building in midtown Manhattan is listed as Aaron Copland, also known as America's Number One composer. But, like Copland music, the loft is arid and sunny, and he has maintained this rugless hideaway for ten years because it is the only place in New York where he can pound the piano through the twenty-four hours without forfeiting his lease.

Tenants on the lower floors include the "Flesh Leather Company," "Comites-Femeninos-Unidos" (a ladies' club), and "Flavors by F. W. Kaye & Co." The hallways and four flights are richly inscribed with epitaphs more ordinarily scribbled on subway lavatories. Among the high walls of his loft, the plank floors and the disorderly heaps of score paper, Aaron Copland finds the lonely melancholy he likes. As in an Appalachian folk song called *Nottamin Town*, there are: "Ten thousand around me and I was alone..."

In his cool objective fashion Copland also thinks of himself as our top composer. His symphony premiered by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony was programmed as Aaron Copland's Third, but it was America's first in the great classic tradition. In Boston and New York staid music critics listened for forty full-blown minutes and then rushed out to turn polyphonic cartwheels in print. Here at last was a symphony to raise American music from the bush league into the major league of Beethoven, Brahms and Tchaikovsky; an American composer who was ripe enough for old-world concert halls. An old quip of Oscar Levant's was widely quoted. In American music, said Levant, B.C. stood for the dark ages "before Copland."

Copland has also been called "the dean of American composers," a captious title which he dislikes, probably because of its aura of gentle senility and white hair. Receding as Copland's hair is, it is to be doubted that it will ever be white, but even so there is justification for the deanship.

If there is an American School of music, Aaron Copland has created it. So many younger men compose like him that a critic once suggested Copland wasn't a school, he was an academy. Members of such an academy include David Diamond, Lukas Foss, Elie Siegmeister, Paul Bowles and the dazzling Leonard Bernstein.

Once Copland has smelled out a new talent, he clucks over it like a broody hen with her chicks. He serves on fellowship committees to see that grants go to the worthy and needy. At the Berkshire Music Center near Lenox, Massachusetts, he teaches bright young composers, some of whom he brings there on scholarships. When their work is good enough, Copland wheedles first performances. He arranged expensive medical attention for an insolvent young composer. Indeed, when word spread that Virgil Thomson was writing an opera called *The Mother of Us All* (about Susan B. Anthony), one young composer told another, "Virgil is writing an opera about Aaron."

Someone once said that in a periwig Copland would look like Haydn. Actually, Copland's nose seems even larger and more humped than Haydn's and the similarity probably ends there. He is tall with long limbs which dangle like a marionette's when an amateur is pulling the strings. His dome-shaped balding head is remarkable largely for the completely absorbing blue eyes which blink myopically behind thick old-fashioned lenses. As the late critic, Paul Rosenfeld, first pointed out, Copland seems to resemble most of all a benevolent grasshopper.

The traditional composer alternates between fits of raging mania and inconsolable depression. Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Schumann and Wagner fall into this pattern and their stormy biographies are lively reading. To the popular biographer of the future, Aaron Copland will be a disappointment. He is as full of self-confidence and levelheaded purposefulness as a Methodist parson. His history is the familiar one of an enterprising lad of the teeming city pavements rising to fame and fortune. The most unusual thing about Copland is that, despite a life lived largely in crowded New York, he has managed to become what Levant calls the composer of the "prairee," a sort of laureate of rural America's cowboys and pioneers.

His family name is Copland because of a linguistic accident. Back about 1875, a fifteen-year-old Russian lad, trying to get off a boat in London, had trouble explaining his name was Harris Kaplan. An immigration official wrote on the boy's papers "Harris Copland." Harris accepted Copland as the English translation of Kaplan and kept it the rest of his life.

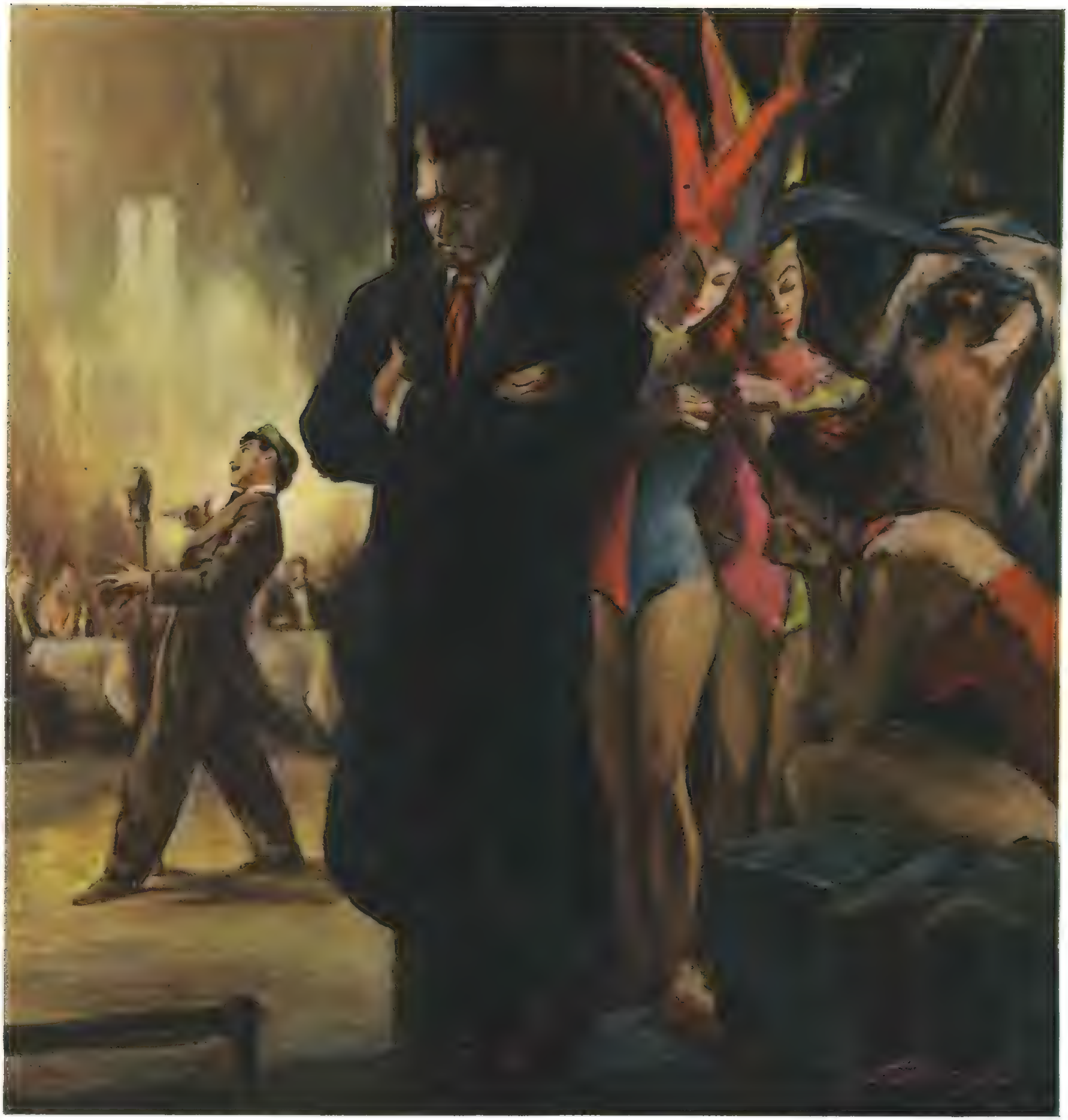
Two years later Harris came to the U. S. and with the help of relatives set himself up in the dry-goods business in Brooklyn. He married Sarah Mittenthal, who was born in Russia but had lived in Peoria, Illinois, since she was two. They had five children. The youngest—born in 1900—they named Aaron.

Copland's Department Store on noisy Washington Avenue was the Macy's of the Brooklyn neighborhood, and the family lived on the third and fourth floors. "It fills me with mild wonder," said Copland, "each time I realize that a musician was born on that street." He wasn't the only one. Composer Roger Sessions had been born on the same street four years earlier.

In the Copland household, music, at very best, was a desultory affair. Having concluded that the money invested in music lessons for the older children would never pay dividends, Harris Copland was reluctant to spend more on the youngest. Aaron had his first haphazard piano lessons from his sister, Lavrine.

At the Jew- *(Continued in center of page 143)*

"Hey! What's the deal?"



GUSTAV REHBERGER

We Can Make a Million

Being the brains behind the hottest guy in show business was a trap which permitted no escape

A Story by ROBERT SWITZER

THE monologue was entitled Life at a Peace Conference, and the young man who called himself Terry Ryan was delivering it magnificently. He knew the precise moment to cut the flow of his eight dialects, and when he paused, the night-club crowd, eager to show that it knew how great he was, exploded into howling laughter and applause. The pantomime accompanying the fearful subject was a masterpiece of control. Nothing was wasted. When he made the slightest gesture, there was a reason for it; when he was motionless, there was a reason for that, too. He changed amazingly with each dialect, so that when the accent was Russian, he looked Russian, and when the accent was French, he was a Frenchman. His black hair sparkled in the lights; his teeth flared against his dark face; he moved like a friendly panther. He was superb. He was the hottest thing in show business.

Dave Jackson stood offstage, watching him. He doesn't know what he's doing, he thought savagely, he hasn't the faintest idea what he's doing. He's out there setting fire to the stuff I wrote, but he doesn't know what it means. He's delivering it perfectly, but he doesn't understand any of it. He doesn't have to understand it. He's a genius. He's a genius without a brain. He doesn't need a brain because it's all instinct with him. Like a weasel changing color in the winter. It must be marvelous to be able to get along without the bother of thinking. It must be so much easier that way. Never mind. He's tailor-made for me, and I'm tailor-made for him. The freak and I are made for each other. What's that make me? It makes me the wrong end of the team of Ryan and Jackson, the end nobody has heard of. Make that RYAN and

Jackson. Make it anything you want. Without me the young jerk would be just another second-rate comic and that's no consolation at all because without him I wouldn't even rate, second or otherwise.

Dave turned away. He was thirty-two, tall, with very wide shoulders. He had brown hair. He wore a dark blue single-breasted suit which might have fitted better if it had been in press. He went to Terry Ryan's dressing room.

John was there, sitting quietly, looking worried. He always looked worried. He was a little man, bald-headed. He was their manager.

"Cheer up, John," Dave said. "Irish is doing fine as usual."

John looked worried.

"Lay off that Irish stuff, will you, Dave? Cut it out, will you?"

"Why?"

"You know why," John said coaxingly. "He doesn't like it. You know he doesn't like it, so lay off him, will you, Dave?"

"He doesn't like it. What's that to me?"

"Aw, come on, Dave. What if he did take an Irish name? What's wrong with that? You know there's nothing wrong with that."

"All right."

"He's always been nice to you. You know that, Dave."

"John, will you for Chrissake stop telling me what I know?"

"I wish you wouldn't be that way," John said gently.

"Yes. So do I."

"We've got something here," John said slowly, "the three of us. We don't get in each other's way. You write what you want and Terry sells it the way it's written. He doesn't suggest changes and you don't tell him how to deliver it. You both leave me alone on the business end of it. It's a fine setup. I'd hate to see anything happen to it."

"Nothing is going to happen to it."

"We're almost there. Paramount is talking. They'll talk louder." John was speaking very softly. "We can make a million dollars. We can do that, Dave. So, please be careful."

"You don't have to talk me into anything, John. I'm all for it. I'm in favor of a million dollars."

"All you have to do is take it easy. Just coast along and we're in. Will you take it easy?"

"Sure," Dave said, "I'll take it easy."

John sighed and went out, and for a while Dave sat alone, hands in his pockets, staring straight ahead. John was right, of course. He had to relax. He had to stop this foolishness, this trying to work himself up to some sort of climax. Because if there ever was a showdown, he knew where that would put him. Right back to collecting rejection slips for writing that nobody wanted until this moron with the superhuman showmanship turned it into something delightful and even wonderful. He had to have this Terry Ryan. He depended on him.

And John was right about something else. They could make a million dollars. They really could. If they stayed together they could.

A girl came and stood in the doorway. She was tall, with dark hair and big eyes. She was beautiful, but then all the women around here were beautiful, and Dave just looked at her and said, "Hello."

"Oh," she said. "I thought this was Mr. Ryan's dressing room."

"It is. Come on in."

"Is he still on?"

"I guess so. Sit down. No, try that one, it's softer. The people love him tonight so he may be some time."

"He's quite a terrific guy, isn't he?"

There was the slightest hesitation. "Yes."

"Are you a friend of his?"

"Are you?"

"Not exactly," she said, smiling. Her teeth were perfect, of course. "I met him at a party this afternoon. He said to come here tonight. He thought he might be able to help me."

Dave closed his eyes. Now this again. Oh, well, go along with the gag.

"What do you do?" he asked.

"I sing and dance. I'd rather just sing, though. I'm not too good a dancer."

"Never admit a thing like that. You're good at everything. You can act, too. Remember, your singing is just a steppingstone to dramatics."

"I suppose a lot of singers talk that way," she laughed.

"Sooner or later."

"I don't see it," she said seriously. "I really don't. I think being a good singer is enough of a career for anybody."

"I think you're right."

"And I think you're giving me needles." She smiled at him, dazzlingly.

He looked at all those teeth, laughed aloud, and felt much better.

"Those teeth," he said. "I'd love to see you bite into an apple."

"Go on with your advice," she said. "Is there anything else I should know?"

"Only the no-fair-hitting-in-the-face rule."

"What's that?"

"Well, in show business a person's face is very important to him. It shouldn't be marked up too much. So if you ever get mad enough to swing on somebody, be sure to keep your blows as low as possible. The lower the better. It's the decent thing to do. People who don't understand the idea back of this rule often call it dirty fighting, but you can see that it really isn't."

"Yes, I can see that."

Dave studied her. She was as lovely as all the rest and she probably sang as badly as all the rest and her failure would be as shriveling and all to herself as every failure has to be. Why didn't these beauties stay home? She would be sensationally beautiful in Schenectady so why wasn't she there beautifying the place? She was needed in towns like Schenectady, but she wasn't needed here, except by the boys with the eyes for business. They could use her. And if she didn't like that idea she could go back to Schenectady and let the girl from Richmond have a go at it and the boys with the eyes for business would never know the difference.

Then Terry Ryan raced in. John followed him.

"They wouldn't let me go, Dave," he whooped, and seeing the girl, he sprang toward her and caught both her hands. "Why, hello, honey. Glad to see you. You and Dave been getting pally?"

"We've been getting something," she said. "Maybe pally is the word."

Terry Ryan held on to her hands and grinned at Dave. "Is that the word?"

"That's the word, Irish."

Terry Ryan stopped grinning.

"Dave—" John said.

"It's all right," Terry Ryan said.

"It's all right, is it, Irish?"

"Dave—" John said.

"I'm glad it's all right, Irish."

Terry Ryan pressed his lips together. The girl looked bewildered.

"Dave," John said desperately, "let's get a drink. I want to talk to you."

"Yes," Dave said.

Dave and John went out. John closed the door.

"You tried to start something," he said. "He was being nice to you and you tried to start something. You said you wouldn't do that, Dave."

"God Almighty, he gets me."

John opened his mouth, hesitated, and then all he said was: "Well, good night, Dave." He looked very small as he walked away.

Dave left the night club and went down the street two blocks and into a little bar that was always quiet. He sat on a stool next to Hank Benton. Hank was a song writer. He had been in Hollywood for a while. He wrote tunes that got to be number six on the Hit Parade. A few years ago he had written tunes that got to be number one. In a couple of years he would have trouble hitting the Parade at all. He looked tough. Big and tough and bruised in the eyes.

"Still here?" he said to Dave. "You should be in Hollywood."

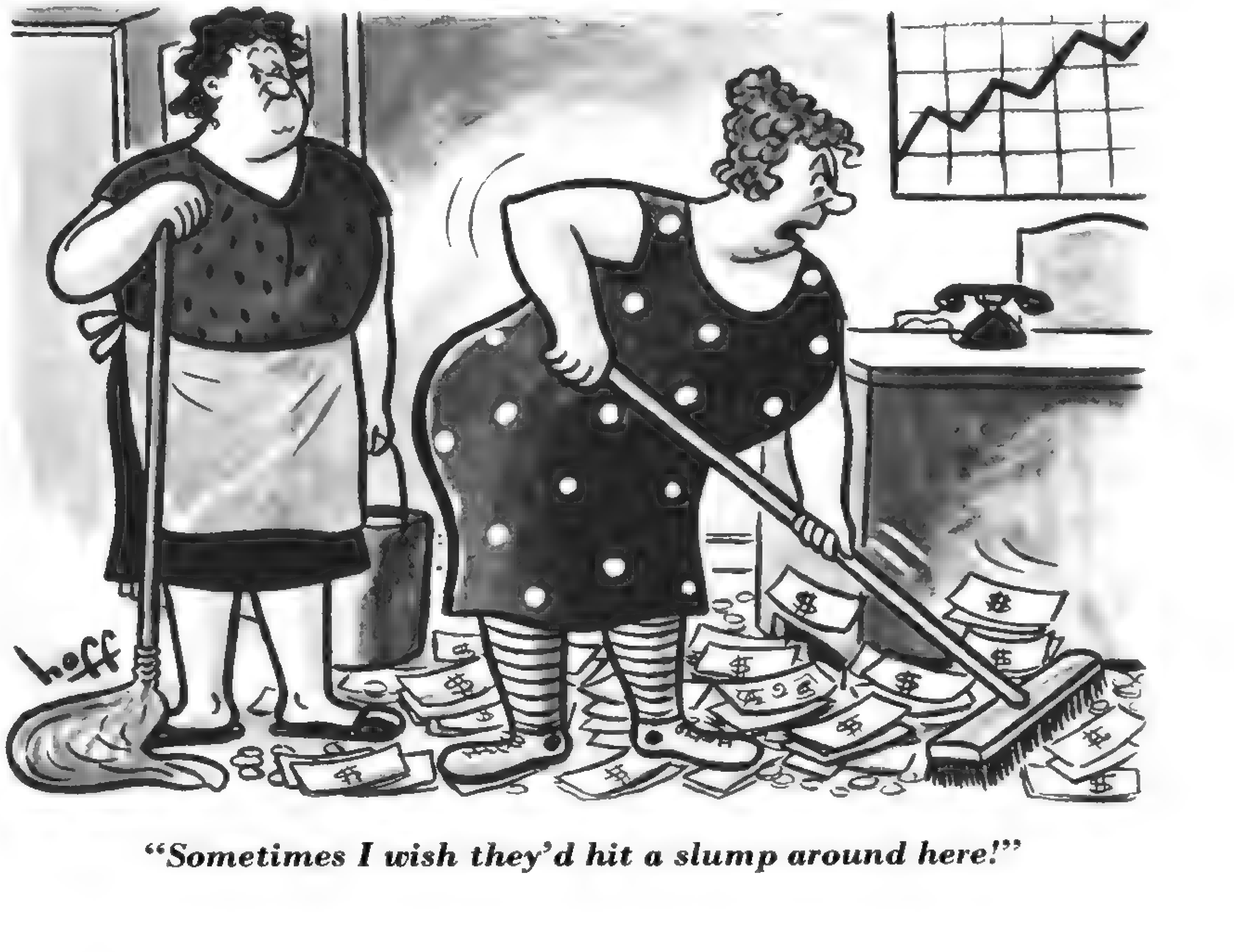
"I hear that all over."

"It's all right to hear it as long as you don't start believing it."

Dave ordered drinks.

"I know," he said. "Nobody should go to Hollywood. Hollywood is bad for talent. They ruin you in Hollywood. When Hollywood gets through

(Continued on page 169)



"Sometimes I wish they'd hit a slump around here!"

Metropolis: U.S.A.

Plains City

Put the city up; tear the city down;
put it up again; let us find a city.
Let us remember the little violet-eyed
man who gave all, praying, "Dig and
dream, dream and hammer, till your
city comes."

Every day the people sleep and
the city dies;
every day the people shake loose, awake and
build the city again.

The city is a tool chest opened every day,
a time clock punched every morning,
a shop door, bunkers and overalls
counting every day.

The city is a balloon and a bubble plaything
shot to the sky every evening, whistled in
a ragtime jig down the sunset.

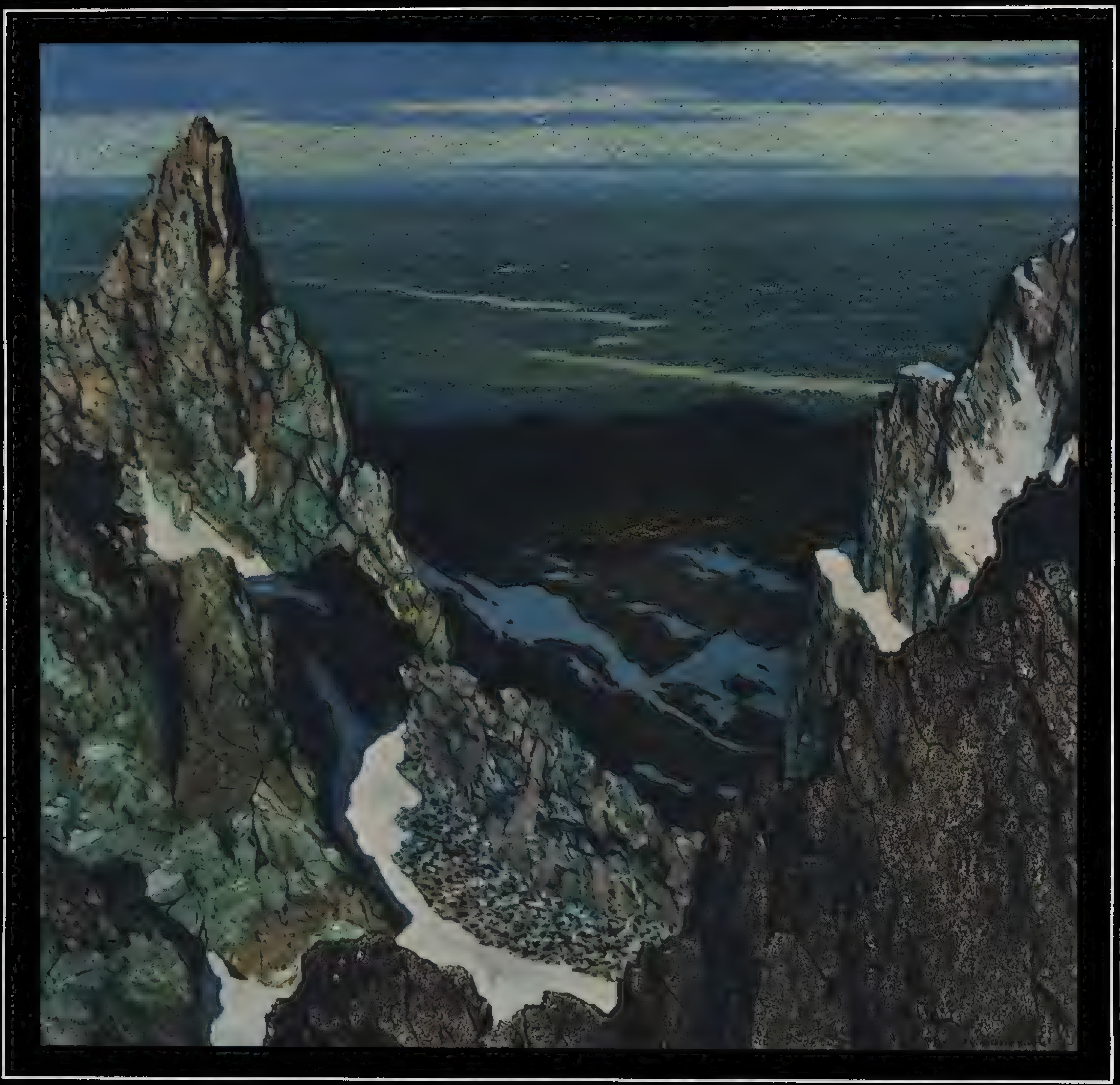
The city is made, forgotten, and made again,
trucks hauling it away haul it back
steered by drivers whistling ragtime
against the sunsets.

Every day the people get up and
carry the city,
carry the bunkers and balloons
of the city,
lift it and put it down.

"I will die as many times
as you make me over again"
says the city to the people,

"I am the woman, the home,
the family,
I get breakfast and pay the rent;
I telephone the doctor, the milkman,
the undertaker;
I fix the streets
for your first and your last ride—
Come clean with me, come clean or dirty
I am stone and steel of your
sleeping numbers;
I remember all you forget
I will die as many times
as you make me over again."

The poem The Windy City *is from* Slabs of the Sunburnt West, *by Carl Sandburg, copyright 1922 by Harcourt Brace and Company, Inc.*



Painted Especially for Esquire by CHESLEY BONESTELL

Mountain City

The mountains stood on their bottom ends;
the smoky mountains stood around in blue;
the blue mountains stood around in smoke;

The higher the line of the burnt timber climbed,
the lower the line of the green timber crept;
the creep of the burnt and the green
was a couple of shadows moving through
each other.

The farms and the fences came,
And the farmers fixing fences.
The snake rail fences measured the farms;
Hog tight, horse high, they held
for the owners
The hogs for hams and the horses for hauls.

The farms came to the valley,
And the mountains stood on their bottom ends;
The mountains stood in a smoke and a blue.

The cities came, the lumber wagons,
The lumber carpenters, the lathers,
the plasterers;
The bricklayers came in their overalls,
And the hod-carriers up and down the
ladders with mortar
And the bricklayers calling down to
the hod-carriers,
"Mort!"

And the concrete mixers came with
their endless bellies
For sand and crushed stone and gravel
and cement;

The cities came, stood up, and swore,
"This is us, by God."
The cities, the families, the tall two-
fisted men, swearing,
"This is us, by God, this is
God's country."

The boomers boomed the boosters.
The boosters boosted the boomers.

And the mountains stood on their bottom ends.
The mountains stood in a smoke and a blue.

The Poem Smoke Blue *is from* Good Morning, America, *by Carl Sandburg, copyright 1928 by Carl Sandburg, reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace and Company, Inc.*

The Greatest Bullfight Ever

The test of every bullfighter's skill is the margin by which he evades death on the bull's horns. In this fight the margin was narrowed to the vanishing point

A Sports Article by

BARNABY CONRAD

I HAD a pretty nice big house in Málaga and I was a friend of Carlos Arruza, the matador, so that's why the Town Council came to me. "*Mira, Señor Vice Consul,*" they said. "We are going to present a gorgeous diamond medal to the *torero* who gives the best performance at the bullfights during our annual fair. It is an exquisite thing, made especially in Madrid at a cost of 5000 *pesetas* and we should enjoy the honor of presenting it to your friend Arruza in your house."

"The honor will be mine," I said. "And I shall plan a party for that date. But how can you be sure Arruza will give the best show?"

"He cannot fail," they said. "First he is fighting both Friday and Sunday; if he is out of form or the bulls are bad on Friday, he will have another chance on Sunday. And secondly, Manolete, Arruza's only real competition, has been wounded and will not be able to fight."

"And thirdly," spoke up a member of the Council uneasily, "he *has* to be the best for we already have his name engraved on the medal."

On Friday Carlos arrived for the first fight and Málaga was agog, for he had become the most sensational thing in bullfighting. Most people defended the classic purity of Manolete's style, but for sheer brute courage, this young Mexican was unchallenged.

Then too, the señoras and señoritas weren't oblivious to that beautiful physique, and the unruly brown hair that topped his shy handsome face. Arruza had donated the entire proceeds of his first fight of the season, $7000, to the mother of a bullfighter killed in the ring. After that he was the most popular matador in Spain.

This season Arruza was contracted for the staggering number of 140 fights in 180 days! This meant fighting in Madrid one day, Barcelona the next, going to Lisbon, Bilbao, Mallorca, in planes, cars, trains, snatching a meal and a bit of sleep when he could, and every day leaving thousands of people thrilled by his skill and courage.

When I went to see him this afternoon before the fight his face was pale and drawn and I could see that the ninety fights he had already fought under this regime had aged him.

"*Chiquillo,*" he said after we'd talked awhile and as he wiggled into the gold brocaded pants, "what's this about a medal?"

I explained.

"*Caracoles!*" exclaimed Carlos. "They have put my name on it already! But anything can happen in a bullfight! How can they know if I feel like fighting? Or what about the wind? Or what about the bulls, eh? That slight detail must be considered—the bulls."

At four o'clock they paraded into the brilliant sun and the band blared forth with the *paso doble, Carlos Arruza.* Carlos grinned nervously and threw his dress cape up to me.

His first bull was a bad one, but he did pretty well, and the *presidente* let him take a lap around the ring to receive the crowd's applause. The second bull was Estudiante's and he did a very good job, being conceded two ears from the dead animal as an evaluation of his bravery and skill. Morenito de Talavera felt the pressure of the two good fights that had gone before him, and surpassed by far his natural ability, cutting one ear and taking a lap around the ring.

Arruza, seemingly unconcerned by this competition as he waited for his second bull to come out, looked around, hugging his big red and yellow cape to him and smiling his little-boy smile at friends.

His bull skidded out of the *toril* and brought boos from the crowd because it was so small. But the boos switched to "*Oles!*" when Arruza passed the bull closely three times, the lethal horns inches away from his knees. Few people objected when, after he had placed three beautifully executed *banderillas* and one sword thrust, the *presidente* granted him both ears and the tail for his brilliant fight. Women threw down roses to him and men threw cigars, hats, even overcoats. A few people booed, though, saying he didn't deserve the tail since the bull was so small.

However, the medal seemed cinched, especially after Estudiante and Morenito de Talavera were bad on the last two bulls, and I left the plaza jubilantly. The next day the program was Estudiante and Morenito again plus a little Mexican Indian named Cañitas. Nothing to fear, we thought, for the bulls were giants; we had seen what Estudiante and Morenito had to offer and who ever heard of Cañitas?

None of the three fighters was anything but discreet on his first bull. But then—the trumpet sounded for Cañitas' second, and out it came—a black and white monster weighing 750 kilos!

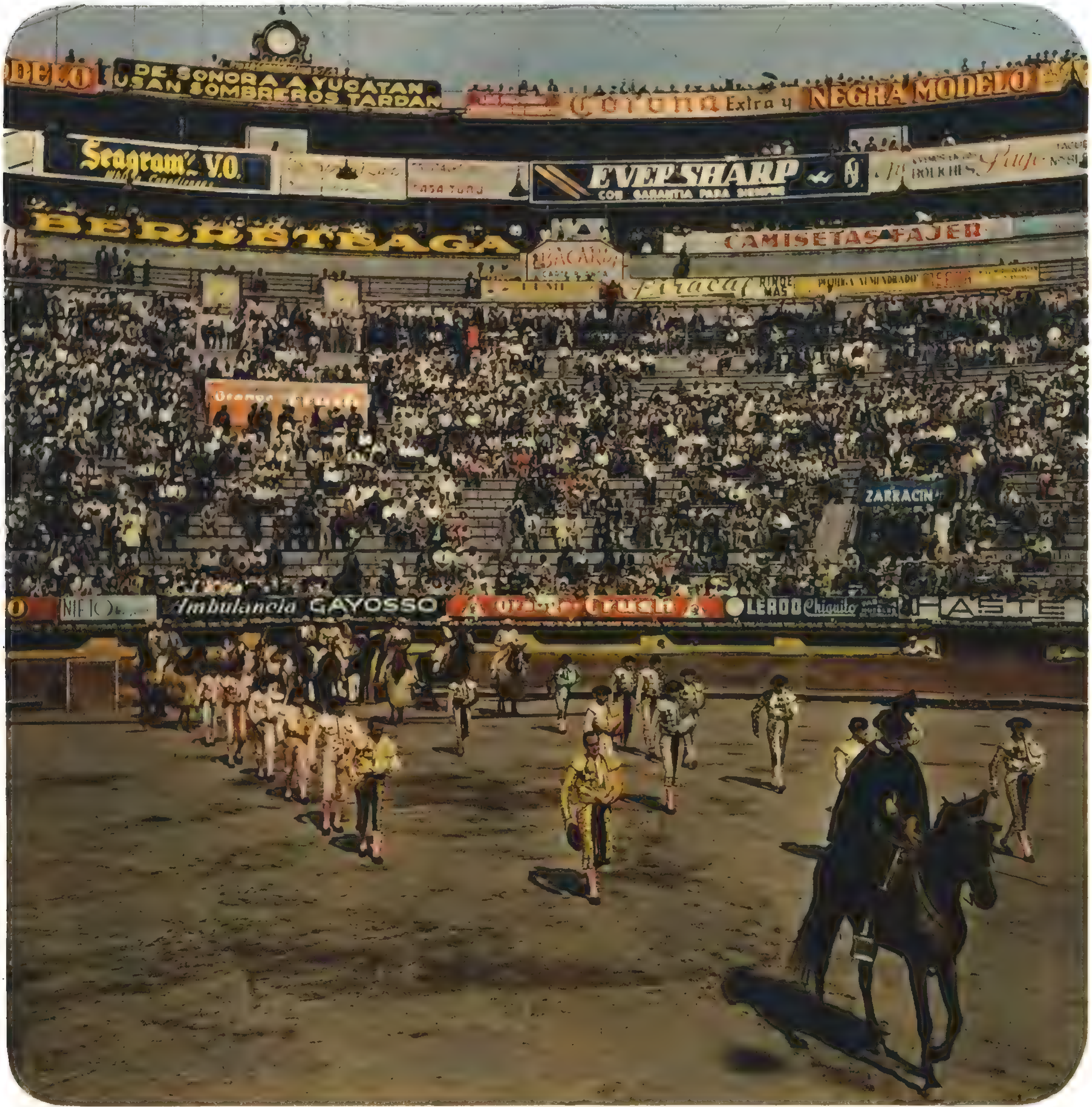
Cañitas went pale when he saw the creature rip part of the wooden barrier apart, but he set his Indian jaw and you could see him telling himself, "If I'm going to die I'll die in a blaze of glory." The bull ran around the empty ring twice looking for something to kill, and then Cañitas stepped out and dropped to his knees, letting it go by with a *whoosh,* as the great horns passed his head. A gasp of surprise went up from the crowd who had expected him to play the bull as safely as possible. Then when he passed the bull even closer, they set up a continuous roar. After numerous fancy passes with the cape, he placed three sets of *banderillas* with the arrogance of a gypsy, with the *muleta* he accomplished a *fuera* that bullfighters dream about, then drew back and dropped the bull with a sword thrust almost to the hilt. The crowd went wild and insisted upon his getting both ears, tails and a hoof, the most you can get. I left the plaza for the day, feeling a little sick.

The next day was Sunday, and the Town Council came to see me with long faces. "Now what do we do?" they asked reproachfully, as though it were my fault. "Order another medal," was all I could suggest.

Arruza arrived at six in the morning after having fought in Cadiz the afternoon before and driving all night to Málaga. I went to the hotel to wake him at three, and the Idol of Spain was a mess; he looked green and staggered as he got up to go to bathe.

"I'm exhausted." The words tumbled out. "I've got a fever of 102, I can't go on like this every day. I (*Continued on page 142*)

"Get your gun, Pedro—we're going to vote!"



ADRIAN J. SALVAS

Mexican Yankee Stadium

Entertainment in a bull ring starts with a colorful parade, may end with a bonfire

THE Plaza de Toros—bull ring—shown here is in Mexico, but whether it's Mexico, Spain, or South America, the ceremony is much the same. It begins with the colorful "little stroll" into the ring, with the bullfighters marching out of the Puerta de Cuadrillas, led by the man on horseback, called the Alguacil, whose traditional robes go back to the time of Felipe the Fourth. Above are four bullfighters, and here's a point to remember: a bullfighter may be an espada, a matador or a torero, but never a toreador. A man doesn't become a matador by calling himself one. He has to work his way up, and the title is conferred for his ring achievements. The man who has been a full matador longest occupies the place of honor on the left of the procession (on the right as you look at the photo), the next longest is on the left of the photo, and the two youngest are in the middle. The fellows on your left are carrying their hats, called monteras, signifying their first appearance in this ring this season. Behind each bullfighter march his three banderillos, his two picadores on horseback and then an assortment of ring servants known as wise monkeys. A bullfight crowd is probably more partisan and certainly more demonstrative than a baseball crowd. Nearly every fan rents a cushion, either to throw at a fighter who displeases him, or with which to build bonfires as his protest against a poor performance.

Miles and Miles of Basketball

A Sports Article by

ROBERT W. MINTON

The world's greatest basketball outfit is a Chicago colored team whose razzle-dazzle tactics have rolled up a stack of records that are hard to believe. As an example, they beat one rival 112-20, one of their stars scored 75 points in a single game, they play around 150 games a season, have won nearly 3000 games in twenty years and lost but 225

THE home team is trailing by sixteen points in the last period and the crowd is becoming restless. A few rooters yawn and start to leave. A hopeless rout, they agree. And then it begins—the floor show, that is! The visitors who call themselves the Harlem Globetrotters start whipping the ball around so fast and so cleverly that the home team can't even see it. The Negroes flip it behind their backs, bounce it off their opponents' heads, hide the ball up their jerseys and even put the ball on the floor and walk away to bewilder the opposition and enchant the crowd.

After this razzle-dazzle the Globetrotters really go wild. They go back to their own zone and line up like a football team. One man centers the ball and another tries for a field goal by drop-kicking. The ball sails over the backboard. And then, to show their versatility, they organize a little baseball game. There is a wind-up and a pitch, all one-handed, and someone slides into an imaginary plate to beat the throw.

The final whistle blows as one Harlem forward spins the ball on his index finger for a full minute. The score is forgotten and everyone is happy, including the home team. Once again Chicago's ace Negro pros have beaten and charmed an opponent.

While purists may consider these high jinks an outrageous contempt of the basketball court, the general public roars hilarious approval. In the face of such delightful entertainment, no referee would rule against this illegal tomfoolery. Pro basketball's funniest barnstormers can almost get away with murder in the closing minutes of a game. For instance, they always make two final points by passing the ball to a man under the basket who is sitting on another's shoulders. He drops the pill in like sugar into coffee.

If the Globetrotters sound slightly mad it is probably because no one could retain his sanity playing basketball seven nights a week and traveling 40,000 miles in six months—mostly by bus. They are easily the game's most indefatigable travelers. Withal they have been for twenty years one of the nation's top pro teams, good enough to play in any league. League play, however, is not their dish. The Trotters are strictly a road team, enjoying the variety of competition and the adventure that goes with touring from New York to Honolulu.

The madness of these talented Negroes is not without its method. In a season their slapstickery attracts some 581,000 paying customers who scream and howl for more. Whether it be a big city like Cleveland or the village of Snohomish, Washington, the Trotters never fail to please. By mixing comedy into their flashy play, they can make a game against schoolboys something delightful to watch.

Although the Trotters are recognized as the clown princes of pro basketball, their repertoire often includes tragedy for opponents who would consider it beneath their dignity to play in hamlets like Kelowna, British Columbia. In 1940, for instance, they rang down the curtain before 10,000 spectators on what was the greatest tragedy of all, so far as the Chicago Bruins were concerned, when they beat the Bruins 31-29 for the professional championship of the world.

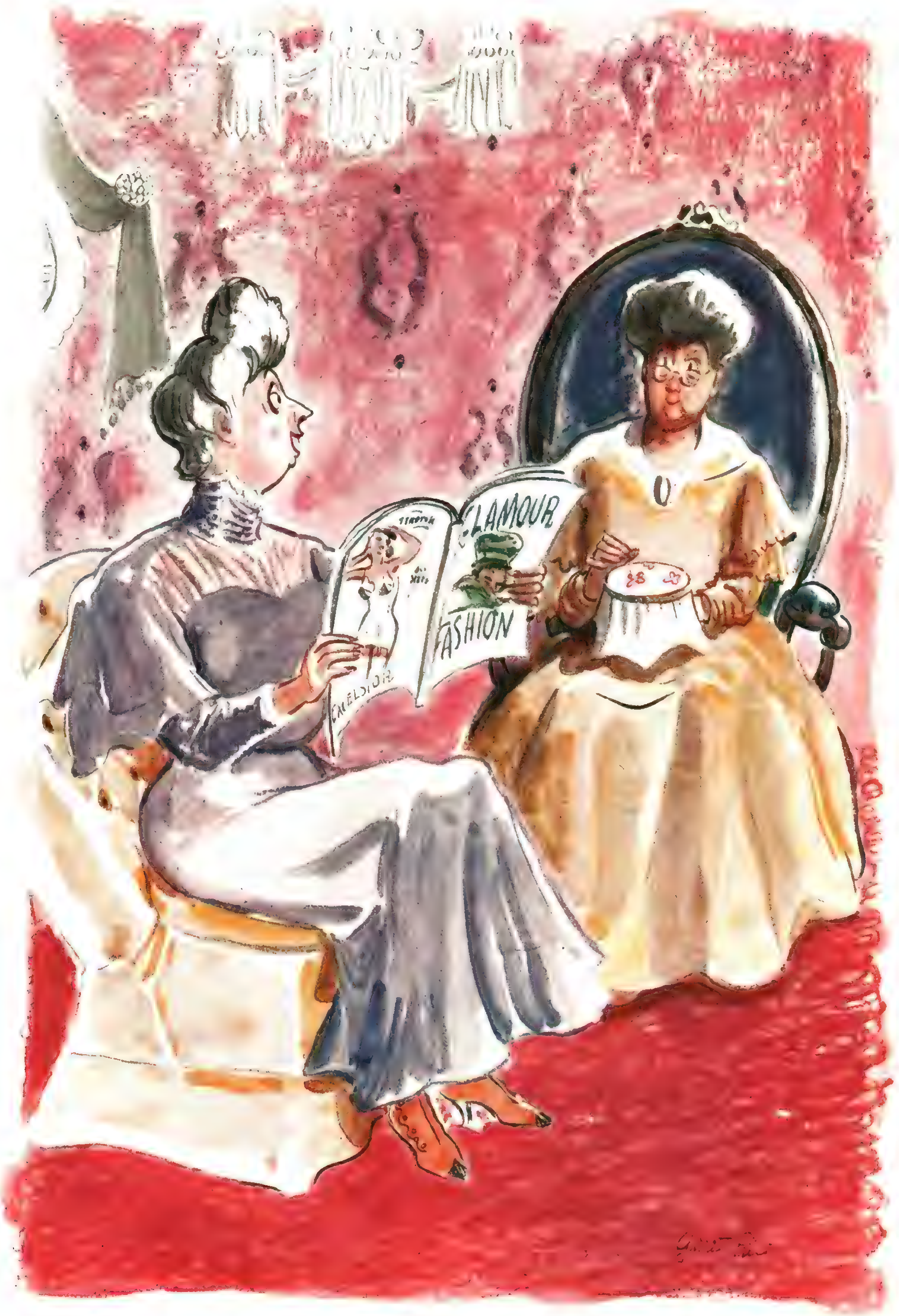
Against such formidable competition the Harlem Trotters eschew their slapstick routine to play it straight and hard. When they do, few teams can match their fancy ball handling. Once, playing the Philadelphia Spahs, then the best ball handlers going, the Trotters kept the ball a full two minutes without letting a Spah get his hands on it! Even against setups they sometimes feel mean and practically knock the hoop off the backboard. In Woodfibre, B. C., they hacked a helpless group of lumberjacks into kindling wood by a score of 112-20. Not long after that Al Pullins, one of the great forwards of his day, sank thirty-four baskets and seven free throws for a total of 75 points against some floundering farmers in Atlantic, Iowa. His total for the season sounds like the price of a used car: 2582 points.

"High scoring is not our object," says Abe Saperstein, the guiding impresario and coach of the Trotters since their inception twenty-one years ago. "We like to play the same town as often as we can, but if we just run away with the game, they won't ever play us again. That's one reason we gag it up after we get a good lead."

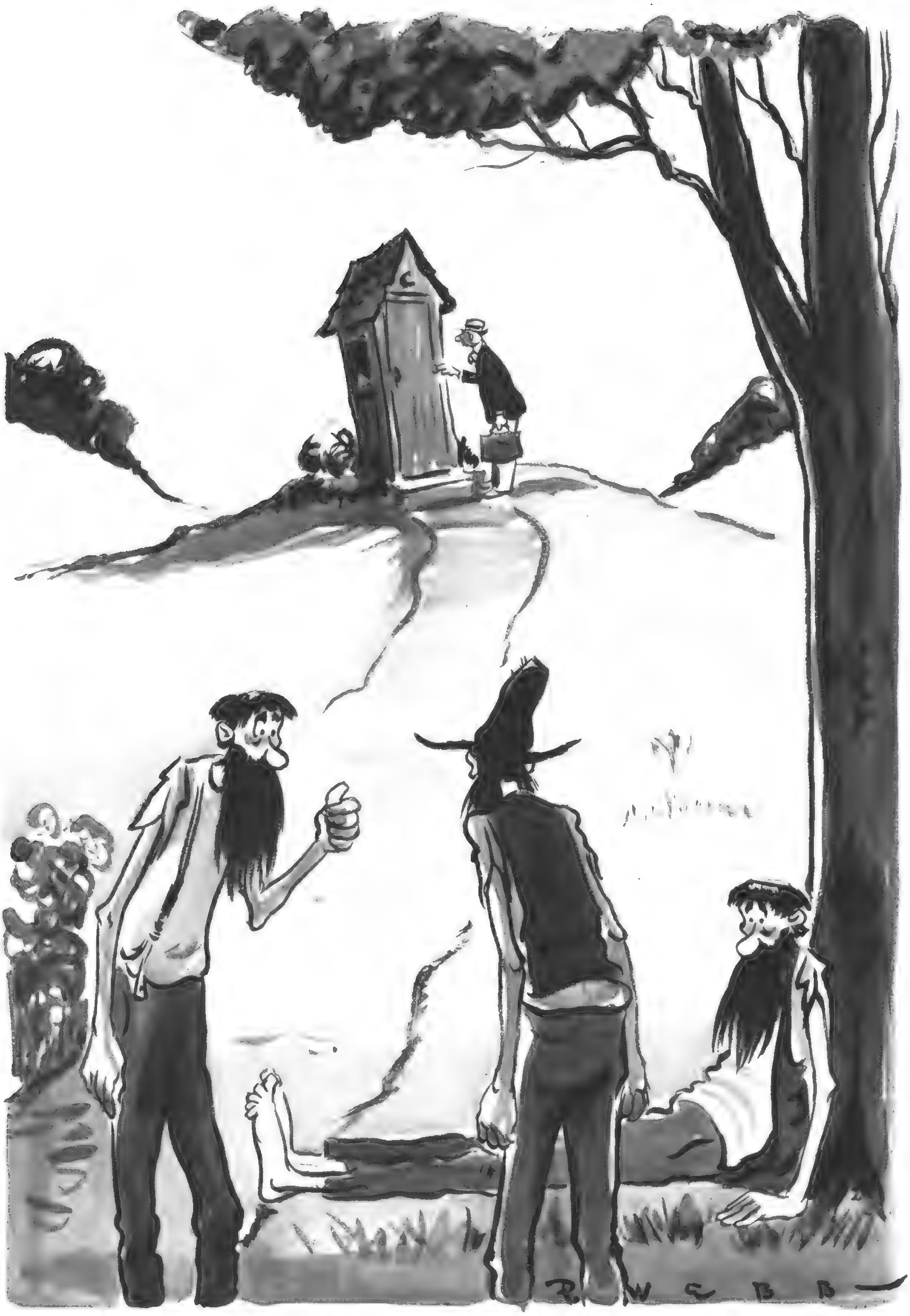
The other reason is that Saperstein wants to save his players' legs. Even the great Jesse Owens might lose some of his pep if he ran hard forty minutes almost every night for six months. That's how much ball these road hogs play! A schedule of 150 games makes a night off something you get in your old age. And another thing, it wouldn't be profitable to carry a big squad around, so substitutions are infrequent—one or two a game. Endurance is, therefore, of the essence, and when the boys are trying to drop-kick a basket or spin the ball on one finger for a full minute, they aren't running around. The crowd is pleased and the Trotters' collective winds are saved.

The Harlem Globetrotters are not just a passing phenomenon like the Philippine yo-yo spinners. This is their twenty-first consecutive season, which began with the calculating-machine record of 2886 wins, 225 losses and one tie, an oddity we will return to in a moment. In several hundred college games they have lost only to Hamline University and the University of Washington. Two years ago they got sick of traveling in their own private bus all the time and flew to Hawaii, where they took seventeen straight contests. In 1943 an international junket to Mexico netted them the International Championship Cup. Last spring they carried their version (*Continued on page 175*)

"Okay, McGuire—one more false start—"


GLAMOUR
FASHION
EXCELSIOR

"Agnes! We're in style again!"



"Thet city feller's been a hagglin' with Gran'pap all mornin'—wants 'im t' join th' book o' the month club—whatever th' hell thet is"

The Chocolate Brown Gloves

A murderer's mind is the scene of conflict in his story in which shadow and substance struggle for control of a brain in the grip of a firm obsession

A Story by

WILLIAM VALRICK

As usual I fumbled a moment unlocking and getting the door open. Quickly then I stepped in out of the cold damp air with a definite sigh of relief. The night, if anything, was rawer than usual. Without bothering to flip the light switch I slipped out of my trench coat and dropped it on the floor against the wall, being careful to put it where I could find it in the dark and on the run. You never know.

This was to be the last rehearsal I would have before my wife—I mean ex-wife—returned from Reno.

My wife's leaving me had developed into an obsession. I knew it then and I know it now—but there was and is absolutely nothing I could do about it. All my past training rebelled against the thing that I planned to do once I knew she really was going to leave me.

But after a few bad nights and some rather deft rationalizing, the balance of me became reconciled to the concept of murder. From then on it was much easier. I was able to plot out a foolproof way to execute her. That is what I considered it—an execution, not a murder. It sounds much better even when you are thinking it.

When my wife decided to leave me she had moved across town to her sister's. When she left for Reno the sister had accompanied her, leaving the house deserted.

Why do people lock up their houses at night when they go to bed? To keep unwanted people out, naturally, but sometimes to keep people in. Most locks are, without battering and noise, impervious when locked from outside, but child's play if approached from the inside.

So while they were gone all I had to do was acquaint myself with the sister's house, using a key which I had obtained through unique methods of chicanery. Then early in the day when they were due back from Reno I would hide in the attic and wait. Late that night I would creep out into the now familiar house and do away with my wife by whatever means appeared most appropriate at the moment.

Then I would quit the house and run three blocks up the street where my car would be hidden. There I would quickly drink approximately a half pint of whiskey and return immediately to the house—noisily this time. Apparently maudlin drunk and seeking a reconciliation with my no longer wife. Perfect—don't you think?

No—well consider then. Doors, etc., all locked and me with no key. It would be in the bottom of my car's gas tank by then. I would arrive drunk within a few minutes of her actual death, demanding entrance loudly. The time of death cannot be placed down to the actual minute, remember. Any blood on my person would be explained away by a melodramatically slashed wrist ostensibly done as a bid for a reunion with her. Oh no you don't—we both have the same blood type. I remember from the war and the blood-bank drives by the Red Cross.

At last it was over, the last rehearsal. I knew that house like the back of the name plate on my office desk. I left and, when I reached the front step, stripped off the dark silk gloves I had been wearing and removed the heavy wool boot socks I had drawn on over my shoes so if there were any dust or tracks they could not be identified. Now all I had to do was wait for my wife's return. That was all—but in many ways that was the most difficult part of my entire scheme.

The next morning at the office I was my usual chipper self. I put on an excellent front for my employees. I knew what they were saying behind my back, I knew what the entire town was saying, but I acted as usual, worked efficiently, and left for the day at noon. She was back. Much sooner than I had expected. For a moment it put me a bit off balance, but not for long. I was ready.

About two o'clock that afternoon I called and asked the sister if I might speak to Ann. She, as I hoped, refused and I hung up. The rest of the afternoon I drifted from local bar to bar apparently getting drunk, but actually little hard liquor passed my lips. At no time have I been a drinking man and my one fear was that I should overdo my act and actually become intoxicated too soon.

My act was most successful. People looked at me and shook their heads and I saw several who had been our friends whispering together. I'd left a good trail, an obvious trail. Several times during the course of the afternoon I called the house again, each time to be told emphatically that she could not be called to the phone.

About nine o'clock I pulled a sick act in the john of the bar lounge of the biggest hotel in town. Then I staggered out through the lobby and headed drunkenly up the street. Several blocks away, when I was certain I was not being watched, I slipped into my car.

I had to hurry if I was to get to the house and up in the attic before they returned from the dinner party at the Lawrence's. It was when I learned they were both going to a special party in her honor when she got back that I had the first glimmer of my master plan. Special, congratulation-on-your-divorce party! My God, she must have really twisted my character to her friends.

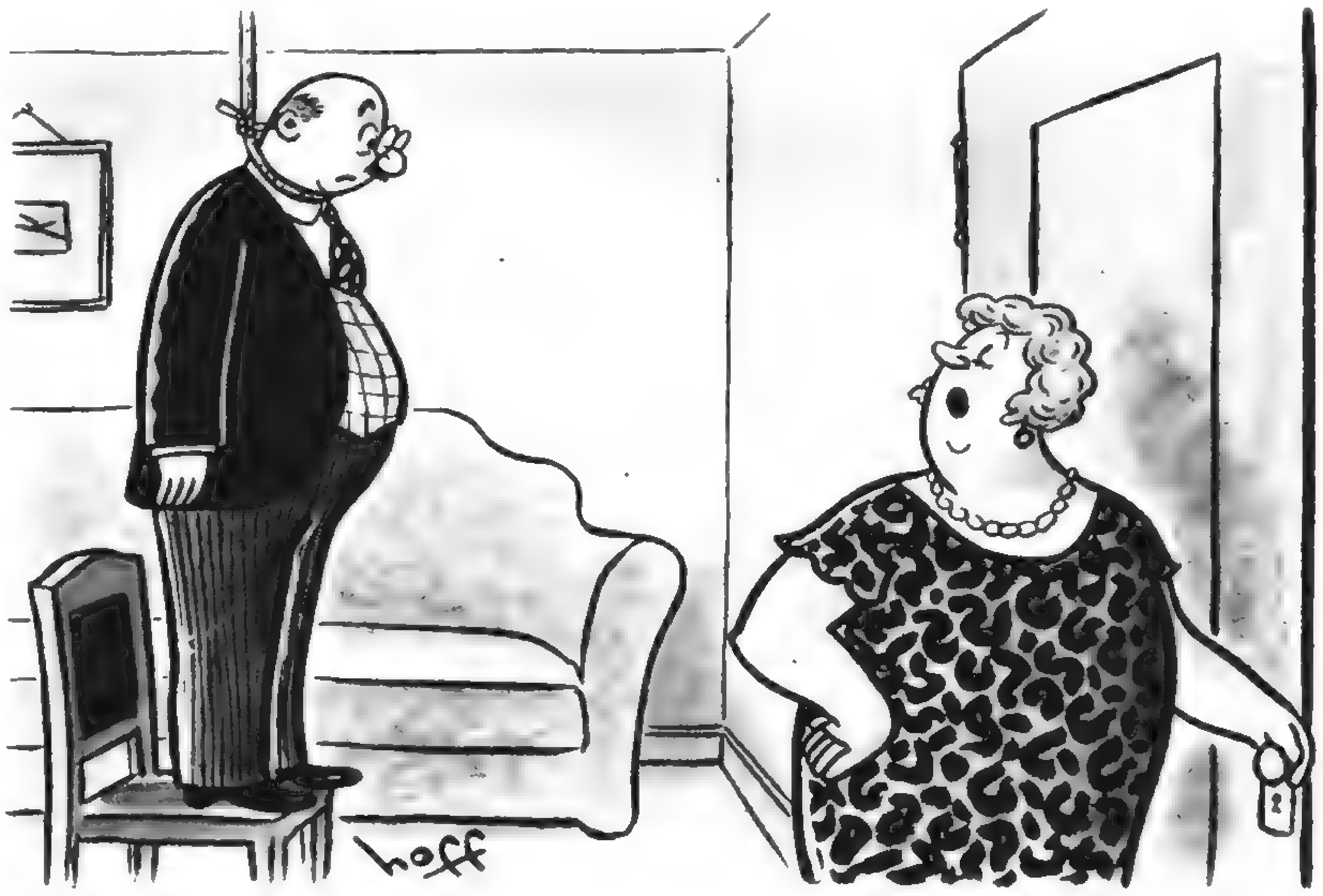
The house was still dark when I sped past it, so I went on a few more blocks and parked in the deep shade of some overhanging trees—a place I had selected sometime earlier.

Walking at a normal gait I approached the house, and after glancing around I let myself in. Not that I was worrying too much, as the house stood rather by itself and the night was very dark and blustery. This time I kept my coat on, quickly pulled on the wool socks and the silk gloves, which were a vile shade of chocolate brown. I had purchased them while in disguise at an Army-Navy store on the South side, miles away.

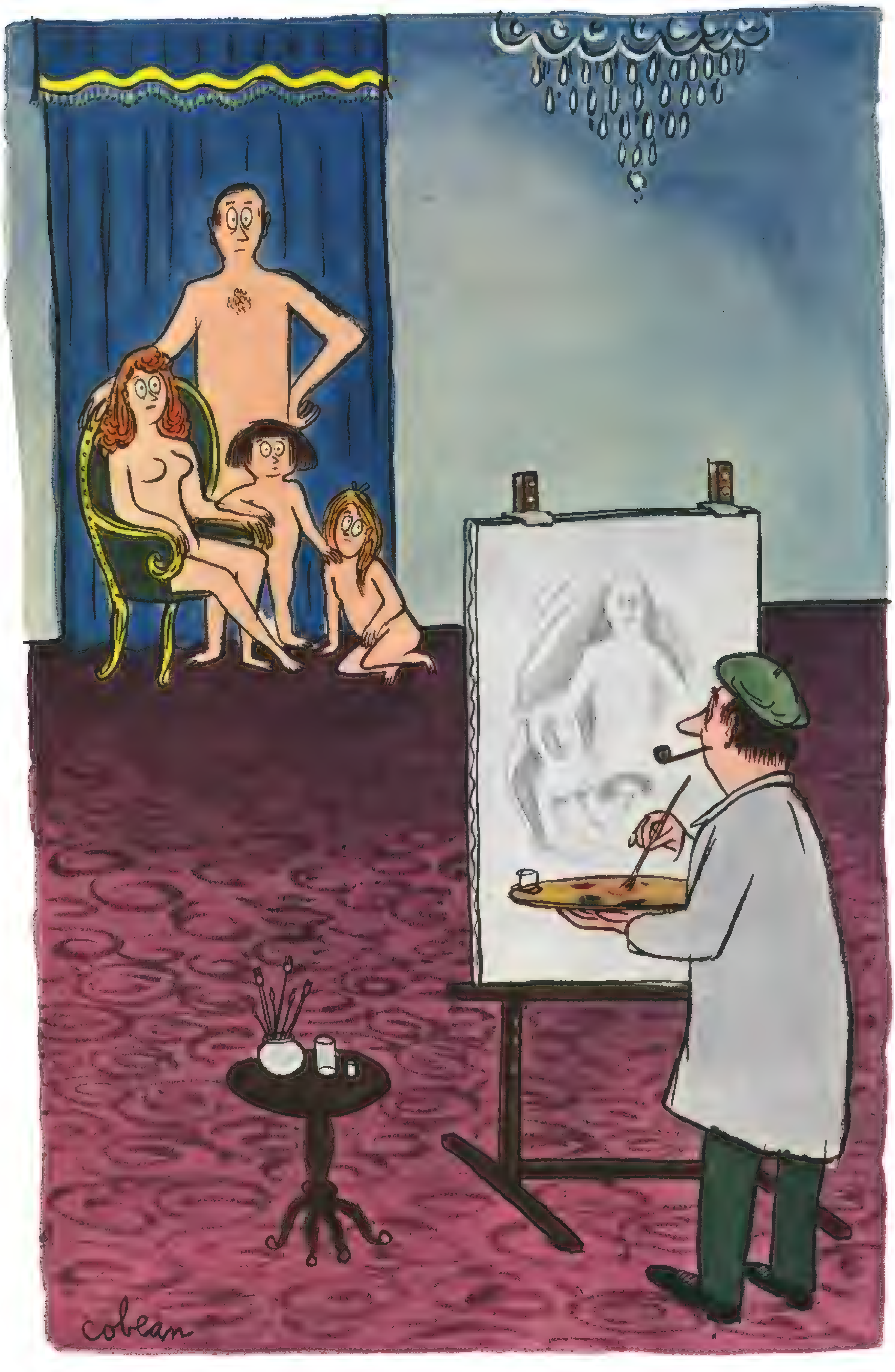
The house was most quiet as I passed through it in the utter darkness. There was nothing to be heard but the sound of the wind sighing in the trees outside. How perfect, I remember thinking at the time; it's almost the setting for a play or a Hitchcock thriller.

Gently I closed the attic door behind me. Now, now I thought, this is it—the last wait. Soon it will all be over. I remember I smiled to myself. The whole thing was so ludicrously simple.

I was in the attic (*Continued on page 151*)



"Okay, but remember I asked you not to"


cobean

The Unforgettable Casey

Casey always claimed to admire the devil, and those who knew him were sure the feeling was mutual—but in his own way Casey left his mark on the community

A Story by

BARNEY R. MILLER

As I recall him, Casey was a stinker. But a stinker of such majestic proportion that to know him was to remember forever. And, paradoxically, Casey was a powerful influence for good.

Naughty little boys were warned that Casey might get them. Bad little girls were told they might grow up to look like him. It is likely these threats maintained more order among the young fry than all the woodsheds in town.

Fortunately, Casey didn't suspect these good works or he would have been a humiliated, frustrated man. Instead, he was a man stanchly planted on his own hind legs who asked no favors of devil or God. In fact, Casey put small faith in God, God's children, or God's works, though he spoke God's name often and with emphasis.

For the devil, however, Casey professed admiration, respect, and, at times, downright fraternal affection. Townspeople doubted not that the feeling was mutual.

No one had proved that Casey ever actually communed with Old Nick face to face, but churchwives left no doubt that someday he would. Already they were savoring the spectacle of old Casey writhing on the coals, to be viewed from their choice box seats on the Lord's right hand. Even so, some privately conceded it would take a sight of roasting to balance the amount of sinful pleasure Casey extracted from life.

Although hell was another word often on Casey's lips, there is no indication that it seriously preyed upon his thoughts. Not that Casey didn't ponder on infinity, as witness Casey's own casket, purchased some years before. This he kept directly beneath his living-room window. A practical man, Casey had filled the box with dirt and planted it with geraniums, which he tended carefully.

It was a stout casket, although plain, with sides an inch-and-a-half thick. Or, as Casey would point out with satisfaction: "Plenty thick enough to keep the worms out and the stink in."

A secondary reminder was a keg of untouched whiskey which Casey had kept for years on a corner table. This figured prominently in his instructions for his own funeral. As he put them: "Throw the damn geraniums out, and me in. Then break open the keg and let 'er rip!" As an afterthought, he'd add: "And if Brother Brady or any damn preacher come snivelin' around, kick their tail out!"

Casey was a man who walked in pride. He was a commanding man, six-foot-two when in his sock feet, which, thank heavens, was seldom.

His mop of hair was dirty white, and his thick handlebar mustaches were stained yellow from chawin'. He had a voice like the brass gates of hell, and an icy blue and sardonic eye. The flat-brimmed hat, the mackinaw, and the patched dungarees tucked into boots always were filthy. One cheek usually was pregnant with plug, and he had a lofty disregard for where he spat.

"By God, it's a man's world," he'd bellow, "and as sech I orta have as many rights as a horse. And this means I orta be able to spit or anything else where I goddam please."

Legend had it that Casey had come to our valley forty years before and not more than the length of his shirttail ahead of the vigilantes. There were rumors that he had killed a man, and some even whispered that it might have been a minister. This theory was given some consideration, because Casey's views on the cloth were notoriously known.

For instance, there was that new Presbyterian minister to whom Casey gave a lift in his buggy one Saturday afternoon. All went well for perhaps five minutes. Then some indiscreet word must have caught Casey's ear. He turned and barked: "Young man, are you a Christian?"

Taken aback by the violence of the question, the minister hesitated. "Well, I read my Bible carefully, and do my best to live by its teachings as I understand them." His voice increasing in confidence he concluded: "Yes—I would say I was a Christian."

Casey yelled just one four-letter word: "Whoa!" His horses jumped as if stung, then practically skidded in their tracks.

Casey turned on the startled young man and shouted: "Git out an' walk! I won't have any goddam Christian ridin' with *me*!"

Casey enjoyed many enemies, but his favorite easily was Brother Brady who owned the adjoining farm. Brother Brady was roly-poly, excitable, and a deacon in the church. From Casey's standpoint, of course, this made him a perfect foil. Brother Brady had deep reverence for a nickel as well as the Holy Word. Sunday he was able to combine these devotions by officiating at the collection plate. He also was an enthusiastic greeter, sang a vigorous if unpredictable tenor, and was handy at plumbing. Ministers coveted Brother Brady.

Now the benches of the church were hard with an ache that bored through even Brother Brady's splendid insulation. But he was able to bear it more stoically than most. Because, like all men, Brother Brady had his dreams. During the sermon Brother Brady would sit mesmerized by the minister's sweeping gestures and measured cadences which rose and fell like the surf. In his mind's eye it was not difficult for Brother Brady to imagine himself a grim and uncompromising prosecutor of the powers of darkness.

At the height of such moments Brother Brady could even envision Old Nick, tail between legs, out-broken in goose-pimples, and quaking in terror before the awful thunder of the accusation. Oddly, the face seemed to be Casey's, handlebars and all.

His great moment came to Brother Brady as unexpectedly as measles. The service had been as usual. But, at the close of his sermon, the minister disclosed that he had an announcement which he must make with a heavy heart. He had received a letter summoning him to the bedside of an ailing relative. For that reason he must be absent the following Sunday. He wondered if he could call upon Brother Brady to conduct in his place the next Sunday.

All eyes turned toward Brother Brady who sat rigid, his mouth open. In his emotion, he could only nod violently. Next morning, comfort *(Continued on page 163)*

TOURIST GUIDE BOOK

Memo to a Travel Agency

by JAMES MENZIES BLACK, JR.

I go for your folder, the pictures you paint
Of Mexico City, so modern yet quaint,
Of Rio, Bermuda, and Cuba's Havana,
Of Sea Island, Georgia, and even Savannah

Are thrilling. I'm willing to pack up my grip
And leave it to you for arranging my trip.
If you purchase my tickets on steamer or train
You'll spare me the fret and relieve me of strain.

You simplify travel. I'm counting on you
To say where I go and the things I should do.
I'd hasten to Haiti, or just on your say-so's
I'd spend my vacation and also my pesos

In Mexico's sunshine or Florida's beaches.
For you have the knowledge experience teaches.
I'm clay in your hands when I have the leisure.
Your folder has sold me, you've taken my measure.

Next summer I'm eager to chase off to Chile.
Right now could you get me an upper to Philly?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD SIMPSON

PAIX
EGALITE
EL TORO

"Take Another Bow, Baby!"

When it comes to getting a pretty daughter started on a stage career, there's precious little that mother won't resort to. It isn't only stage-door wolves who find Mom running interference, but other actors and managers as well, one of whom once offered quite a large prize for a powder calculated to get mother the hell out of the way

An Article by JOE LAURIE, JR.

There are two things a woman claims as being different from anyone else's—her operation and her baby. If, when the babe grows older, she gravitates to show biz, a Stage Mother's main duty is to keep her cheeild from beaux and errors.

Then pity the manager, agent, *Variety* mugg or anybody who crosses her path on a night like this. (Or even a matinee.)

They all start out like regular mothers, but some become a combination manager, house detective, tigress-fighting-for-her-young, shrewd custodian of the family fortune—and a live chastity belt. A combination of these virtues—virtues?—is what has made a certain type of Stage Mother a show-business bane. But in spades. A fight for the "rights" or, more often, the fancied wrongs to her offspring, be it in the form of artistic or financial protection, runs the gamut from proper billing, choicer spotting, better backstage accommodations, to such mundane matters as fight-for-honor and, what is fundamentally the real basis of it all, an easy future for the kid—and Mom.

Of the three species of Stage Mothers—the non-pro, the ex-pro, and the "working" type—the first is the worst. Having no professional background, she starts grooming the "meal ticket" early. If it's a boy, she must get the lad "in" before the dreaded change-of-voice sets in when many a youngster loses everything and has to wait until the gangling stage is over. Too often it turns out that the would-be Jolson has no voice, talent or looks. So Mama rushes the kid through dancing and singing school, and sure enough at the graduation exercises little Jackie is the hit of the evening. At least in her own mind.

If the offspring is a girl, surely the managers will knock themselves out to grab this future Grable. So Mama takes over, dresses the kid like a glamour gal—or her idea of a glam gal—meaning anything to attract the attention of males in general and managers in particular.

Agents and showmen traditionally don't like Stage Mothers. Years ago Ned Wayburn offered a prize to anyone who would make a "Mother Powder" . . . something to sprinkle on a SM to make her drop dead or at least disappear.

Whoever named them the Fair Sex didn't know about the Stage Mother. Edicts barring them from backstage have been frequent for reasons which run the gamut from plain gossip to loving-up the pit maestro so that his music cues for her cheeild are perfect, and perhaps NSG (that's *Varietyese* for not-so-good) for the opposition ingénue or soubrette in the show.

Stage Mothers can start a scandal backstage easier than a mink coat. You can almost write down their average ya-ta-ta to fit any show. "I travel with her because she is lonesome, not because I don't trust her like *some* girls I know.". . ."She's had everything she's wanted ever since she was a child.". . ."I don't open her mail, but she shows me all her letters.". . ."Some people take us for sisters.". . ."She's so different from other girls.". . ."If she was like certain other girls she would *always* be working." . . ."She got the mink coat from her father for her birthday."

The live-chastity-belt type of Stage Mother chaper*uins* every party. "But you know how girls are, they don't know their own minds. No, she doesn't drink or smoke . . . Now, Sis, I don't want you even to taste the stuff. When you get older you'll have plenty of chance. Mama won't interfere then; you know your mother knows best!" (trillingly). And she does, because she usually drinks the best, and even an old battle-ax isn't so dull once she gets an edge on.

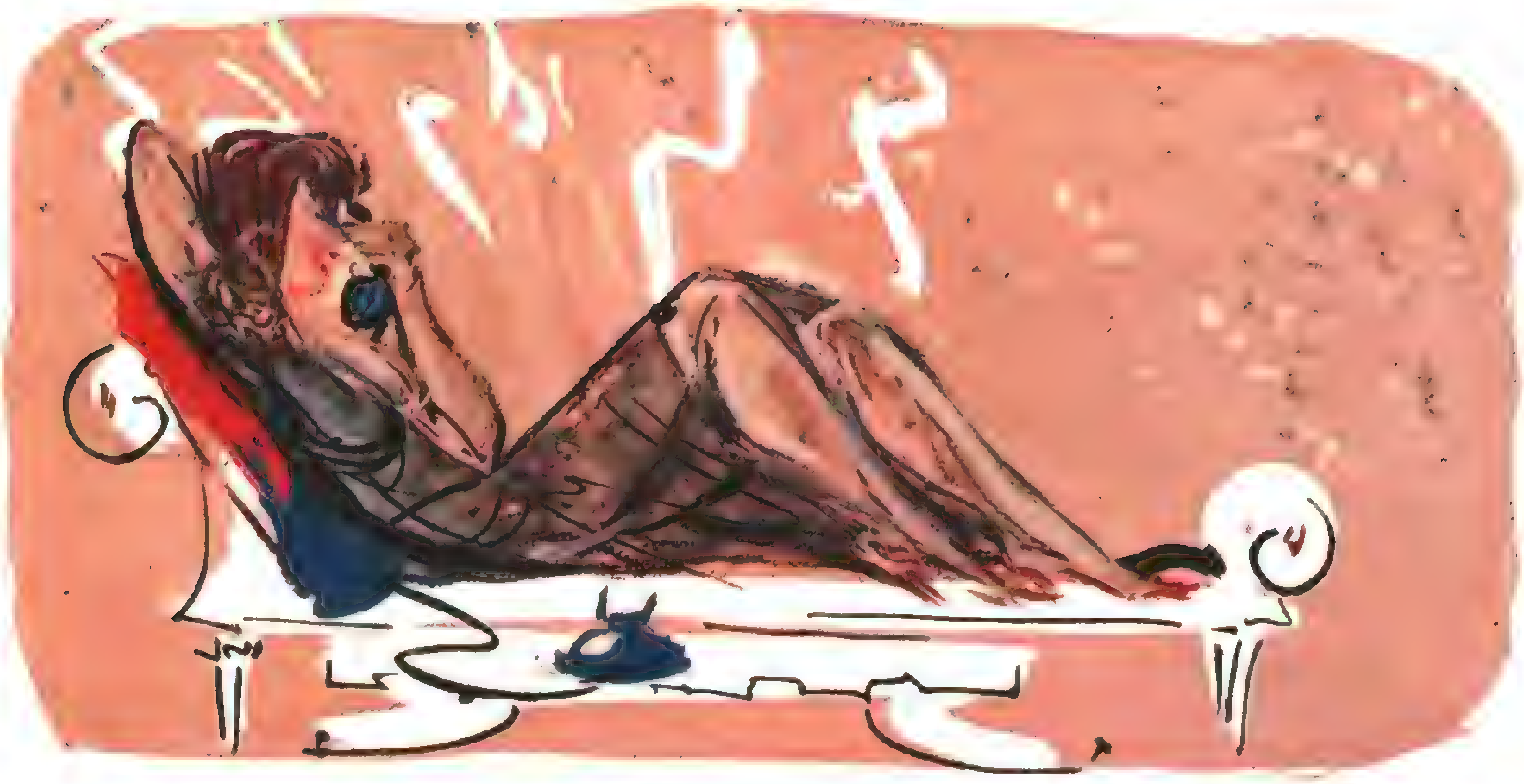
While the Stage Mother as a species is mostly historic, there are contemporaneous remnants of the breed. In the main they're not as invidious as in former years when there were more touring musicals on the road, when vaudeville was in its heyday, and the like. When Marilyn Miller in the flesh gave way to Judy Garland and Betty Grable in Technicolor, that was the beginning of the end for the Stage Mother League, although many of them naturally gravitated to greener pastures. The studios started pay-rolling the more desirable mothers as "consultants" of one kind or another, which was a fancy way of keeping them in pin money. (Cartier's type of pin.)

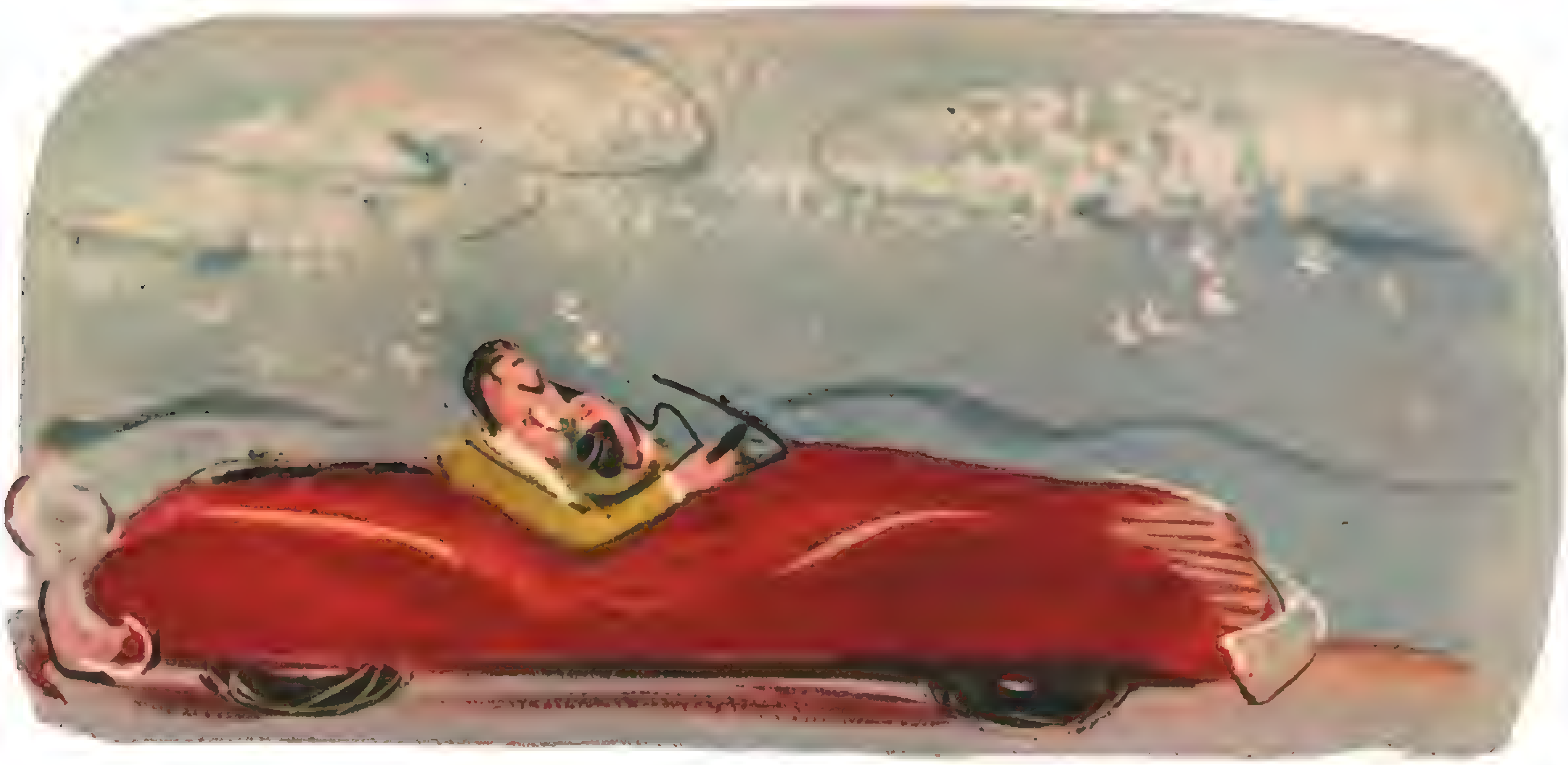
Today's Powers and Conover models, in turn, are Stage Mothers of another sort. Many of the young marrieds pose for commercial commodities—from dentifrices and pharmaceuticals to foods and fashions—and frequently have their attractive young children as part of the art group. From this has sprung another breed of non-pro Commercial Photography Stage Mother, who chaperones the kiddies to the ad agencies seeking $5- and $10-an-hour posing jobs.

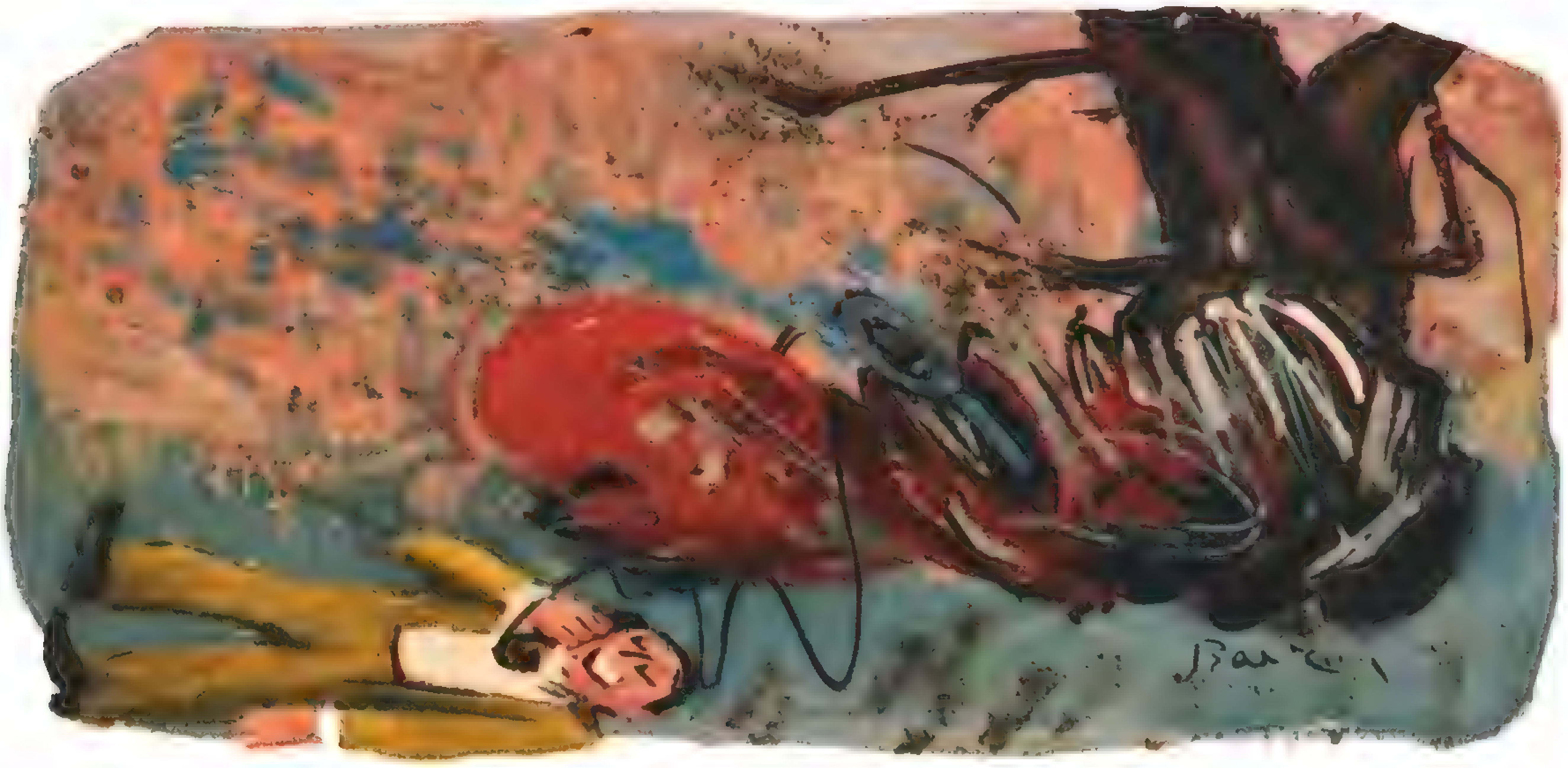
A new type of Stage Mother is the Radio Studio Mother. She haunts the studios, director and agency offices for hours to get an audition for her Jimmy or Shirley. She just can't understand why they will pay such terrific sums to Crosby, Hope, Sinatra, Benny and Allen when little Johnny can give such a perfect imitation of them—and for so much less money. And the audience would never even know it!

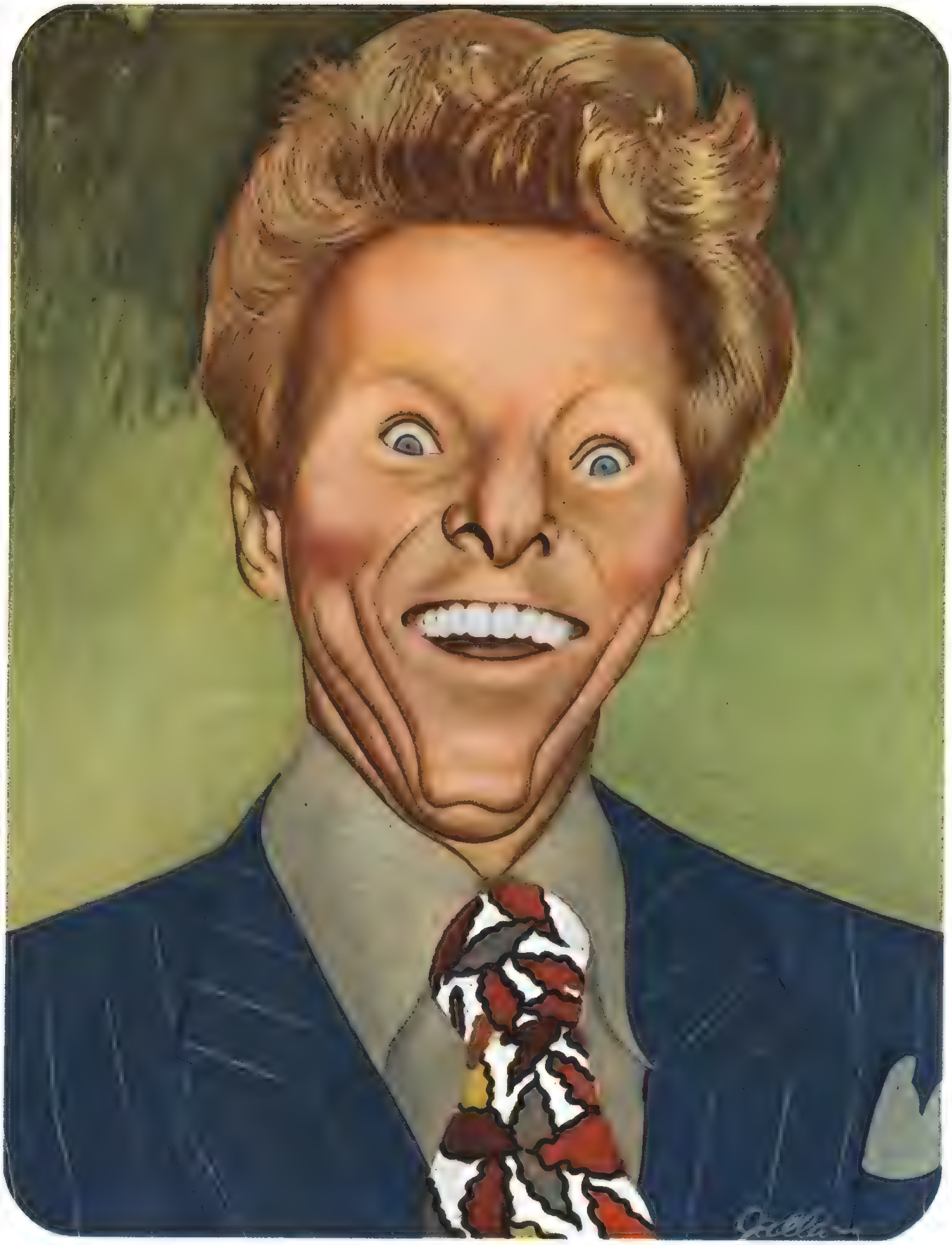
Still another type, and more commendable, are those Stage Mothers who, for reasons of genuine maternal affection—and perhaps others—will go out on tour with an *Oklahoma!* type of legit musical. At least they're more practical, settling down for runs of two to ten weeks in Chicago or Boston, Frisco or Cincinnati, paying their own way by doubling as ushers, selling souvenir programs, and the like.

Traveling expense accounts aren't what they were. Rail- (*Continued on page 184*)









CARICATURE BY ALAN JEDLA

The Secret Life of Danny Kaye

The lad with the laughing eyes is far from seat-er brained

THE ebullient Mr. Kaye, his press releases will have you know, is six feet tall, weighs a hundred and forty-seven pounds, and he is glowingly pictured as having chest and arm muscles like oak, and legs like steel cables. Passing by this happy blend of woodwork and blast furnace with an understanding nod, it must be confessed that he's got to have something to get through routines which are the most strenuous in his line. Danny, of course, thrives on it. Like Walter, in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, who lived only to dream, Danny Kaye lives only to perform. A star entertainer at parties, he once found himself unnoticed at a gala event. Seizing a bowl of salad, he emptied it over his head. "How do you like my hat?" he yelled through the dripping ooze. Returning to a New York stage after making his first movie, Danny was so stimulated by the appreciative audience that he kept going for an unprecedented hour and thirty minutes, doing his numbers from scat to satire, and then, when he had run out of rehearsed material, happily improvising new numbers. Next day he was flat on his back in a hospital, but this was not a hardship for Danny. Offstage he's fascinated by matters medical and attends operations the way some men rush to fires. A movie star who reached Hollywood by way of night clubs and theatre, especially the play *Lady in the Dark*, redheaded Danny sees red when admirers say he attained success overnight. "What people forget," he says whenever such accusations reach his ears, "is that for twelve years I played every whistle stop in America and beat my brains out all over the world." After five pictures for Samuel Goldwyn, Danny signed with Warner Brothers, where his first, still in the planning stage, may be Gogol's *Inspector General*, set to music. You see him above, not set to music, but set to make with the flashing Kaye scatter chatter. What you don't see is the dark-haired, clever head of Sylvia Fine, Danny's wife, whose genius for creating trick lyrics sparked Kaye's success in the big time. To put it bluntly, Danny's India-rubber tongue needs Sylvia's brains. Danny himself has said: "Sylvia has a fine head on my shoulders."

Kentucky's Cookin' Whiskey

Drinking whiskey is fine, but if you can believe the best Kentucky chefs, you've never really tasted it until you've had it in sauces, pies and ice cream

An Article by

DON WHITEHEAD

THE mountain folk of Kentucky have been getting a hearty chuckle for years whenever anyone publicly drooled over the delights of the brandy-and-wine-flavored sauces and foods of France while deploring the uncouth culinary habits of American skilleteers.

The mountaineers do not minimize this praise of the French. They loudly applaud the good common sense of Gallic chefs who know what else to do with a dash of brandy. Their derision is reserved for the so-called experts who do not know what they have missed by their failure to discover a secret of the hills.

This secret is cookin' whiskey!

Particularly in the effete East, during the Gay Nineties period, French chefs moved into the kitchens of the top-hat homes, hotels and restaurants because they had mastered the fine art of mixing spirituous liquids with food.

These chefs became famous for their dishes featuring the use of brandies and wines. Only the Frenchmen (so the experts said) knew this kitchen secret and Americans were dismissed simply as not having the continental *joie de cuisine*.

Of course, the mountain folk knew this was so much Yankee tripe. They have long been aware of the affinity of aged liquor to food. But instead of brandies and wines—which were virtually impossible to procure in the remote hills—they used good, aged corn whiskey.

The surprising thing is that the mountain people all these years kept their discovery to themselves while the enterprising French capitalized on their knowledge.

Irvin S. Cobb did a masterful job spreading the fame of Kentucky's drinking whiskey, but no one (until now) has disclosed the hidden delights of the Blue Grass country's cooking whiskey. And this we do with pleasure as a matter of patriotic pride and because the secret should be enjoyed by all men who appreciate the good things of life.

How the use of corn whiskey in cooking began is lost in the colorful frontier history of Kentucky. But some sainted soul in homespun ventured into the Elysian fields of culinary delights one day by reaching for the whiskey bottle instead of the vanilla extract. She may have made the move deliberately or she merely may have been nearsighted and made a mistake.

But from that day forward, the mountain people had no need for fancy imported brandies and wines to perk up the flavor of their favorite dishes.

I remember the first time I tasted my Aunt Mary Moss' famous Black Cake when I visited her home in Pineville, Kentucky. We had a delightful dinner and then the dessert was placed on the table—a large cake containing fruits and nuts . . . and a pint of corn whiskey!

Each mouthful was an experience of rare pleasure and even the aroma of that cake still is a delicious memory to me today. That day I discovered the secret of cookin' whiskey.

Pumpkin pies? Four tablespoons of whiskey lifts an ordinary pumpkin pie into the realm of what the French call a creation.

Plum puddings? A whiskey plum pudding makes grandma's ordinary plum pudding something pale and tasteless.

Bisquit tortoni? If the Italians ever discover what whiskey does to this dessert every kitchen in Italy would have a bottle.

And so it is with sauces, pies, puddings, cakes and frozen desserts of a limitless variety. And only the connoisseur can identify the intriguing flavor if the whiskey is used with judicious skill.

Grandmother Moss, God rest her gentle soul, was a devout member of the WCTU, but she used to smack her lips over whiskey-laden desserts. One of her favorites was an ice-cream pudding, and she never suspected the flavor was inspired by the whiskey.

If, at this point, there are any unbelievers, let them take this page with them to the kitchen along with a bottle of good red likker and follow the recipes closely. [Suggestion to readers who would like to try the recipes, but don't have a bottle of the almost-impossible-to-secure corn whiskey: Bourbon of good age and quality is a most acceptable substitute.]

Bisquit Tortoni

20 marshmallows
1 cup sweet milk
½ pint of whipping cream
1 cup of chopped pecans or almonds
¼ cup of whiskey

Melt marshmallows in heated milk. Cool and then put in refrigerator until the mixture thickens. Whip the cream and add it to the cold marshmallow-milk mixture, stirring well. Add the whiskey. Place in wax-paper cups and sprinkle the chopped nuts over top. This will serve six persons.

Black Cake

1 pound granulated sugar
6 eggs
1 cup molasses
1½ pounds pecans
2 pounds seeded raisins
4 cups flour
¼ pound citron
1 cup candied cherries
½ pound butter
1 teaspoon of baking powder
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 pint whiskey

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Separate the eggs. Add molasses to creamed butter-sugar mixture, beaten yellows of eggs, then nuts and fruits (flour fruit and nuts before putting them into mixture). Sift flour and baking powder twice, and add to mixture alternately with whiskey. Last of all fold in the whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Place in loaf pan and bake four hours in moderate oven.

Pumpkin Pie

2 eggs
¾ cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon of ginger
1½ cups of steamed pumpkin
1¼ cups milk
4 tablespoons whiskey

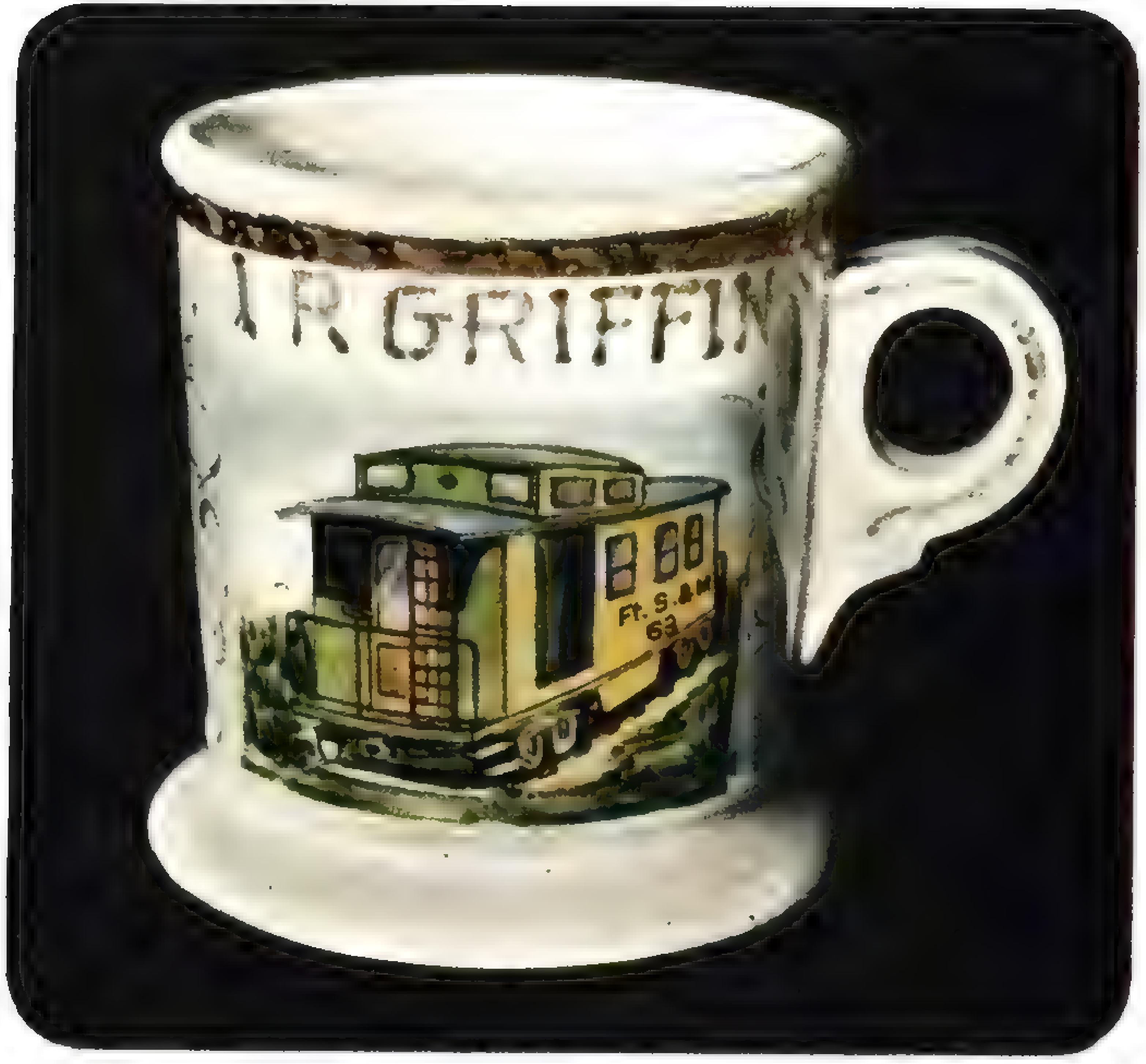
Beat eggs thoroughly, add sugar which has been mixed with dry ingredients. Add the steamed pumpkin and milk, then add whiskey and stir until the mixture is smooth. Put in unbaked pie crust and bake in moderate oven for one hour.

There are dozens of other recipes which mountain families have collected during the years, but these will give you the idea. ⌗

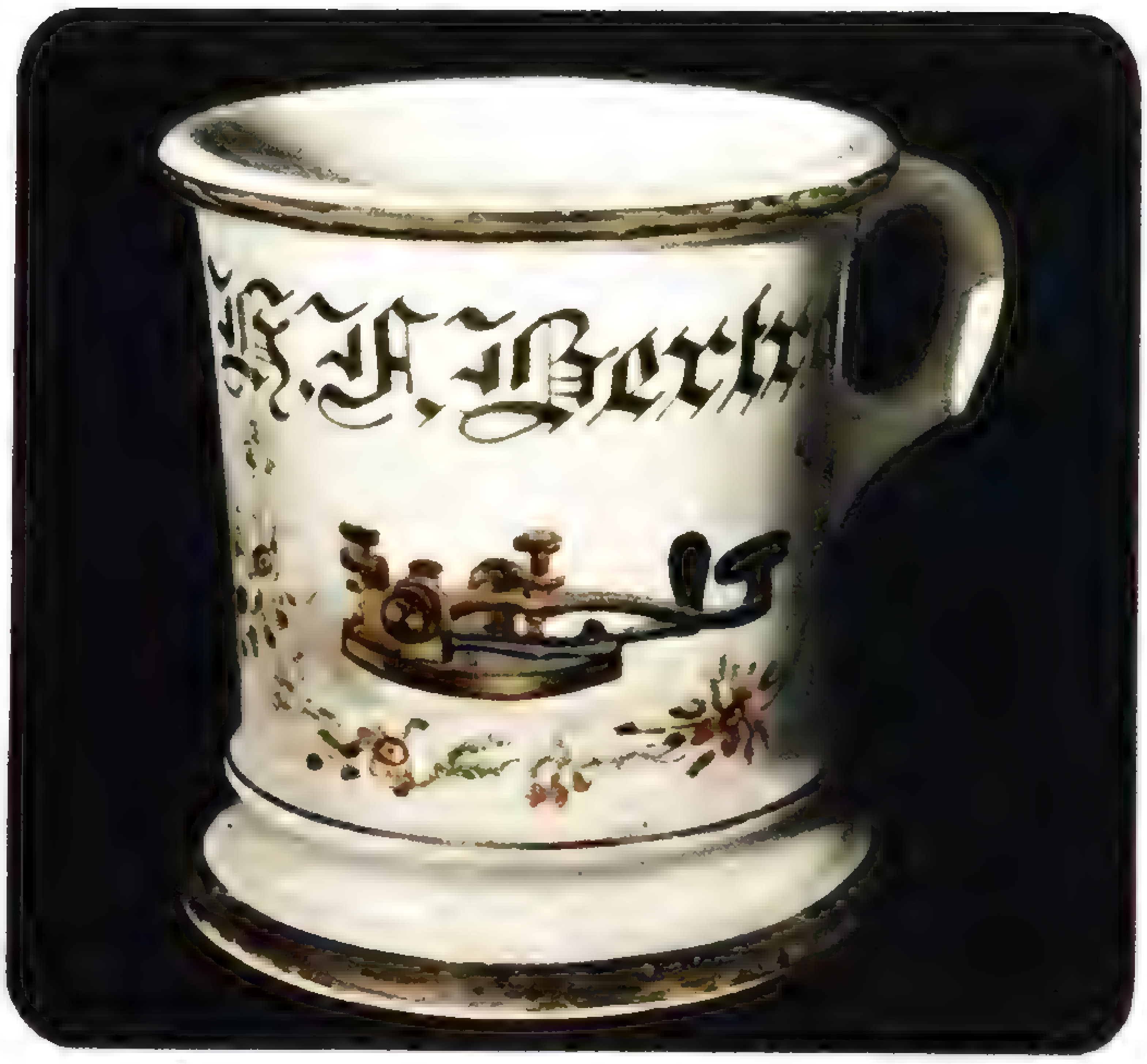
"Well, well—the Cleveland Zoo—I broke Alcatraz myself"

The Lost Art of Shaving Mugs

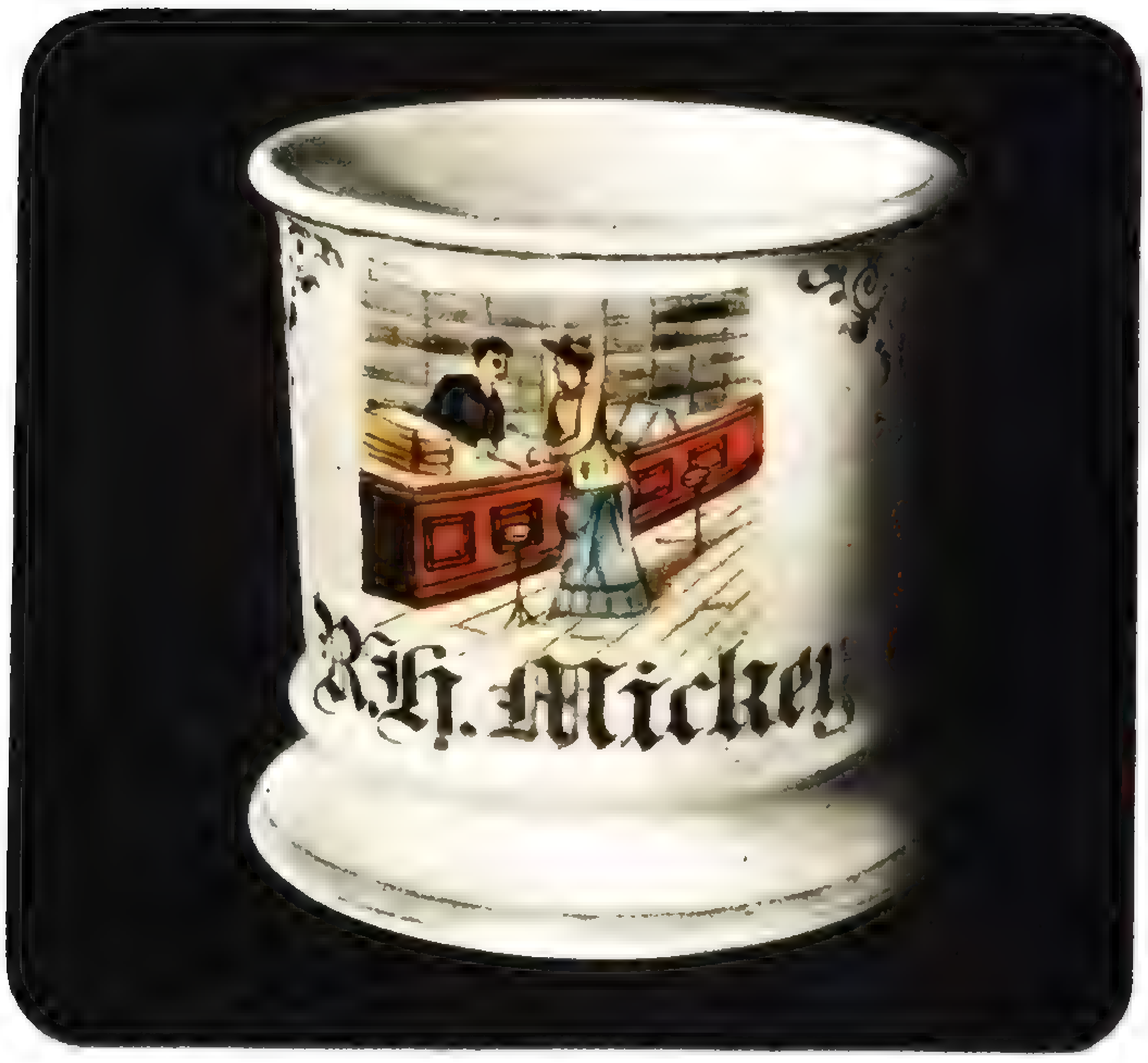
KODACHROMES BY BOB SMALLMAN



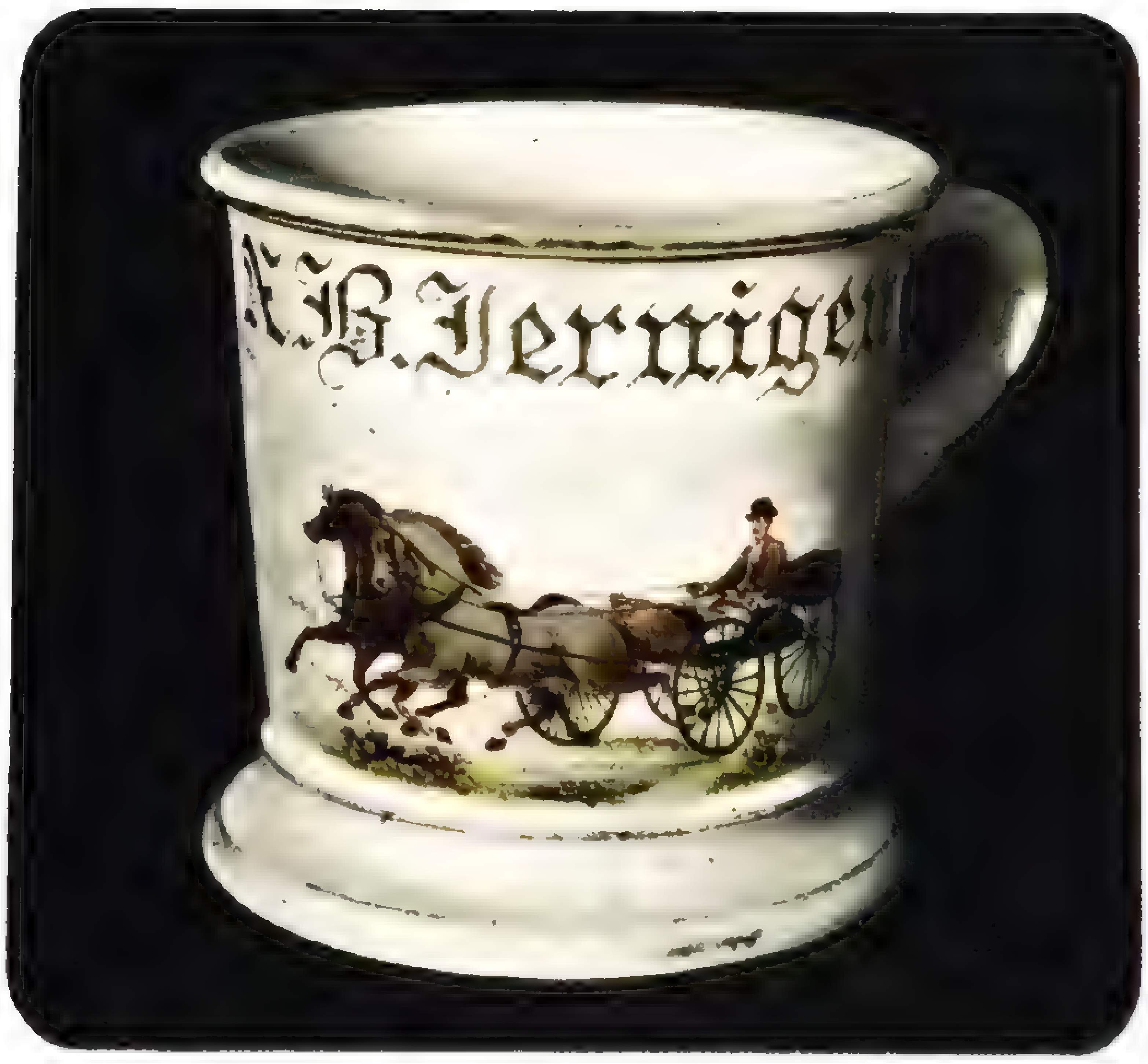
The caboose painted on this shaving mug indicates that the owner was a railroad conductor. The decorated shaving mug was a feature of masculine existence in the Eighties and the Nineties and the art with which they were embellished was picturesque and extraordinarily skillful. Some of these mugs bring as much as $100 today, as collector's items.



For a telegrapher to have a telegrapher's key painted on his mug was standard operating procedure, if not very imaginative. A man's vanity, or individuality, could be expressed thus in many ways. The most common was the occupational action picture or an emblem symbolizing his trade. Some men preferred illustrations representing their favorite sport.



This one belonged to a clerk in a dry-goods store and was classified in the trade as a fancy mug, costing about $2. Today it might sell for $30 or $35, depending on quality of china. Occupational mugs are eagerly sought by collectors of Americana and the rarest examples—the lamplighter, the embalmer, and the undertaker—are priced as high as $100.



The owner of a livery stable, as a man of substance in his community, would probably have commissioned an artist by the name of Curt Grimm to paint his mug. Grimm was the prince of shaving-mug artists. He died in 1943, having retired appropriately in 1920, a year when the old-world charm of the shaving-mug era had vanished beyond recall.

The Man Who Beat the Races

A Story by

MICHAEL MacDOUGALL

If there's any truth in the old saying that there is a little larceny in everybody—present company, of course, excepted—this article should be read by a hundred million people, not counting those in foreign countries. Here is easy money; here are various slick ways Weeping Willie designed for beating the races and acquiring a lousy fortune

Weeping Willie was superstitious. His belief in omens was especially evident when he played cards. He wouldn't permit an opponent to cut the deck on his deal, claiming that, "Anyone who'd cut the cards would cut my throat."

The money he cozened from his poker-loving cronies Willie promptly donated to the bookies, who wouldn't let Willie shuffle the horses.

One night after an especially disastrous session at the track, Willie sought a park bench, and fell into a troubled sleep. He dreamt of the number seven in letters of fire seven feet high. When he awoke he considered this phenomenon, certain of its significance.

"This is the seventh of July," thought Willie, "and July is the seventh month. Seven must surely be my lucky number."

He hastened to the nearest horseroom and borrowed seven bucks, got into a dice game, and threw seven sevens in a row. He took his winnings to the roulette table, and put it all on number seven. Sure enough, the mystic number came up.

Weeping Willie scooped up that armful of currency, hailed a cab, and ordered, "Take me out to the race track." On the way he counted his bank roll: seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars.

Purchasing a program for the day's race, Willie scanned the sheet. The seventh race, seven horses, and one of the nags was named Seven-Up. That was enough. He hunted up his favorite bookmaker and bet every cent he had right on the nose of Seven-Up, at odds of seven to one.

Weeping Willie had the right hunch, all right. Iconoclasts may find this hard to believe, but Seven-Up came in—seventh. Willie gazed unseeingly at the worthless betting slip, tore it into bits, and vowed vengeance on all bookmakers.

On the train back to town a jubilant two-buck bettor related how a ring of bookies in California had been outsmarted.

"So this guy has a small stable, see? And one of his nags is real class. And the bookies, wantin' to be on the inside, are always tryin' to buy a piece, see? So one day this fast-stepper gets the heebie-jeebies, see? The vet says she's a goner, won't last till mornin'.

"So the guy tells the sharpies at the clubhouse he needs some foldin' dough quick, and he'll sell ten chances on this horse at two C's per. The winner gets the nag, see? The ten chances are gone in no time, and the wise guy gets two grand for his dead horse."

"I'll bet the bookie what won the horse raised a stink," observed one of the listeners.

"Not at all," said the storyteller. "The guy kicks back his two C's and squares the beef."

Willie was immune to conversation for the rest of the trip. His mind was busy figuring an angle. By the time he had reached his park bench he had evolved a foolproof double cross.

The next day Willie picked a race with six entries. He knew plenty of bookmakers and Sure-Shot Sam was his first prospect.

"I got inside info the first at River Downs is a boat race," Willie whispered. "For a C-note I'll give you the low-down."

Sam rose to the bait. "Spill the dope."

Willie announced: "Stepalong is the winner. All the other jocks will pull their mounts."

"If Stepalong wins, you'll get a hundred," promised Sam, and hurried off to change his book.

To five other bookmakers Weeping Willie sang the same siren song. All fell into the trap. And to each Willie gave a different horse.

Satisfied with the morning's work he retired to his park bench. No matter which horse won he was certain to collect a hundred dollars.

Came post time and the impatient hustler phoned a poolroom in New Jersey. "Is the first at River Downs in?" he asked.

"Coming over the wire now," was the reply. "Hold on."

In the background Willie could hear the blare of the loud-speaker. "Achmed the Second," said the voice. "Achmed the Second by two lengths."

Willie waited to hear no more. Hastily he consulted his notes. Bill Cassidy. He had been told the race was fixed for Achmed II to win.

Cassidy's place, masquerading as a bookstore, was just around the corner. Anxious to collect his winnings, Willie ran the short distance. Puffing from exertion he accosted the bookmaker. "Didn't I tell you?" he demanded. "Didn't I say Achmed II couldn't lose?"

"Yeah. You told me," said Cassidy. "But I ain't heard any results yet, and I ain't payin' off till the race is over."

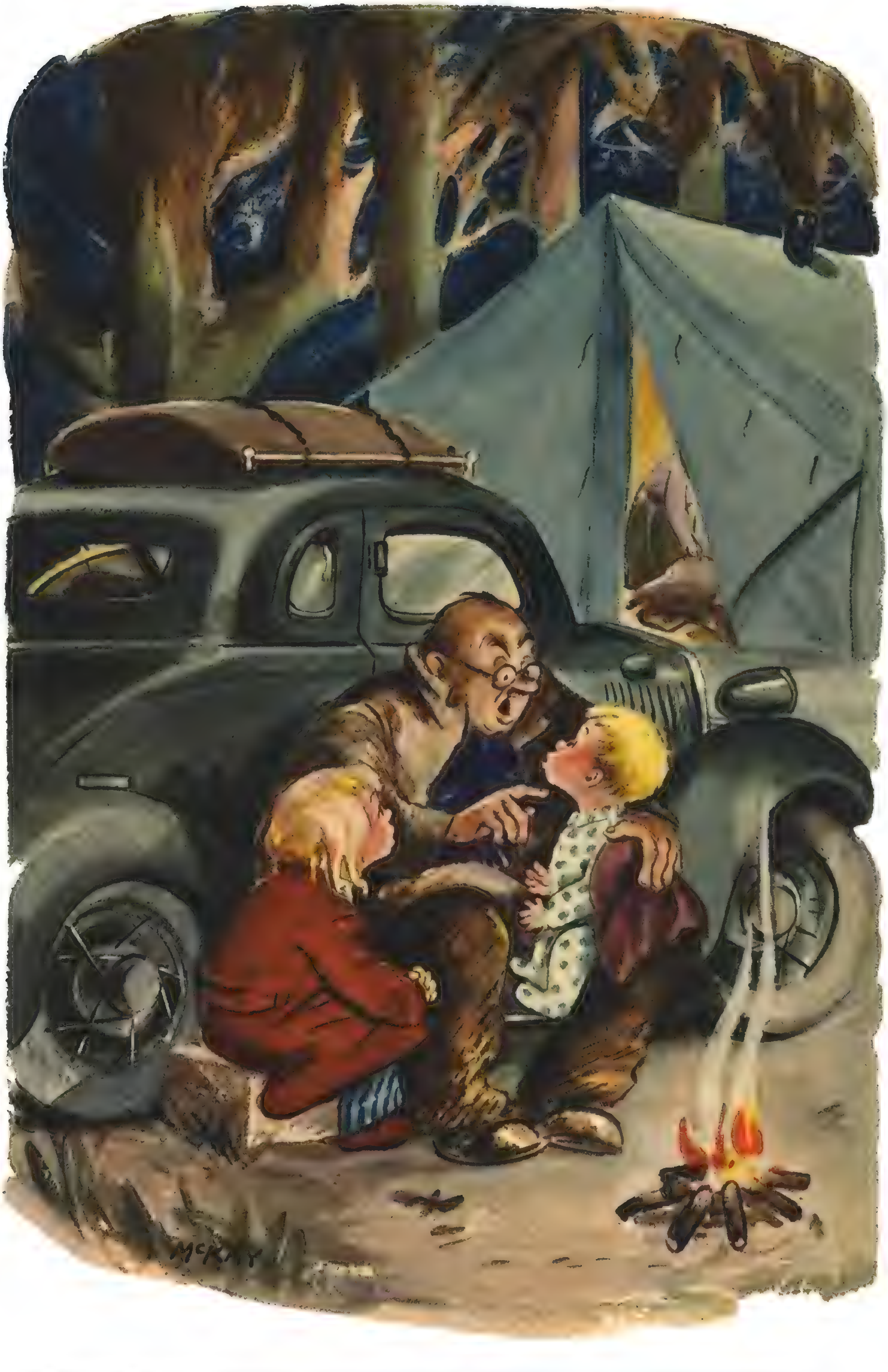
Just then the phone tinkled. Cassidy answered, listened a moment, grunted "Okay," and turned to Willie. "You really knew your stuff, kid," he complimented. "It was Achmed II by two lengths."

The Weeper accepted the pay-off and walked slowly from the store, a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead. "That's funny," he thought. "I knew the result two minutes before Cassidy did. How come?"

A little investigating and he knew the answer. Jersey horserooms used the Armstrong system which assured almost instantaneous results from spotters posted at the various tracks. New York's betting parlors couldn't use the system because the law forbade them telephone service. Of course some of the rooms used the service anyway, but they were often in hot water. The bookies who operated quietly, and got their information via the radio or by calling a Jersey partner, were (*Continued on page 167*)

AISLE 1
AISLE 3
AISLE 4
NOW PLAYING "THE SLICK CHICK"
B.T.

"I took him to a dark corner seat and then the battery went dead!"



"Once upon a time there was a nasty old landlord who hated little children . . ."

the Bold Look

The American male is a member of the greatest country in the world—and he's beginning to look the part!

NOTICE anything new about American men? Well-groomed American men, that is—the kind you always notice? They have a new look. We call it the Bold Look.

You see it wherever you see Americans today. Walking down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. Coming out of our embassy in Moscow. Sitting around a conference table on Long Island. Entering the Court of St. James in London. Or crossing Main Street in Peoria.

There's a new look about them. It's a self-confident look and it's as distinctive as it is distinguished. It's as virile as football—as masculine as the Marine Corps—as American as the Sunday comics. And new as it is, it's as mature as the country itself, because it's grown with the country.

Starting with the Cavaliers' arrival in Virginia—through the days of the New England fur trappers—through the days of the men who threw the railroads across the face of the country—American men have been doing a job with their sleeves rolled up. They were the men who secured the land, established our country. Today that country is the greatest in the world and its members, the American men, are really beginning to look the part.

American men wear their clothes with assurance and self-confidence, and the clothes reflect the men who wear them. That's the spirit of the Bold Look. It's the way you wear your clothes as much as it is the clothes themselves. But clothes are important, for they're part of your over-all appearance.

The newest styles that are appearing wherever the leaders of fashion gather exemplify the Bold Look. Ties, shirts, socks—they're designed with the accent on authority. They're unrestrained; they use wide borders, big patterns, bold colors—more colors. They have a look of definite good taste. Wearing them, you'll have that look too.

The new shirts, for instance, are made with the "command collar." This is a wide-spread collar with bold stitching a half-inch in from the edge instead of the usual eighth of an inch. The same bold treatment is given to the center pleat and the stitching on the cuffs. This is the first new shirt fashion in years and it's especially styled for wear with the Windsor tie.

Neckties, in design and in color, are clear, sharp, bold. Checks are bigger, stripes are wider. Figures are bolder and more widely spaced. And the new polka dots are three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

There's a new hat, too. It's a snap-brim in a rich cinnamon brown with a black band and gun-metal grey binding. The binding is barely visible on the top of the brim, but very prominent on the underside; seen from the side and the rear it's a wide band of color.

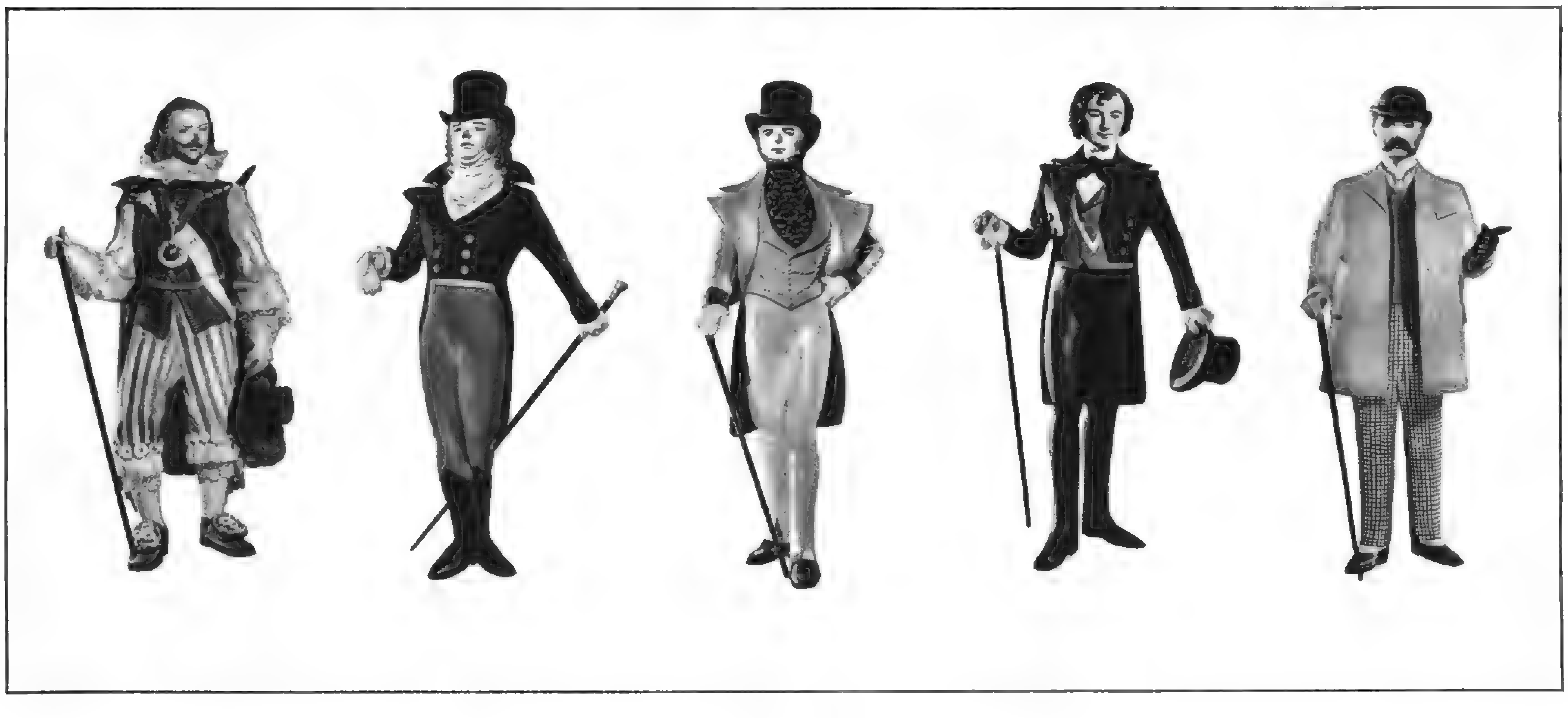
And there's more definite design in socks. Ribbing is wider, clocks are broader. The Bold Look in shoes is massive. And jewelry gives a man his chance to go to town with confidence. Tie clasps are wide slabs of gold. Cuff links are larger and heavier to match. Heavy gold-link key chains follow the trend.

Even the handkerchief expresses the Bold Look. No longer a simple square with delicate hand-rolled edges, the new one has a husky border—fully an inch and three-eighths wide. And when it's worn in the chest pocket, it's not tucked away almost out of sight; it's displayed for all to see, with its new border right out there in the open.

Those are some of the characteristics of the new Bold Look—a look of self-confident good taste. Like as not, you yourself have been approaching the Bold Look during the last few years with the Windsor knot and the spread collar. Those were just the first signs though—these newest fashions take up where they left off.

And the ladies, bless 'em! How do they feel about all this? The way they always feel about the American male animal asserting himself—they love it! The dominant male always has been and always will be a very popular guy. #

Remember—the first thing you notice about a well-dressed man is the man himself; then you notice his dress. That's why you'll have to look closely at the gentleman on the facing page to note that he's wearing the new Bold Look hat, the new shirt, the new tie, the new handkerchief. If you're interested in the details of these new Bold Look fashions, turn the page. And if you want to see the Bold Look in toto, look at the page following that.



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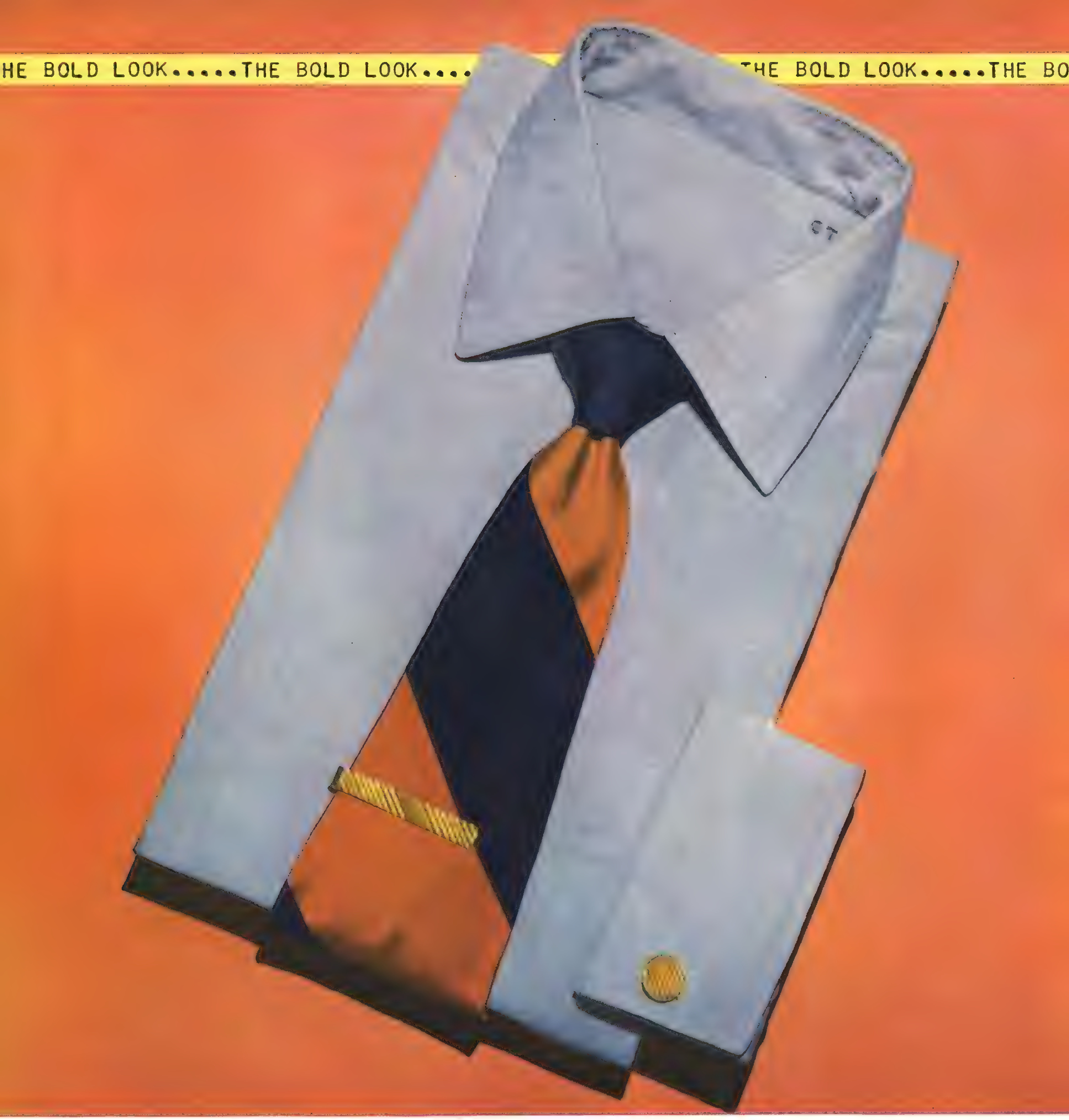
KODACHROME BY LOWNDS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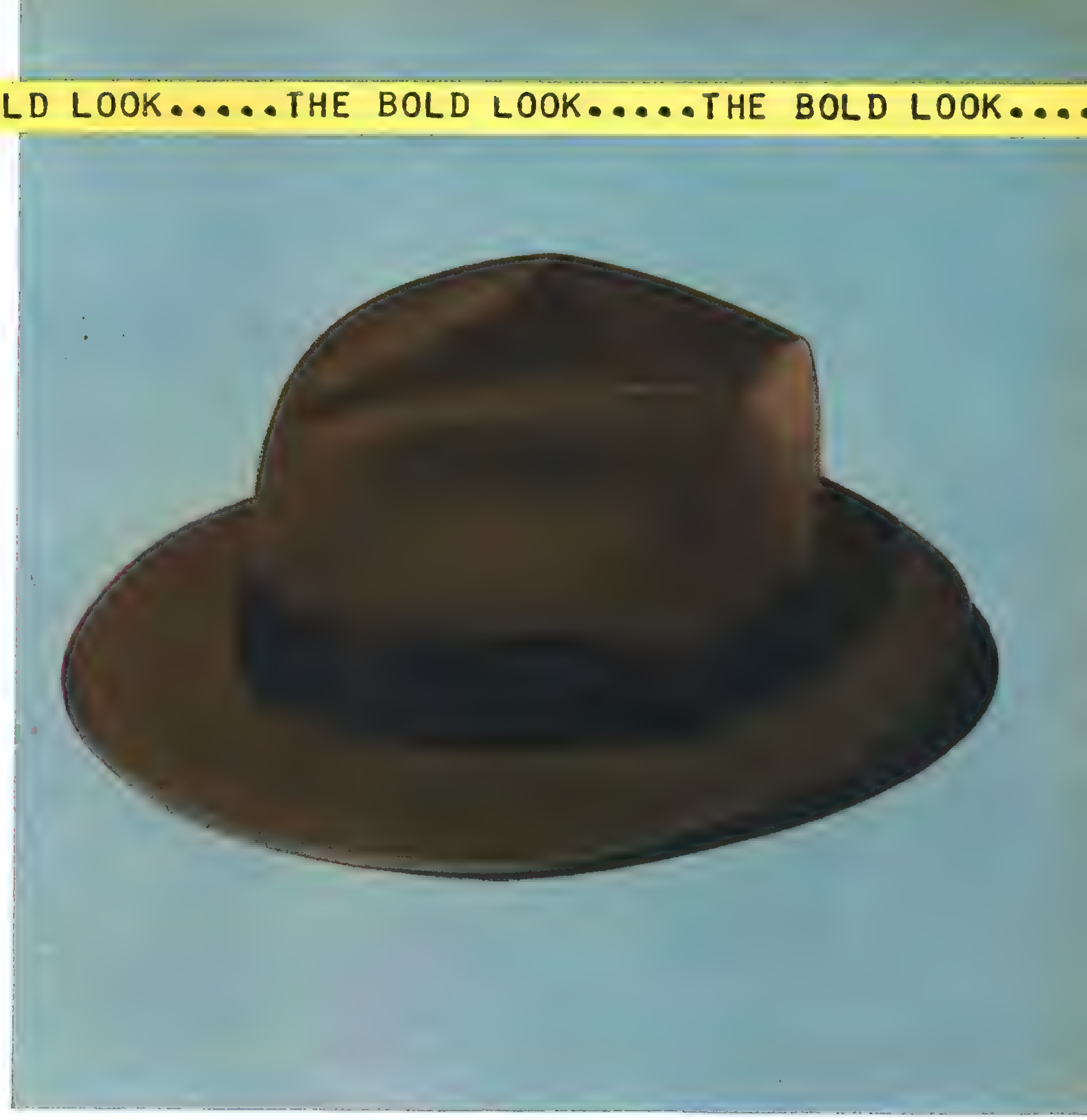
CT

Here's the first new shirt fashion in years. The widespread collar—we call it the "command collar"—was especially styled for wear with a Windsor knot. Its seam is a line of bold stitching set a half-inch in from the edge of the collar. The same bold treatment is given to the center pleat down the front; it's a good two inches wide with the stitching set a half-inch in on each side. The buttons are bigger and easy to finger. The French cuffs are longer (9½ inches around) and wider (2⅝ inches deep) and wear bigger links, such as the heavy gold discs shown. The necktie is a striped rep; the stripes are a full three inches wide and allow a big solid-color knot. The tie clasp is a half-inch-wide gold bar that holds its own even against those stripes.

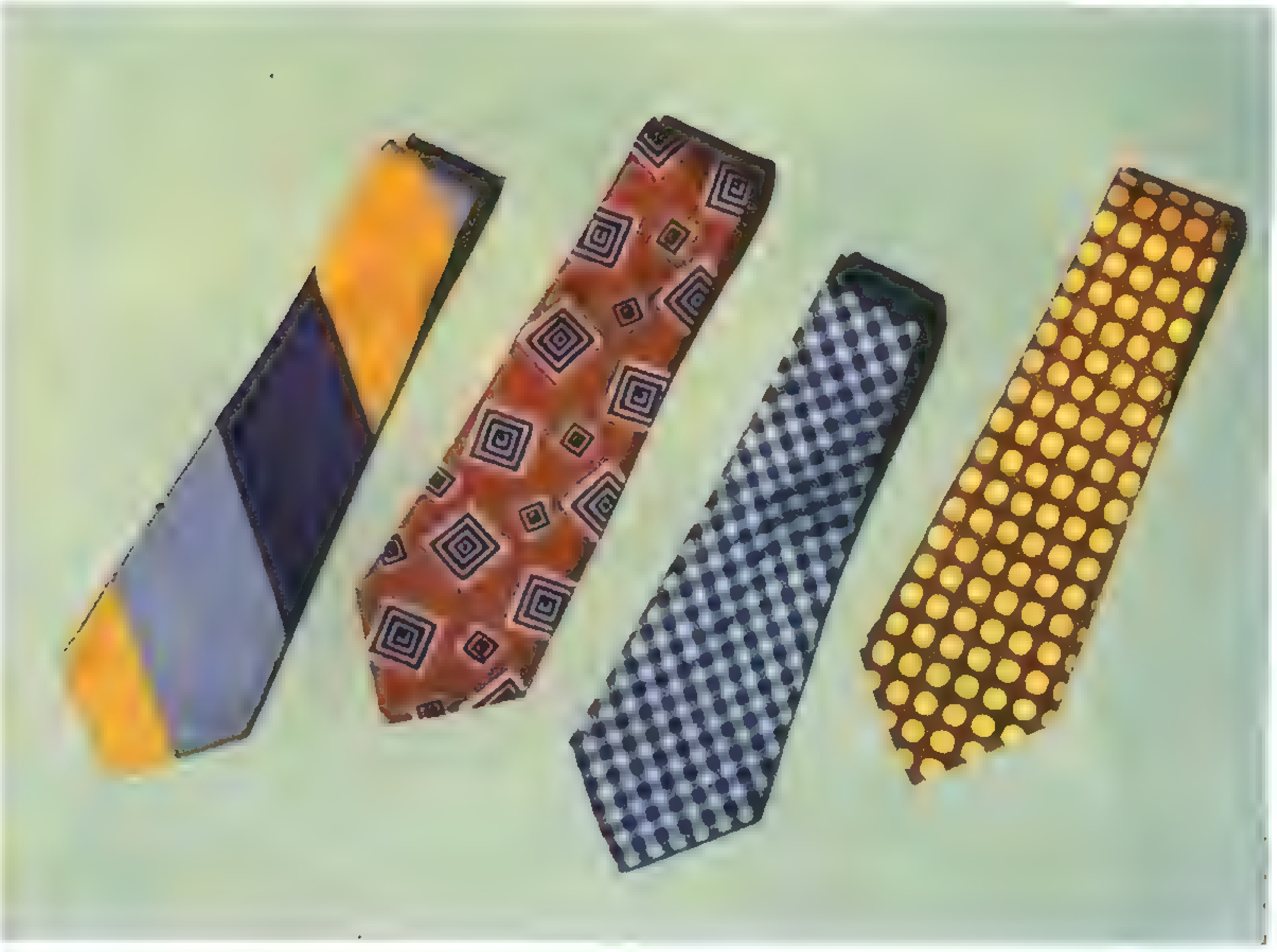
YOU will find merchandise of this character in many important men's establishments such as:

Albany	*McManus & Riley*
Atlanta	*George Muse Clothing Co.*
Baltimore	*Isaac Hamburger & Sons*
Birmingham	*Blach's*
Boston & New England	*Kennedy's, Inc.*
Charleston, W. Va.	*Frankenberger & Co.*
Chicago	*Baskin Clothing Co.*
Chicago	*Carson Pirie Scott & Co.*
Cincinnati	*The Burkhardt Bros. Co.*
Cleveland	*The W. B. Davis Co.*
Houston	*Sakowitz Bros.*
Kansas City, Mo.	*Rothschild's*
Louisville	*Rodes-Rapier Co., Inc.*
Milwaukee	*MacNeil & Moore*
New York City	*Dobbs Hat Shop*
New York City	*F. R. Tripler & Co.*
Oklahoma City	*Rothschild's*
Omaha	*The Nebraska Clothing Co.*
Philadelphia	*Jacob Reed's Sons*
Pittsburgh	*Kaufmann's*
St. Paul	*Hubert W. White, Inc.*
Seattle	*Littler's, Inc.*
Washington, D. C.	*The Young Men's Shop*

In the event that this merchandise is not yet available in your community, write to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

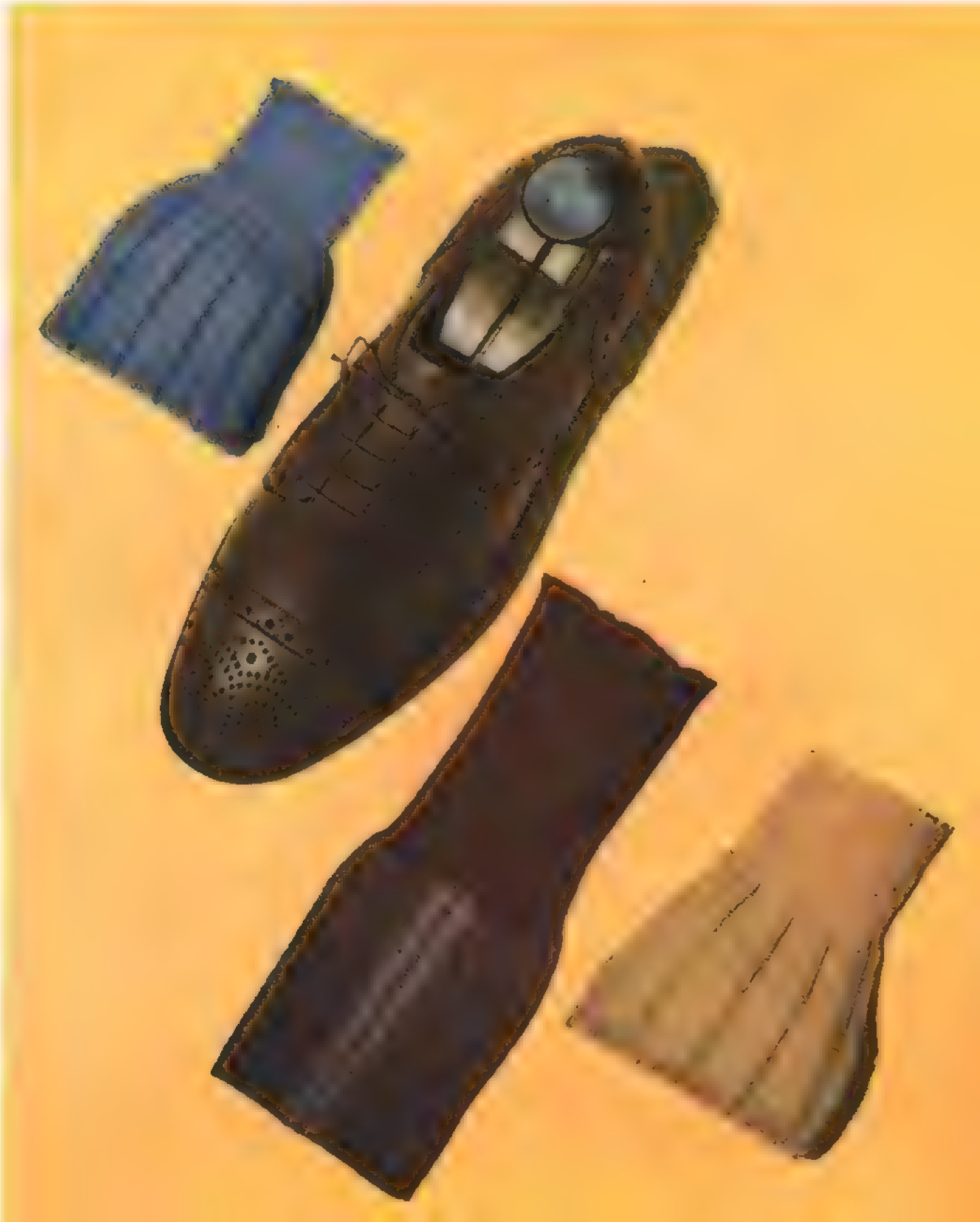


The new Bold Look hat is a snap-brim in a rich cinnamon brown with a black band. Its gun-metal grey binding is barely visible on the top of the brim, but very prominent (five-eighths of an inch) on the underside. From the rear it's a wide band of color.



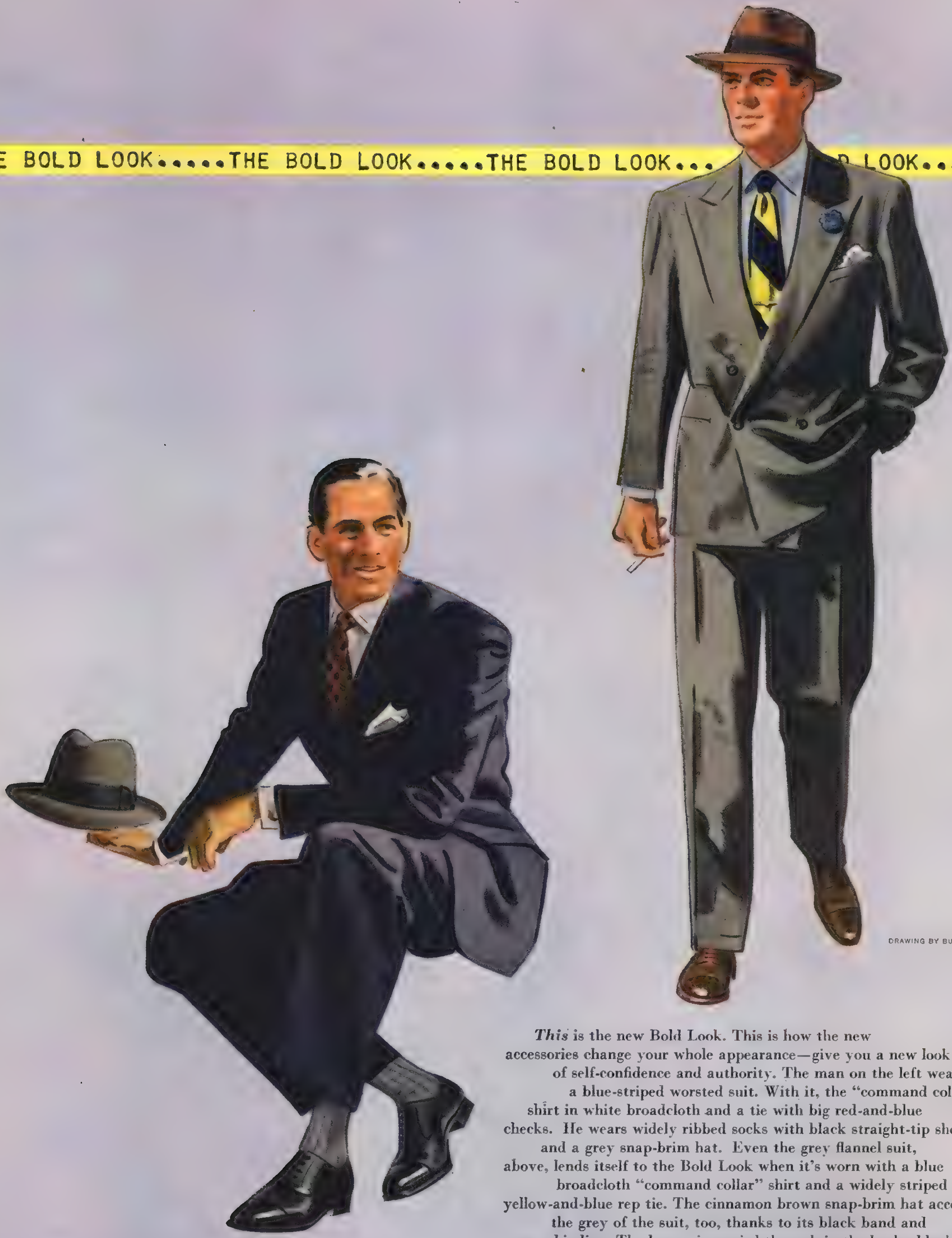
KODACHROMES BY ARNOLD GLANTZ

These are neckties that reflect the Bold Look. Note the size of the stripes in the silk rep, the figures in the printed foulard, the checks in the woven twill, and the polka dots in the printed foulard.



The husky ten-by-four ribbing on these brushed nylon socks is what gives them the Bold Look. The clock does it for the lisle hose; it's a wide knitted panel—much wider than the conventional clocks we've known in the past. The shoes are hefty, thick-soled, brown calfskin bluchers with medallion tips. The Bold Look is stamped all over them.

..THE BOLD LOOK.....THE BOLD LOOK.....THE BOLD LOOK... D LOOK.....THE



DRAWING BY BURNISTON

This is the new Bold Look. This is how the new accessories change your whole appearance—give you a new look of self-confidence and authority. The man on the left wears a blue-striped worsted suit. With it, the "command collar" shirt in white broadcloth and a tie with big red-and-blue checks. He wears widely ribbed socks with black straight-tip shoes and a grey snap-brim hat. Even the grey flannel suit, above, lends itself to the Bold Look when it's worn with a blue broadcloth "command collar" shirt and a widely striped yellow-and-blue rep tie. The cinnamon brown snap-brim hat accents the grey of the suit, too, thanks to its black band and grey binding. The brown is carried through in the husky bluchers.

Murder Needs a Murderer

Now and again he worried about the twenty-three guys he had killed on Guadalcanal, but this killing was different and he had every reason to agree to do it

A Story by

JOSEPH E. KELLEAM

I DIDN'T know him. Sam Frisbie had pointed him out across the street the day before. He was a man you could recognize easily. He was fat, wore horn-rimmed glasses, and had thin sandy hair combed across a pink bald spot in little lines that didn't fool anybody. About five foot seven, with blue eyes and a round face.

The house was small. He had no servants. I knew he was at home by the light coming through the drawn windows of the front room when I rang the bell. I rang the bell two or three times and I could hear him coming. His footsteps were timid and uncertain. Just a fat little guy in a little house wondering who was at the door at midnight.

Then a key turned in the door. It opened. He stood there in the light of the reading lamp beyond him. He opened the screen and opened his mouth to ask a question. It was a little mouth, sort of like a perch's mouth.

I couldn't miss at that distance. Just fired twice at his little fat belly. The round little mouth shut with a click of false teeth. He put both hands to his middle, and looked at me questioningly, his face drawn into a grimace of pain. Then he stepped back into the living room and fell. I took one look at him to see if the work was done. It was.

Then I turned out the light in the room. I wore gloves. As I came down the steps I heard a dog bark somewhere. That was all. Sam Frisbie had said that the man's neighbors were away. No one, apparently, had heard the shots. The street was dark and asleep.

Halfway down the block the parked, black sedan was sitting like a sleeping thing—the pale light of the street lamp reflecting on it like splashes of luminous paint. That parked car didn't worry me. I'd figured all along that it would be around somewhere.

I walked down the steps. I had fired at his middle for a very good reason. Remember those stories of the Revolution? The Red Coats wore white harness that crossed at the pit of their stomachs. It gave our men a perfect target; that's where they always aimed. If you hit a man there he is dead. There are big arteries at that spot. It's the best place to aim at a man when you intend to kill him. Also, there was another very good reason why I had not aimed at his head.

My car was parked in front of the little house. I got in. "Hell," I said to myself, "you shot twenty-three little guys at Guadalcanal and they gave you a medal. So what's one more little guy?"

Before I turned on my lights I looked at the parked sedan. It was moving. It kept picking up speed. As it turned the corner its lights flashed on and it dived away into the night. I had figured it would do just that.

I started my motor and moved down the street. Didn't turn on my lights either until I was a couple of blocks away. I kept saying to myself: "He was just one more little guy." But I was thinking that if Sam Frisbie had any guts he'd have done that job himself.

Sam Frisbie was a fat little man too. Not quite as fat as the one back there in the little house, and not quite as old, but very much like him. They were brothers. It was five minutes after midnight when I left the dark street. I had agreed to meet Sam Frisbie at twelve-thirty.

You see, I'd been loafing about town, two months out of the Marines, the old ruptured-duck button on my lapel still shiny, wondering how I could stand the humdrum of my old job, when I met Sam Frisbie. He was plump and short and he spent most of his time around the honky-tonks. He bought me quite a few drinks. Then one night he asked me what I was doing and how much I was making.

I don't like nosy people, so I told him: "Not much of anything and I'm getting forty a week for it."

"Is that all?" he asked, and his fat face dripped with sympathy. "You deserve more than that, after all you did for your country."

When people start talking like that I usually anticipate a touch, but it didn't come. He asked quite casually, "Did you ever kill a man?"

"Some," I said.

He nodded his head. "I heard you had. Maybe you'd like to make a thousand dollars."

"Who wouldn't?"

"Well, you don't seem very happy. I thought if you could get a stake you'd like to try your luck somewhere else."

"Maybe," I said.

And then without preparation he asked me, "How would you like to kill a man?"

"I've thought about killing several," I told him.

"All you have to do is kill this one and I'll give you a thousand. It ought to be easy after what you've been through."

It was an unusual proposition. I looked at him curiously. "You weren't here in town when I left?" I asked.

"No. Me and my brother moved here late in forty-two. We've got a manufacturing concern. First it was war materials. Now it's civilian goods. We've made money hand over fist." He sighed. "That's the trouble."

"Makin' money don't sound like trouble to me."

"You don't know my brother. He insists on putting all the profit back in the business. I draw a little salary that an office boy would laugh at. And I own forty per cent of the firm. He says I'll get all of it when he dies. He's two years older than I am. He's liable to live twenty years longer."

At first I was plenty burned up over that proposition. "Why bother me?" I snapped. "Dissolve partnership."

"You don't know my brother. He has always run things. He'd never agree. No, I want him out of it. I'll give you a thousand bucks to kill him. Think it over."

I wanted to hit him, but it got me to thinking. "Give me a day to think about it," I said. "I'll meet you in that corner booth over there tomorrow—"

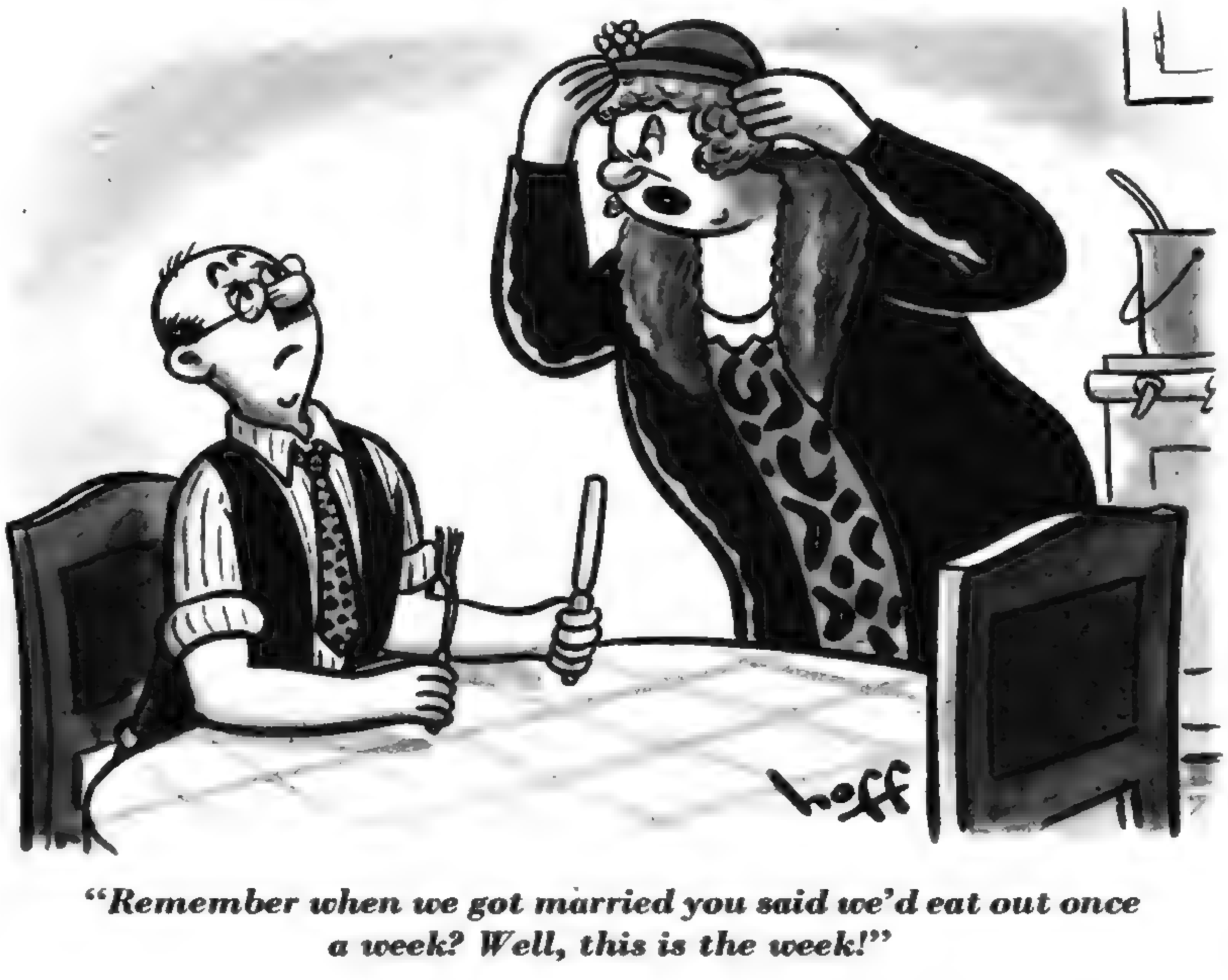
I thought about it for a whole day. It was a nasty business. But twenty-four hours later I was waiting in the booth.

He came in and sat down. "Anybody listening?" he whispered.

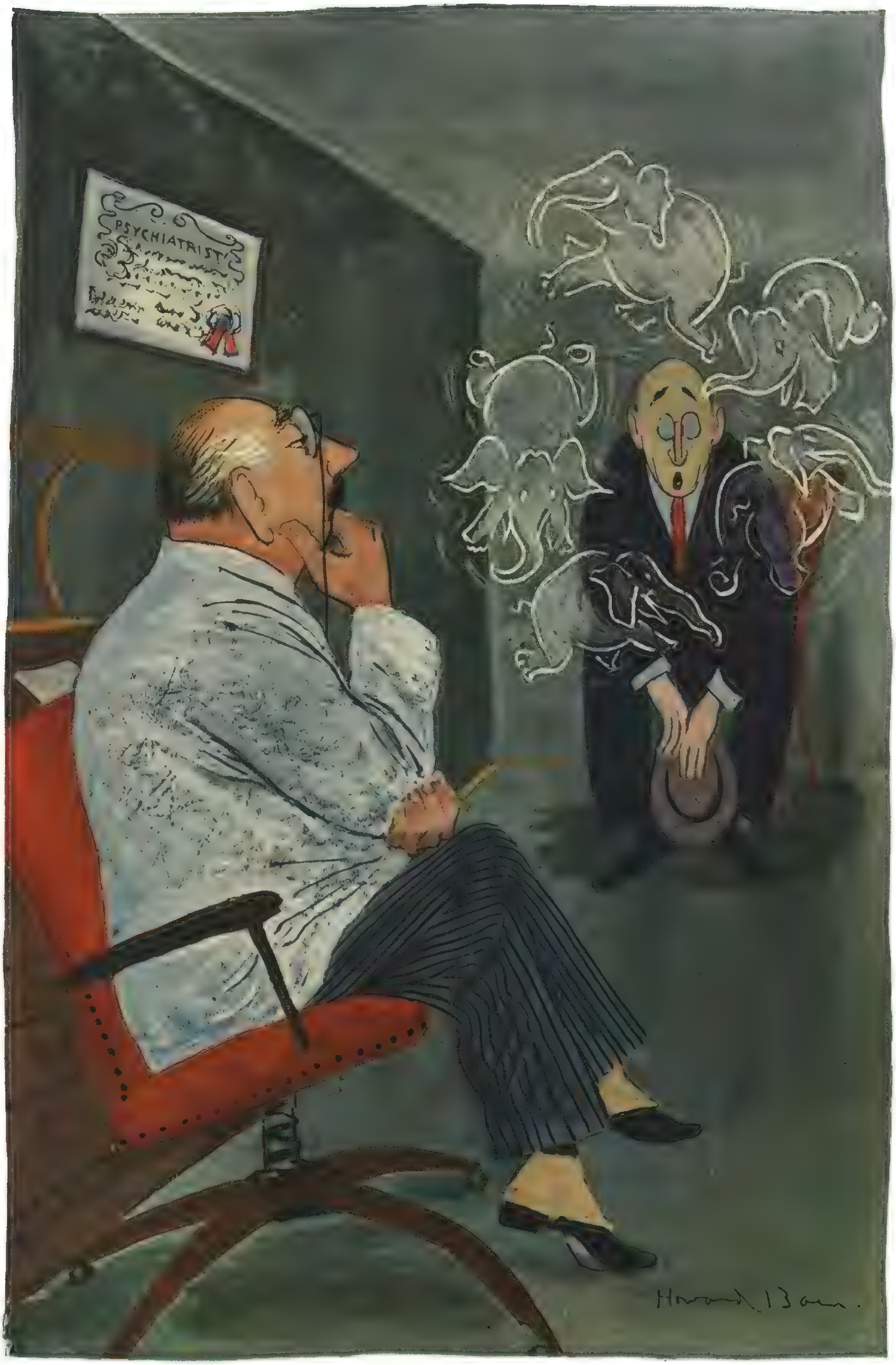
"Nobody here except a drunk in front of us," I told him. "He's dead to the world. You can talk—"

He stood up. The

(*Continued on page 158*)



"Remember when we got married you said we'd eat out once a week? Well, this is the week!"


PSYCHIATRIST
Howard Baer

"To begin with, Doctor, I'm a Democrat"

No Rest for the Medium

Roscoe planned to give the peasants the usual small talk from the nether world, but he hit the spiritual jack pot when he aroused Hawkins the garrulous ghost

A Story by

EUSTACE COCKRELL

I am into L.A. from Vegas after a run of unluck, and I got markers here and markers there with guys touchy about letting their markers get yellow with age. In a word I am at the point where not only has the landlady nailed down my trunk, but if I go back to my room she will doubtless nail me down also.

The beetles are going at Santa Anita and I have not got the streetcar fare to even get out there and try and tout me a sitting peasant for a deuce for a tip.

I am thus. Sitting in a bar gnawing a small beer with my last dime and almost desperate enough to go to work when a cadaver in hand-built Scottish tweeds comes in and sets down beside me. He pulls out a large roll of bills, lays them on the bar and downs three double cognacs. This brings enough color back to his face so that he now only looks like he has been dead three days instead of a week.

I study him in the mirror, trying to figure a pitch, and also I am eying the head of greens lying in front of him upon the bar, when suddenly I recognize him. Or rather I recognize the half of him that is left, for he is so thin he could stand in for a clothes tree by putting on some weight. He is Roscoe Killian.

Now when I last seen Roscoe he weighed two hundred and was doing mind reading with a carnival with which I was connected as a shill. And now he would have to give weight to a midget. But his clothes talked money, the cognac was money, and that big wad of green stuff laying in front of him wasn't run off by no job printer.

"Roscoe," I says, with understandable cordiality, "how's the boy? Don't you remember me, Old Wheelhorse Harry?"

He turned to me and his eyes were wild. In his haggard face they looked like a couple of burnt-out taillights in a dish of cottage cheese. I tell you the guy didn't look well. He looked at his watch then, and groaned. "Yeah," he says enthusiastic as a turnkey. "I know you, Harry. You're right on time."

I did a take. If he was a refugee from a strait jacket, the pitch would have to be very delicate. "Ha ha," I says. "You mean *you* are right on time, Roscoe."

"Go ahead," he says wearily.

"Go ahead with what?" I asked, a little startled.

"Go ahead with the bite."

"What makes you think I'm going to . . ." I caught myself. If this was a standoff it was the most novel and effective I had seen in forty years man and boy fanging people. He'd like to have me denying I was angling for a touch. But as I say, I caught myself. "Now that you mention," I say lamely.

"I know I look prosperous," he says. "You have cased the raiment and are debating between fifty and a hundred. Well, Wheelhorse," he goes on, "take the weight off your head. I will stand for the yard." And with that he hands me a C-note.

To say that I am taken in a heap is a sad understatement. But I get my mouth closed, finally, and Roscoe pours another slug from the brandy bottle and moodily inhales it.

"Gee, Roscoe," I says, "I always thought . . . well, you know how it is . . . I didn't *really* think you could read minds."

"Give the gentleman a drink," he says to the bartender. He turns to me. "Worse than that," he says. Then he grabs me by the shoulders and holds me. "Wheelhorse," he says, "have you got a few minutes?"

Not being able to tell time by a pawn ticket I am forced to bend my head around and look at Roscoe's wrist watch. It is such a fancy affair, cluttered up with stuff that will doubtless give the phase of the moon and the barometric pressure and what time it is in Sweden, that it takes me a minute to read the time. However, I finally figure out that it is eleven a.m. "Well," I says, "I have a date with a overlay out at the track . . ."

"You'll have time," Roscoe says. "And not only that, I'll give you eight winners, if you'll listen—and," he goes on, dropping his voice to a hoarse whisper, "*believe me.*"

"For the lend of a yard," I says truthfully, "I will believe anything."

And this is the story Roscoe told me.

You will remember (he begins), when I was with the carnival, I was doing a straight mind-reading act, working palms, heads, cards, whatever looked would pay the best.

Well (he continues), I am with the carnival for a time after you leave, playing little towns, the wheels still fixed, and in one the grease goes in wrong and the owner gets arrested and us help are at loose ends. So we are near L.A. and I finally drift on in and am looking around for a casual date—as they call club dates out here, or anything for that matter—and as I am casing the local bladders I see that there is a staggering total of operators making their cakes in some very strange ways. There are astrologers, palmists, psychics of all descriptions. In fact, the town is medium-happy.

So being a man to roam when in Rome, I catch a couple of the smaller advertisers' routines and find they are running to capacity; at a buck to five clams a throw.

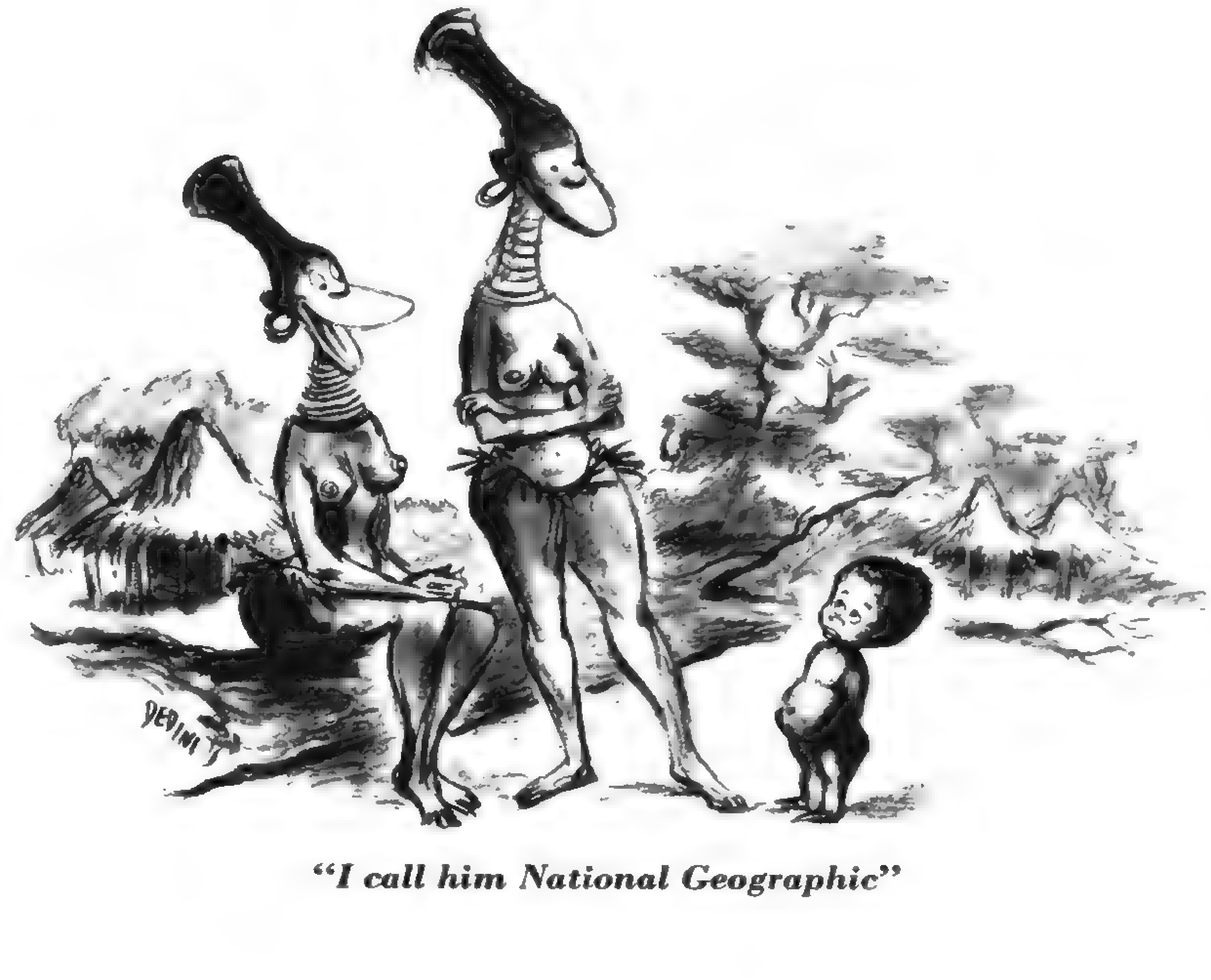
Generally the setup is a ring of peasants holding hands in a dark room and the medium fetching up a dear departed, who says things are okay and not to let the children play in the street as they hear terrible things in the spirit world about L.A. traffic.

Now I am a fair ventriloquist myself, and I figure this dodge is tailored for my talents, and to make a long story short and not get into no marathon about the housing shortage, I finally get me a bungalow and hang out a sign. "Roscoe Killian," it reads, "Lunologist and Medium." And before you ask me what a lunologist is, I do not know.

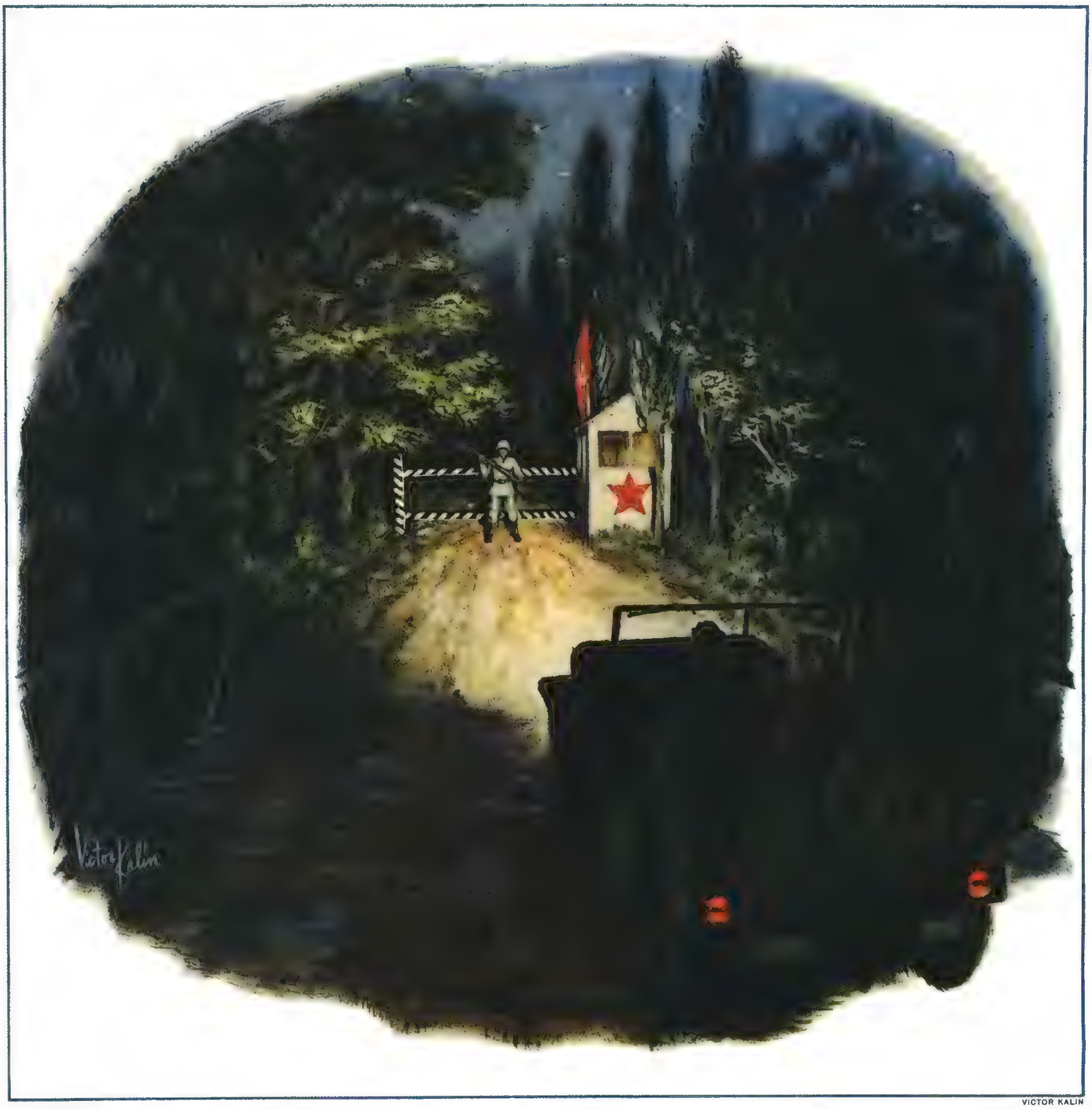
Roscoe shudders violently at this point and pours a dollar and a quarter's worth of brandy on a hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth of lapel, trying to get his drink into his mouth. "I don't see nothing so . . ." I begin, but he stops me.

No, nothing so much (he goes on), yet. But wait. Anyway, I get set up, run an ad and set back. The first night I get six squirrels; youngish working guys with their wives, half-stiff and kinda for the lark—I forgot to tell you I had the sign in neon; anyway, I gloom the crib where I work and get them to hold hands and I hold their hands and ask what they'd like to know . . .

Oh, another thing I forgot to tell you. I decided my contact with the spirit world would be an old Indian (*Continued on page 188*)



"I call him National Geographic"



VICTOR KALIN

Fair Exchange

The girl was only a child, but to the Dane she was a German and guilty of his sister's murder

A Story by HAMILTON BENZ

The huge, blond Dane stuffed the last of the cigarette cartons into the duffel bag. Thirty cartons of American cigarettes would be worth a fortune in Berlin—if he could get there. To get to Berlin, you had to cross into the Russian zone, and that was not a simple matter.

The Dane wore a G.I. uniform—legally. Since his escape from Denmark he had become a soldier of fortune and had fought with six allied armies, finally ending up with the Americans. To the Germans he was an American. They had become accustomed to the polyglot, multinational composition of the American Army. And the big fellow seemed to display the easygoing good nature that, according to the legend, typified the Americans, but was not quite so common among the troops of the occupation army as the Germans had been led to expect.

Actually the Dane's only resemblance to the American soldiers of occupation, most of whom had never engaged in battle, or seen the torture chambers, or known the Germans as enemies, was in his uniform.

His hatred of Nazism had become his chief motivation now, and while living among the Germans was a kind of nightmare, it was also a kind of release.

The late afternoon sun was still bright as the Dane left the barracks where he was quartered. He smiled at the children playing on the street and bowed to an elderly priest. Some of the young women, attracted by his blond good looks and by his uniform, stared at him boldly. Sometimes he smiled at them in return, but he did not slacken his pace. The women shrugged and forgot about him as soon as he had passed. There was no way for them to know how the sight of them stirred such hatred in the Dane that he was almost sickened by the violence of it.

A long time ago there had been a girl in Denmark—his own younger sister. She was fifteen, a schoolgirl, with her blonde hair braided into two plaits. A slender child with innocent, dreamy eyes. When the Germans arrested the Dane, they took his sister along. They hadn't been able to get any information out of him, so they tried another method. They brought in his sister and stripped her naked in front of him and handled her with unimaginable indecency.

He was still shaken by the memory of that scene when he arrived at the Gasthaus zum Schwanen. Five jeeps were parked out in front. In the fourth jeep he found travel orders that would fit his purpose. The gas tank registered almost full. Even the keys were there. True about Germans, he thought, they aren't thieves, that is, not in the usual sense of the word. If this were France the jeeps would have been stripped of everything but their frames.

A narrow alley ran alongside the Gasthaus. He went down the alley and entered the inn from the rear. Frau Schubner, the owner, and her daughter were in the kitchen. The woman greeted the Dane politely, but her eyes were troubled.

"Ilse is very young, as you know, Herr Sven," she said. "Will you promise to take good care of her?"

It was the Dane's excellent German which somehow eased the mother's anxiety.

"Don't worry, Frau Schubner. As I told you this will be an officer's party. Dancing, food, a little wine. I promised my lieutenant I would bring the prettiest girl in Germany to be his guest. It will be very correct, I assure you. And don't forget, it won't do Ilse any harm to have American officers interested in her."

The girl blushed. She was fourteen, blonde and slight, with an adolescent sweetness, a Grimm fairy-talelike simplicity that it was impossible to associate with Youth Movements and swastikas.

Her mother said proudly: "Ilse's a good dancer." Then turning to the daughter she said sharply: "No wine."

At the door, the Dane paused. "We'll be back at midnight."

"Look out for her, Herr Sven, please."

"Trust me, Frau Schubner. I know very well your feelings."

The mother came over close to him and put her hand timidly on his arm. "You are a good man."

He gave her a package of cigarettes, and she took them gratefully.

"You Americans are so kind. I hope you will stay with us." Then her face suddenly became panicky. "The Russians won't come here?" she asked. He shook his head. "We are so terrified of them," she added.

Without speaking the Dane patted the hand that still touched his. She looked up at him thoughtfully, almost maternally. "Americans drink a lot, but they are good men."

She opened the kitchen door wide, in order to light their way down the steps. The street outside was deserted as the Dane helped Ilse into the jeep.

They drove along in silence through the town and out into the country road. Over the treetops a new yellow moon was just visible. The sky was unclouded and the air was fresh and cool.

"Comfortable?" asked the Dane.

"Yes, thank you," Ilse replied. "Do you know, you speak remarkably good German for an American."

"I'm not an American," he said evenly and he turned his face toward her. "I'm Danish."

She looked intently at him, then spoke: "Are you angry with me for what my people did to your people?"

"That's war. It's over now and I bear no grudge." He smiled at her. "Besides, women do not fight wars."

She leaned toward him then and said, naïvely: "I wish I were going to be your girl for this party."

He patted her arm. "You are sweet."

As they drove on, Ilse sang patchworks of folk songs. When she started *Die Lorelie* he sang with her in his native language. "I like the sound of those words," she remarked when they finished the closing bars together. "They are close to us."

"Let me sing you a song by your Mister Brahms; it's about the moon: 'Be the bearer of my sorrow,' it says. See how this sounds in Danish."

Neither spoke after he had finished. She began to shiver in the night air. He slipped off his jacket and put it over her bare legs. When she spoke again, her voice had acquired a new anxious tone.

"We are going quite far, are we not, Herr Sven? I watched the speedometer . . . almost thirty miles."

"We're almost there," he replied without turning his eyes from the road. His speech had a clipped, flat sound.

The road swung sharply over a hill, then on to a straightaway that inclined toward a cluster of tall poplars. From under the trees' shadows a light flashed on and off. The girl clutched his arm.

"Don't be afraid. It's only the sentry."

They pulled up to a stop. The light, holding them in a steady beam, moved close. They couldn't see the face of the sentry. The Dane handed over the travel orders without a word.

The flashlight played over the papers. "Nothing about the girl." The sentry turned the light on Ilse's face.

The Dane wasn't argumentative. "It says, 'and companion.'"

"Yeah, but what sex?"

The light flicked from the girl to the Dane, blinding him for a moment. He smiled casually as he reached out and turned the flash away from his eyes.

"Okay," said the sentry. "Take it easy going over that bridge."

Ahead of them, lit up by the jeep's lights, a temporary construction of planks spanned a brook. On the far side the Red star on the sentry box had a billboard garishness. Near the Red flag jutting out from the top of the sentry box the stiff figure of a soldier stood at attention.

"This is really very amusing," the Dane said to the sentry as he shifted into gear; "here you are, relaxed and taking it easy. Look at that fellow!"

The sentry didn't look.

"Oh he's nothing but a stick of wood," he said amiably. "I'm a man."

The planks banged noisily against their trusses as the jeep crossed. They drew up to the peppermint-stick gates blocking the road. The sentry was beside the jeep before it had stopped.

"Can you read English?" inquired the Dane in Russian, as he handed over the travel orders.

The sentry showed no surprise at the sound of his own language. He nodded and took the papers with him into the sentry box, where a lantern shone with a faint light. He was gone for only a few minutes.

"You don't pass," he said curtly.

"You mean, because of 'companion'?"

"No description," said the sentry.

"Ah," said the Dane. "You mean, sex." Quite deliberately he looked first at the Russian and then at Ilse. The sentry's eyes followed his. "Now what sex would *you* say that is?" the Dane inquired.

The grin on the man's face showed spiked teeth spaced wide apart.

"Woman!"

"If I pass, the woman is yours."

The Russian took a step back, looked at the girl, and barked a command.

Ilse looked up at the Dane, thoroughly frightened now.

"Is he speaking to me? Tell me, please—what is he saying?"

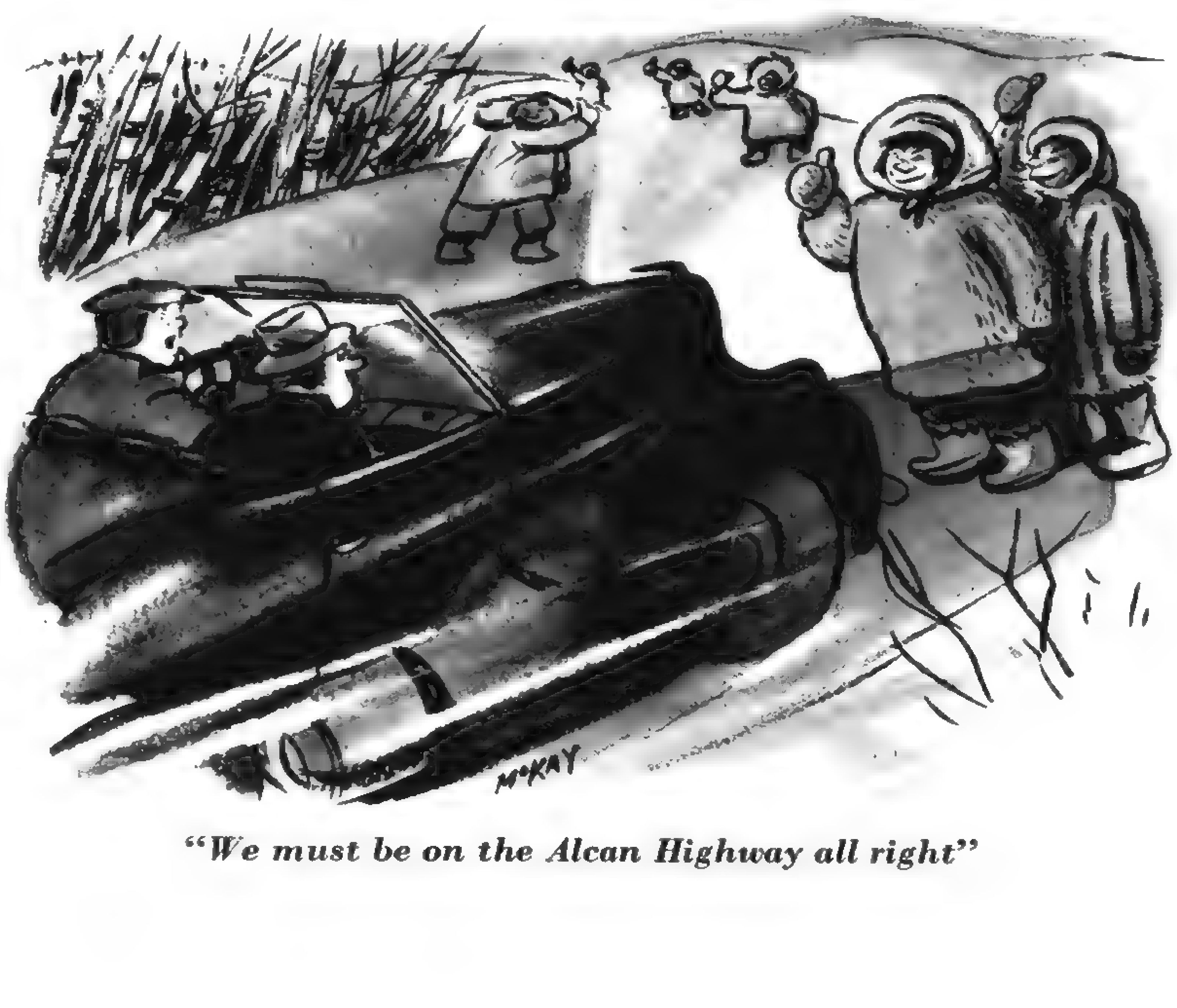
"He says to get out. Go ahead . . . get out."

The girl began to cry—an odd, smothered sound. The small body wasn't big enough for sobs; her breath came and went in soft staccato whimpers, with the shaking of her shoulders.

The Dane took the jacket from her legs, then he nodded to the Russian.

The sentry dropped his gun to the ground, leaned into the jeep and lifted her out easily as he would a child.

As the Dane drove off, from the corner of his eye he saw the Russian carrying her into the sentry box. He checked his wrist watch: perhaps forty-five minutes to Berlin. Stepping on the accelerator, he settled back into his seat and looked ahead into the night, smiling. #



"We must be on the Alcan Highway all right"

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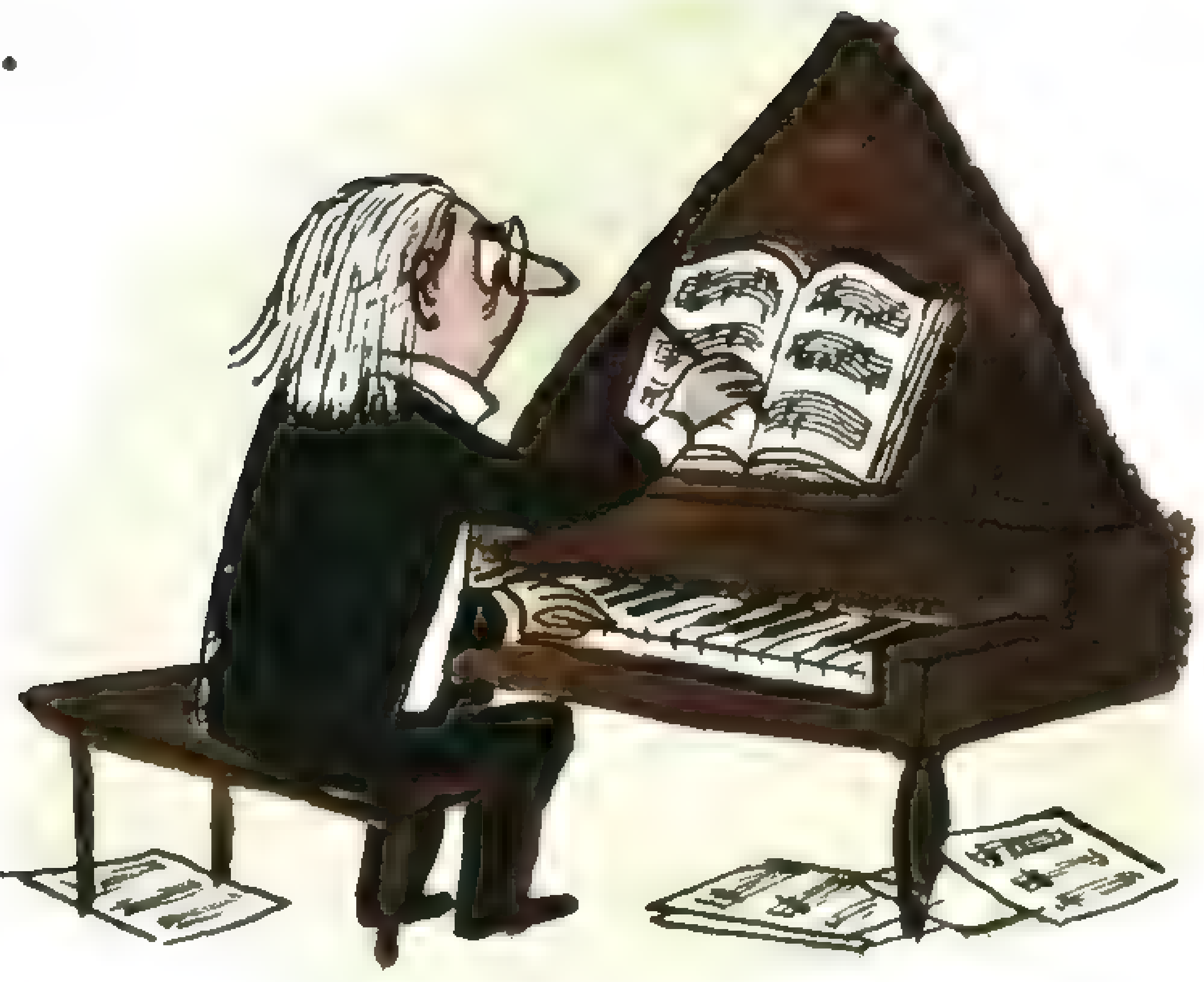

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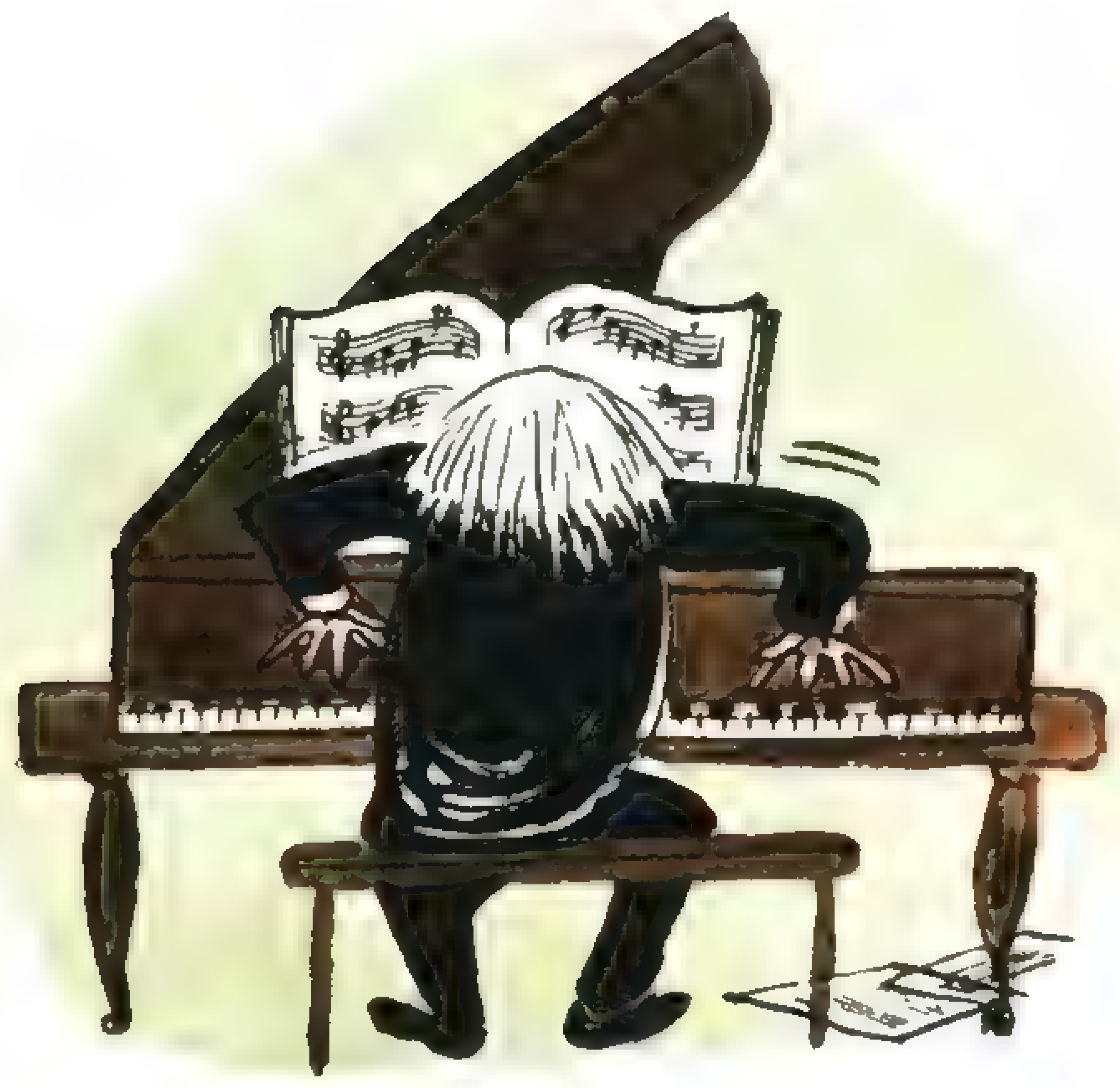

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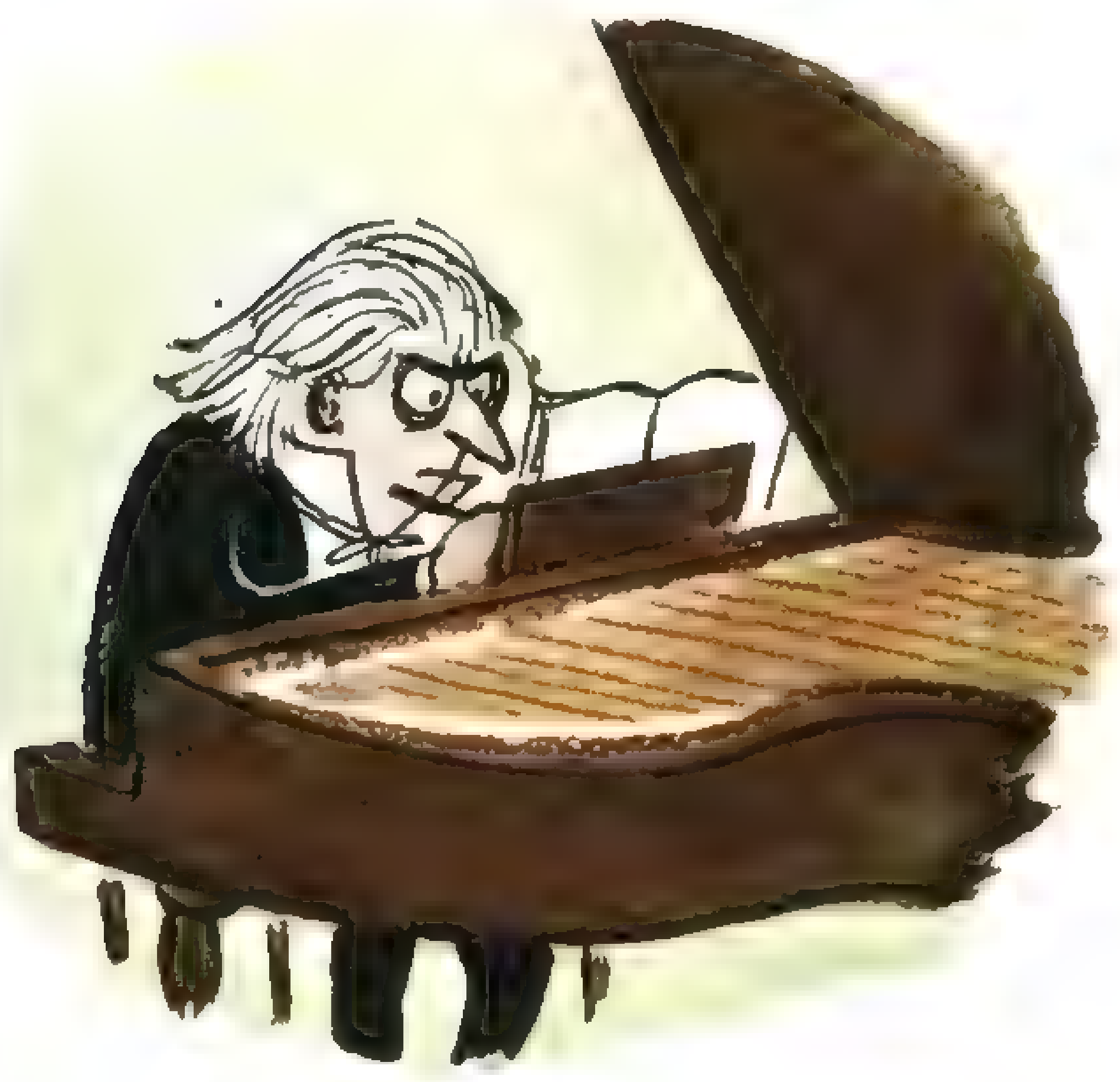

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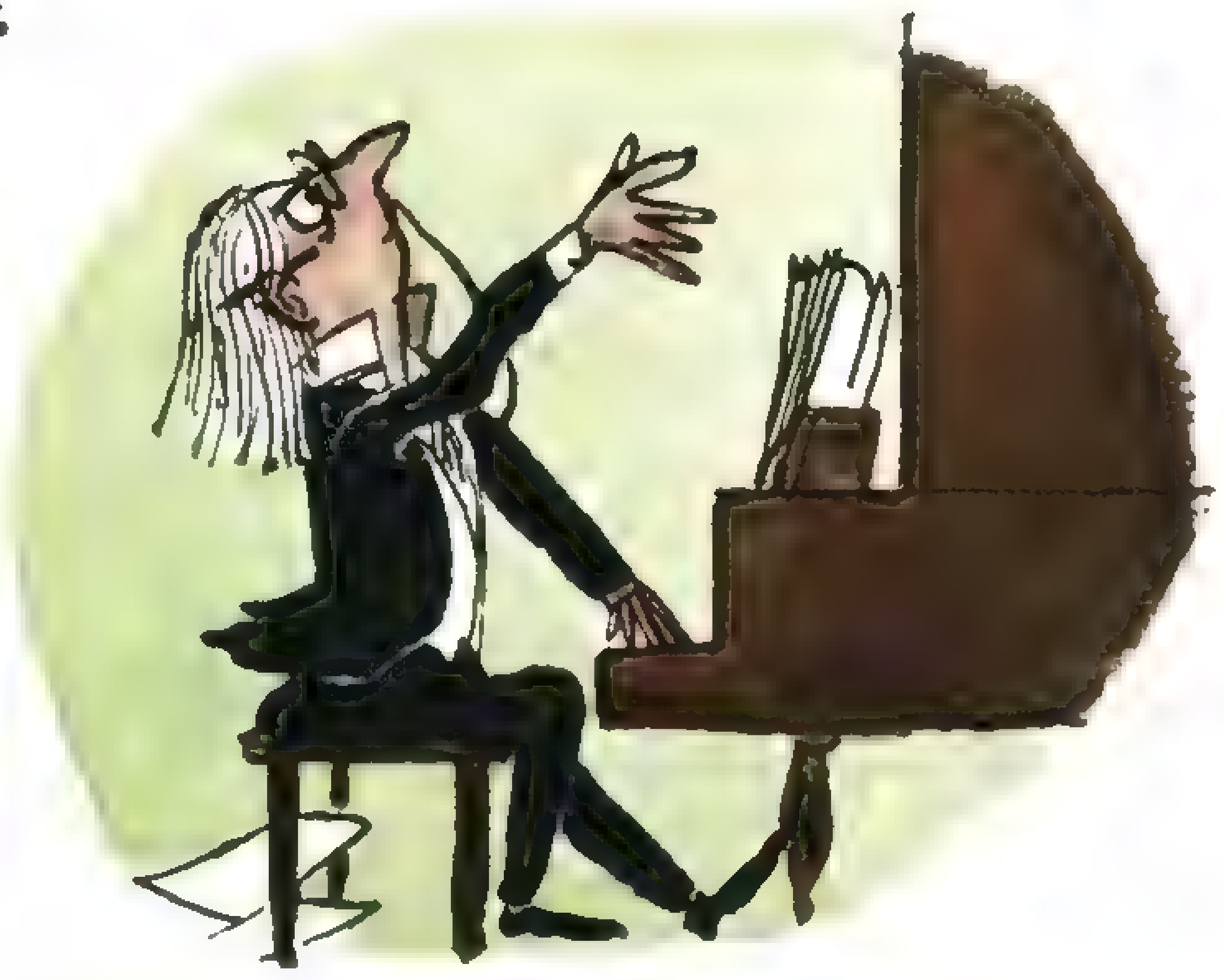

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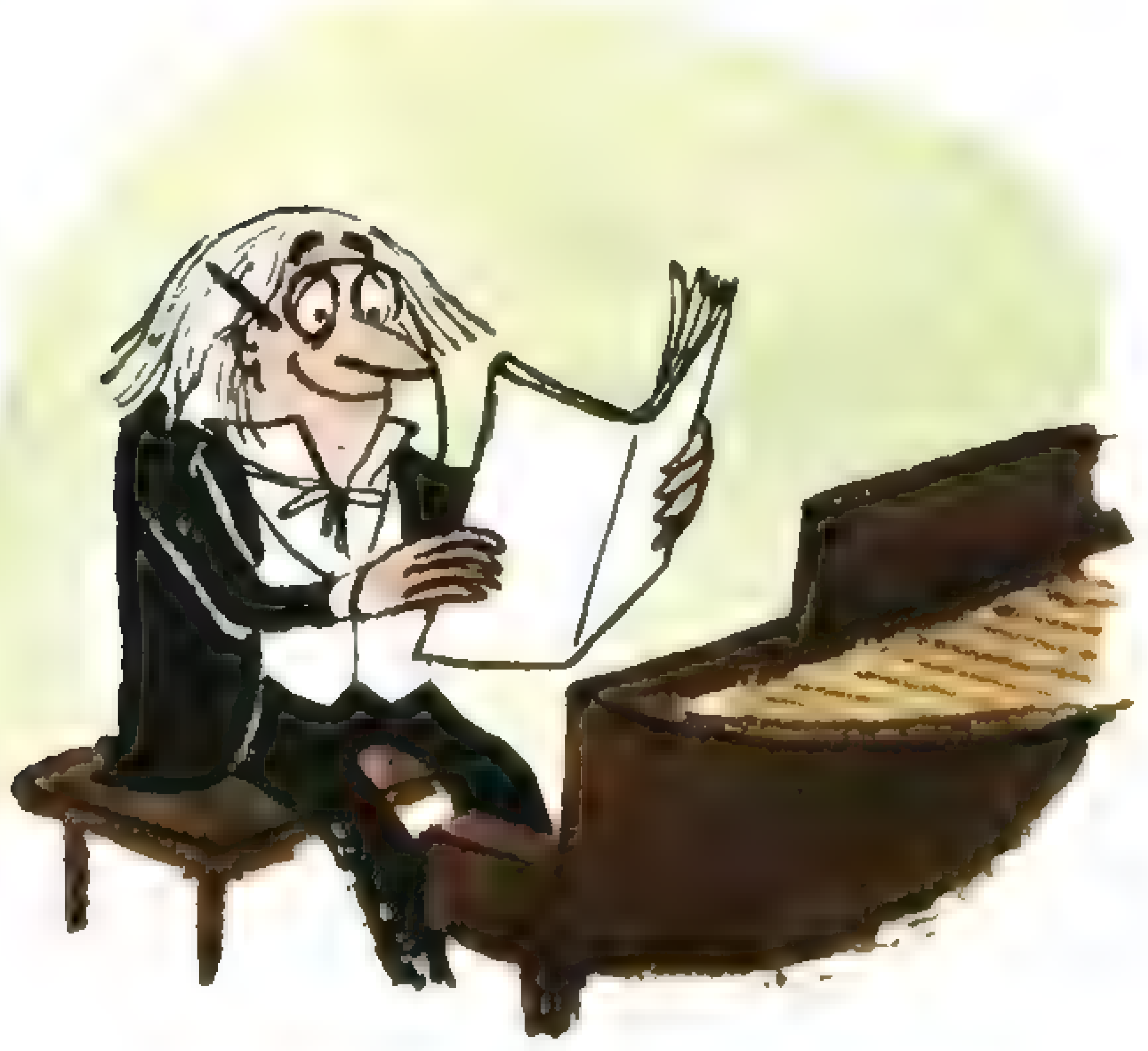

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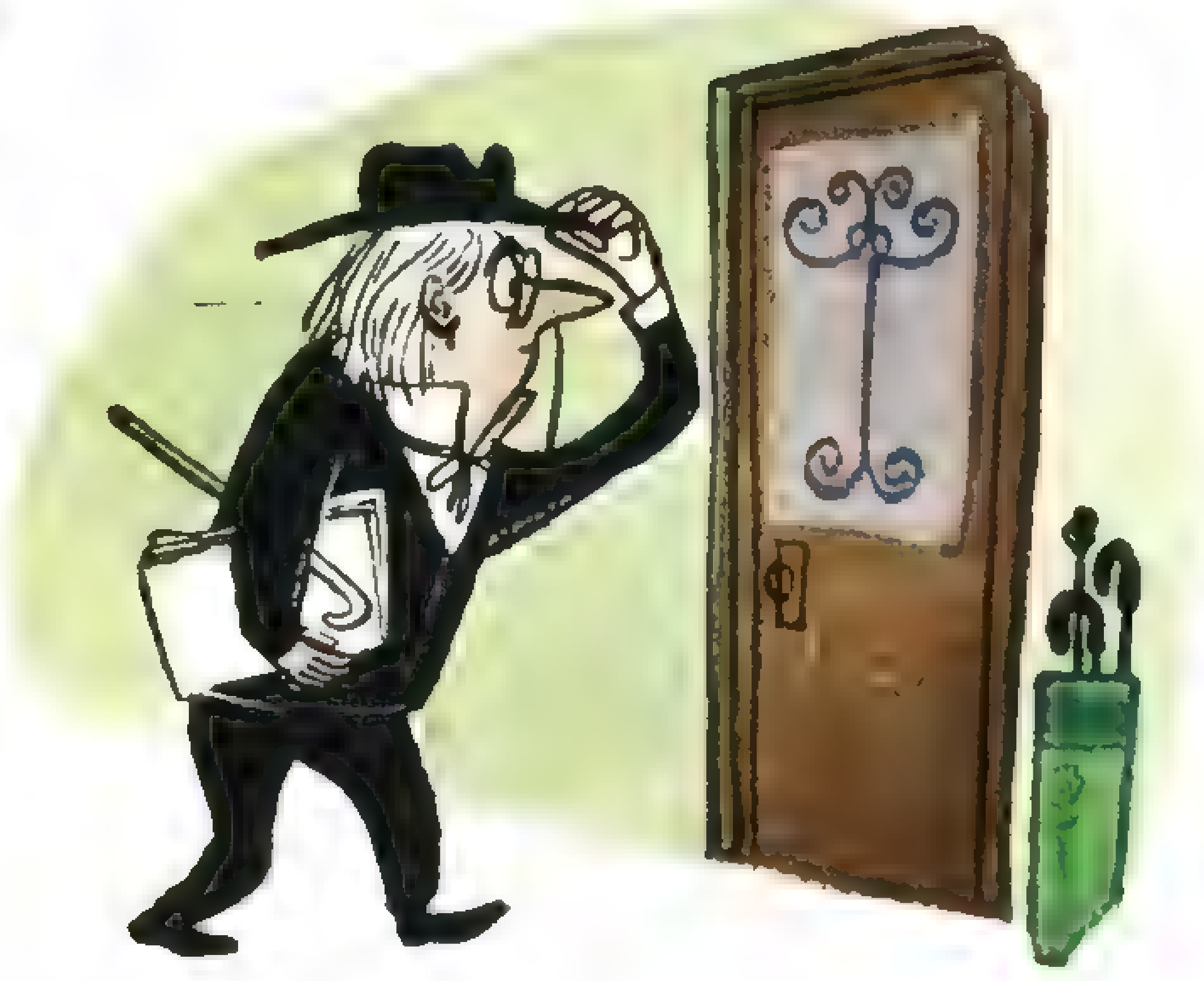

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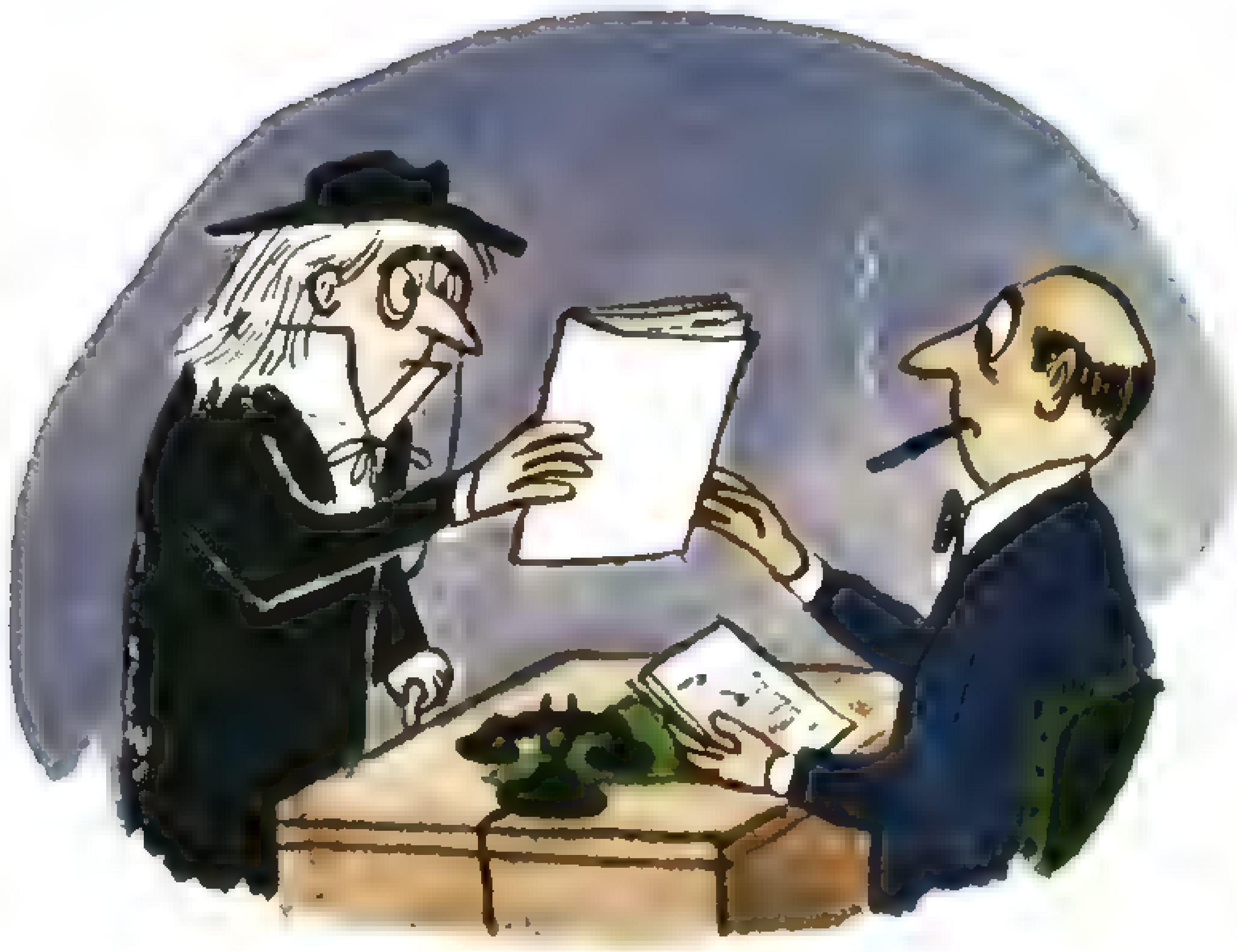

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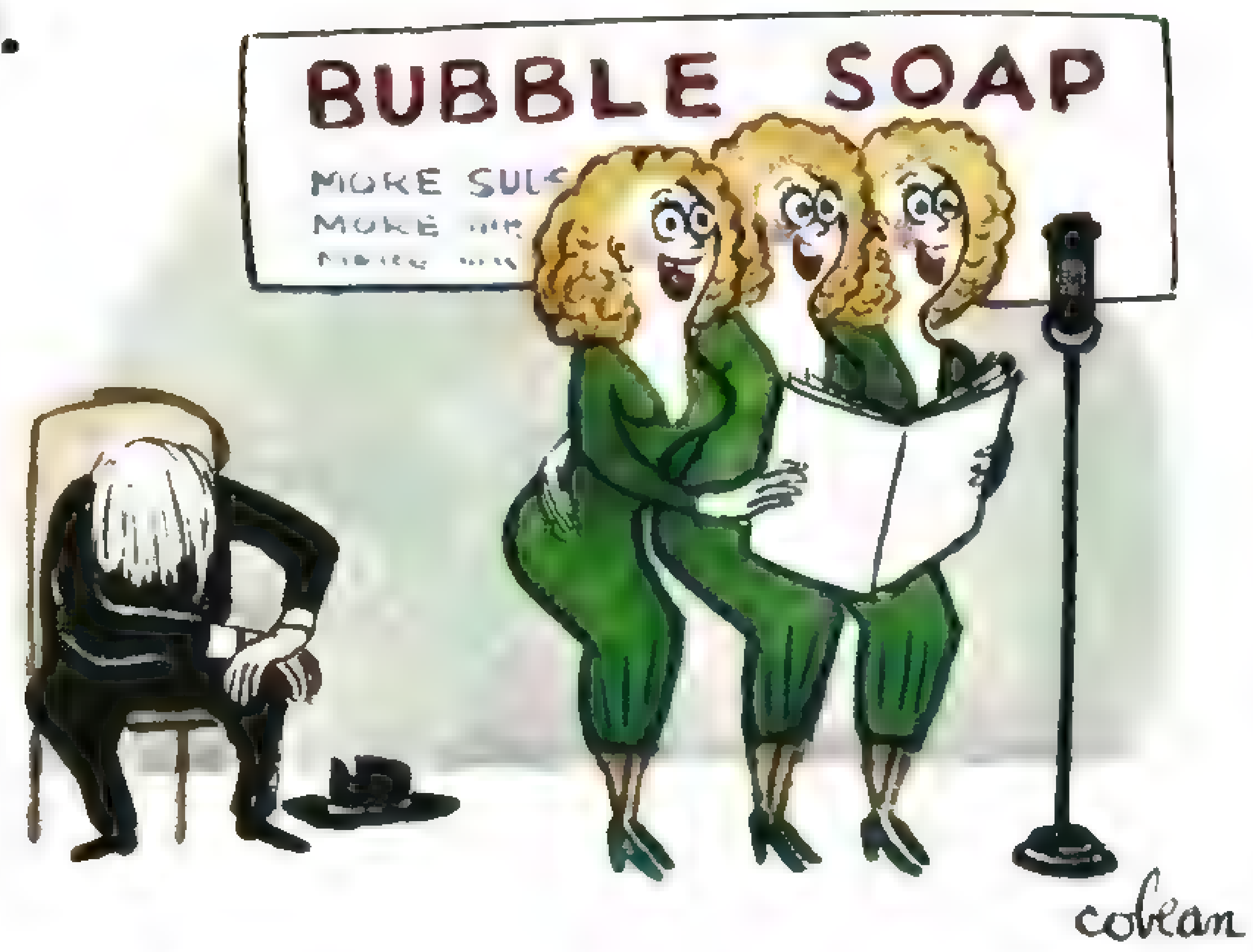
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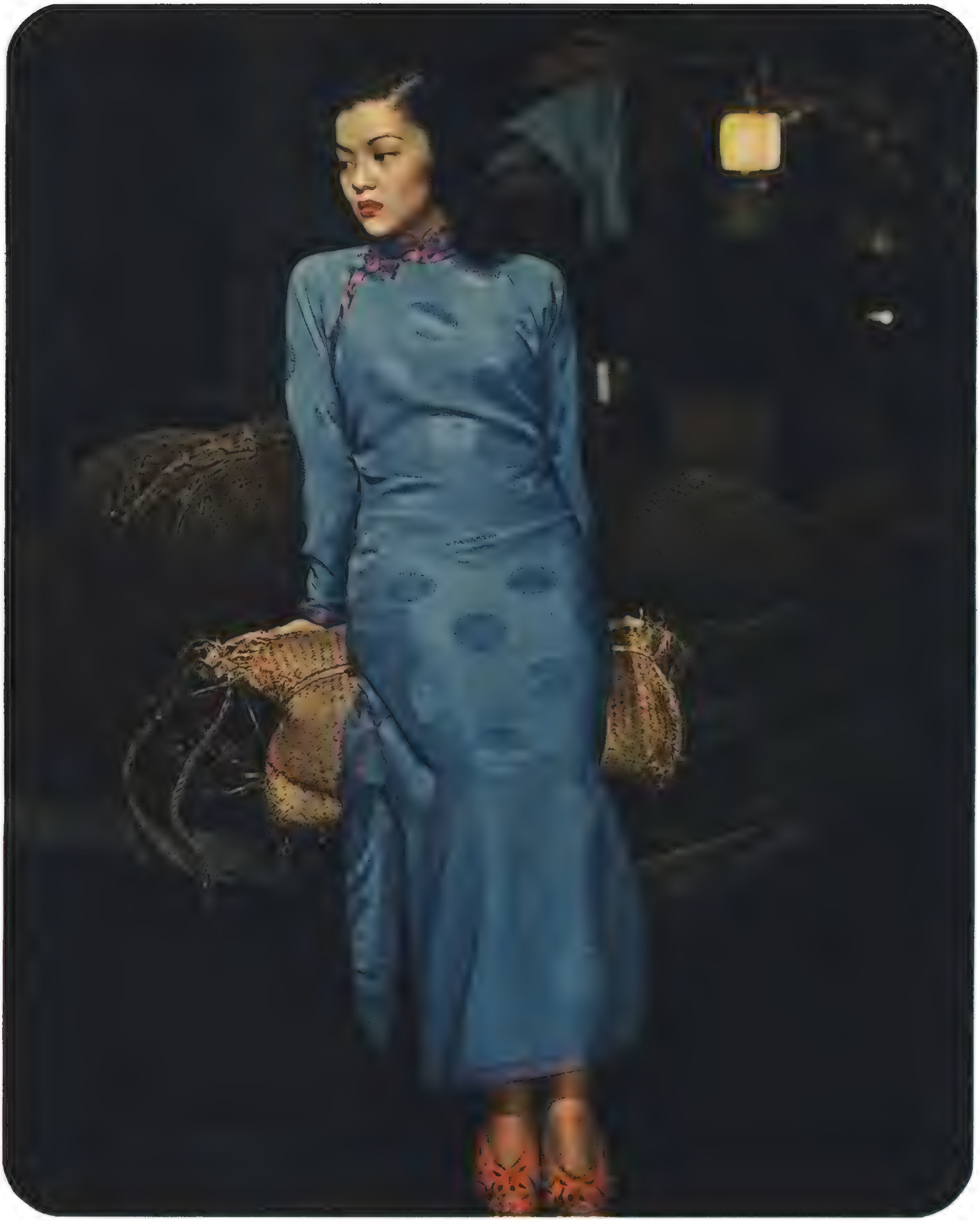


CHINA DOLL

Photograph by Don Christie

Columbia Pictures is offering for inspection its latest discovery, a Chinese actress, using the concocted name Maylia, in a film using the concocted name *To the Ends of the Earth*. Maylia—the name has no significance; the studio just figured it sounds musical in an Oriental way—was born Gloria Chin, daughter of a Joe Chin, a Detroit businessman, and had never been mixed up with the theatre before Columbia got hold of her, although an uncle, Chin Shue Wah, is a hot-shot on the stage in China. Little Miss Chin just happened to be in Hollywood on vacation, the studio would have you believe, and was seen by the wife of the man who is producing the aforementioned film. In no time at all Miss Chin had a contract, such is Hollywood's magic.

Glenn Grohe: Atomic-Age Artist

Do you want to be a modern artist? Have you a real interest in such things as automobiles, movies, free lunches for kids, textiles and streamlined plumbing?

An Article by

ROBERT U. GODSOE

GLENN GROHE is a highly successful young illustrative artist whose extraordinary energies and talents have found diverse expression. Aside from his painting he is a designer of textiles, a motion-picture maker, and an avid experimenter in other art forms.

The cool, ordered, carefully devised canvases which are Glenn Grohe's fine art are a fragment chipped from an aesthetic which is a good deal larger than all of them put together. At this point in his career (he is just thirty-five) his paintings are mere intimations of what goes on in his mind.

One day some scholar may reconstruct the image of what our megalomania chooses to call "modern man"—how he lived inside himself, where he thought he was going, with what implements he carved out his life among the environmental stalactites of his time.

The evidence surely is available. Increasingly the visible world is designed by man. Roadside billboards prove it. Chromium-plated cafeterias with blue-glass mirrors prove it. So do sequined pot holders. Upon the world of trees, lakes, rivers, deserts, mountains, man is imposing a design born out of function, which is need—and intuition, which is art. The man in the van of the 20th Century is the man who wishes to make function and intuition one. Such men are the artists with the sense of the technological or, if you will, technicians with the creative impulses of art. Grohe is one of them.

Perhaps the greatest factor in the development of technological art was the famous institution of the Bauhaus in pre-Nazi Germany. Principles of design developed by the Bauhaus group are evident in modern architecture, textiles, industrial design, movies, advertising and fine art, interior decoration. America has fallen heir to the movement. Walter Gropius, its former director, works at Harvard; the late Moholy-Nagy, one of its brightest luminaries, founded and directed Chicago's famed Institute of Design, which is Bauhaus transposed and extended.

We can safely place Glenn Grohe in the tradition of the Bauhaus group. He is an artist with a mind for industry, a technician with a mind for art. He wishes to impose man's design on the universe . . . but he wants it to be good design. He is young and has tremendous energy, a necessity in men of inventiveness. Henri Murger's artist starved and made love in a garret; Grohe takes his three children skiing. Modern art gets closer to the Greeks. It believes in the sound body. Because less and less it depends on blind directives of mere passion it grows more and more to rely on science. It is impressed by Freud, Einstein, electronics.

Glenn Grohe sees his role as artist as indistinguishable from his role as citizen. He is more interested in making a world in which people can live than in painting pretty pictures. He thinks good design, whether in furniture, automobiles, dress fabrics or plumbing, is necessary to the proper functioning of man. If we can order the physical world around us perhaps, one day, we will learn to order ourselves.

Grohe is as interested in Le Corbusier, packaging, hot lunches for school children, as he in the textile designs he creates and prints; he discusses the French Resistance movement of the late war and the newest motion pictures, particularly the innovations. He is devoted to the proposition that heaven is here, if men can seize upon it. He is politically adult, alive to the pressures set in motion by today's freighted problems, governmental, sociological, economic.

His work is solid, intelligent, sensitive, craftsmanlike. He is in touch with all of the developments in modern painting; his brush turns longingly toward abstraction. Grohe knows his catholicity of interests has not yet found its essential motif as applied to painting; but when one is thirty-five there is every reason to expect it will.

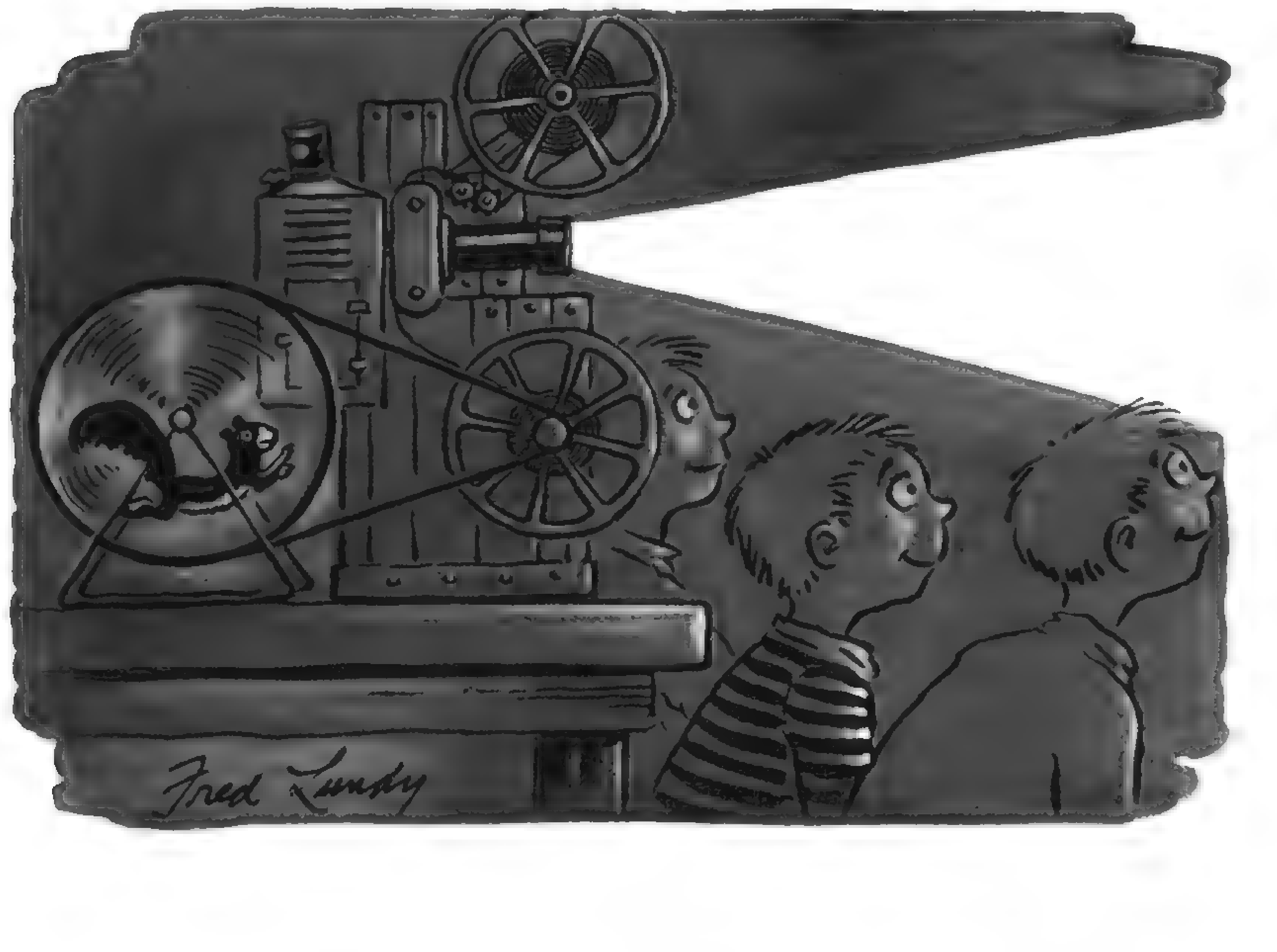
In his painting he is frankly interested in subject. Though what he does with paint will, most often, come out dignified, tasteful, strained and representational, there is a drive here toward abstract principles which should develop further. If an excess of taste tends to debilitate, this will disappear as the artist develops and gains courage, as the wide interests come into a sharper focus and as that which is extrinsic is subordinated or eliminated. The work then will come more directly from the heart.

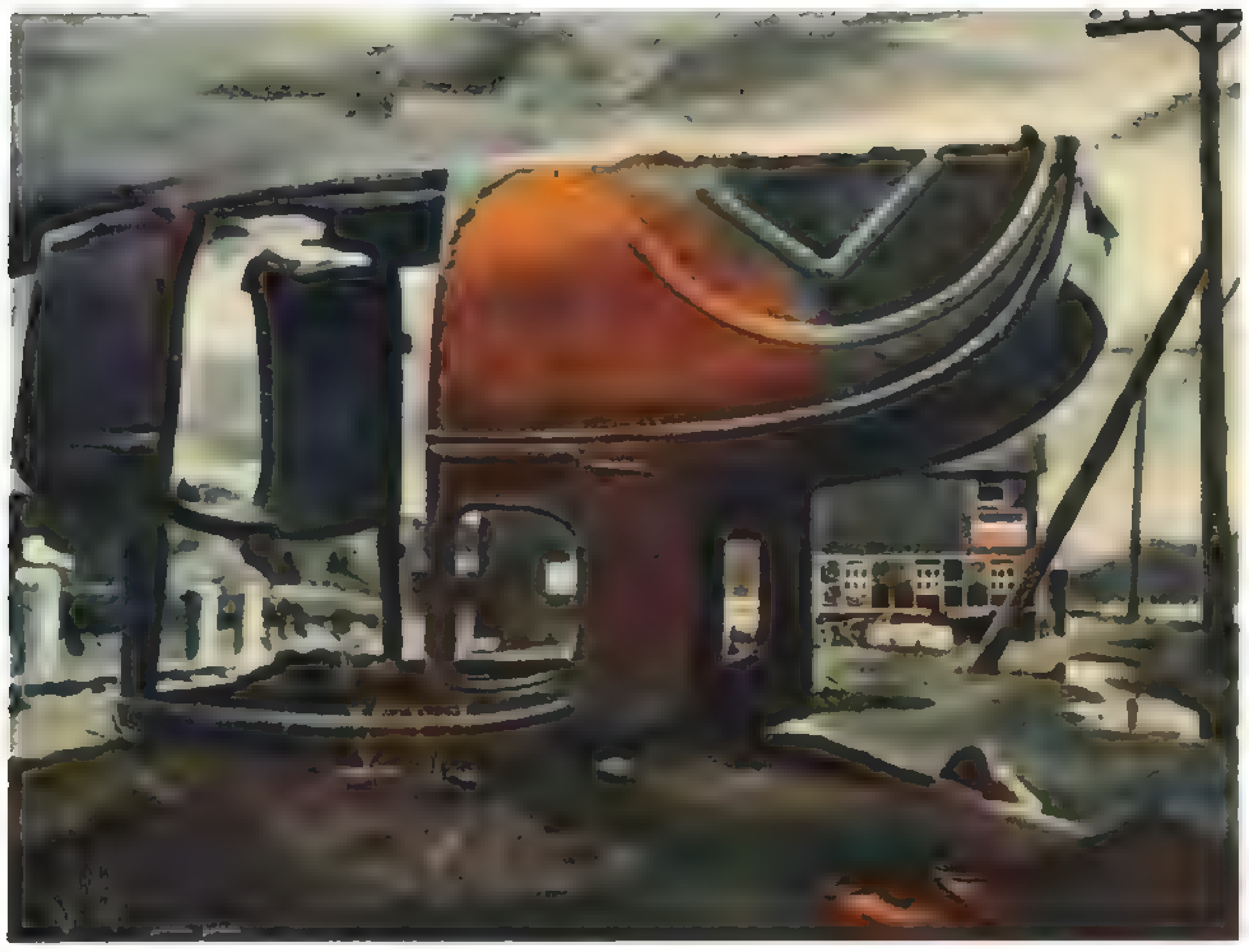
Grohe must so organize the multiplicity of his interests as to give himself long, devastating hours before canvas during which he will struggle with the mere plastics of painting, for there is the language of art. A successful commercial artist, a designer of textile, motion-picture maker, public-spirited citizen, husband, father of three, sports enthusiast is apt to find a little difficult that matter of the long sedentary hours before his easel which is vital to the mastery of a language of plastic art. Grohe has a good deal more to say in paint than the average artist. It would be nice to hear him say it more often and in sharper tones.

Glenn's home in Westport, Connecticut, is full of children, pictures and sculpture (another activity). It is presided over by young Mrs. Grohe, a brilliant and beautiful girl and a provocative painter herself. Her theories of art are stimulating and advanced. She believes that art is an extension of the personality and a device for widening the experimental world. The life of the Grohes is a forum of ideas.

Together they make documentary motion pictures. At present they are working out their sequences for a movie to be called *How to Paint a Picture*, which is planned as a comedy of errors. Glenn designs and makes his own simple and useful furniture, ornamental only in so far as function will permit. He is enthusiastic about exhibitions of useful objects such as the Museum of Modern Art has sponsored, because he believes that design begins with the humblest and most necessary of man's workaday implements.

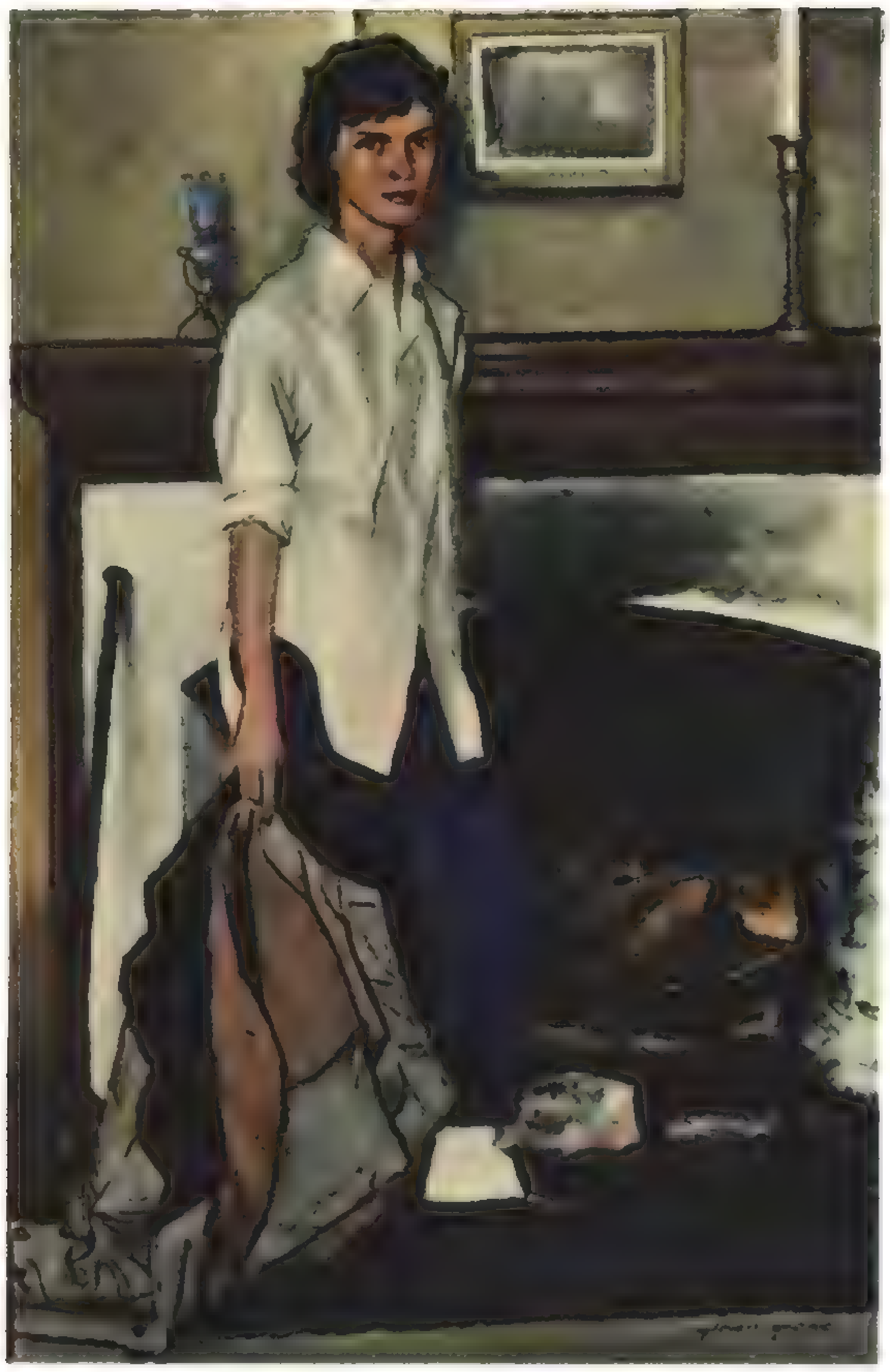
This is the type of lucid mind which recognizes basic problems in the life of modern man, which identifies itself with his politics, economic dilemmas, amusements, community interests, and the tools which, in an industrial age, must be an extension of his personality. Grohe will become a painter to be reckoned with when more of this modern composition of mind breaks through in his paintings. He recognizes his function as an artist which takes him half way there. ⌗



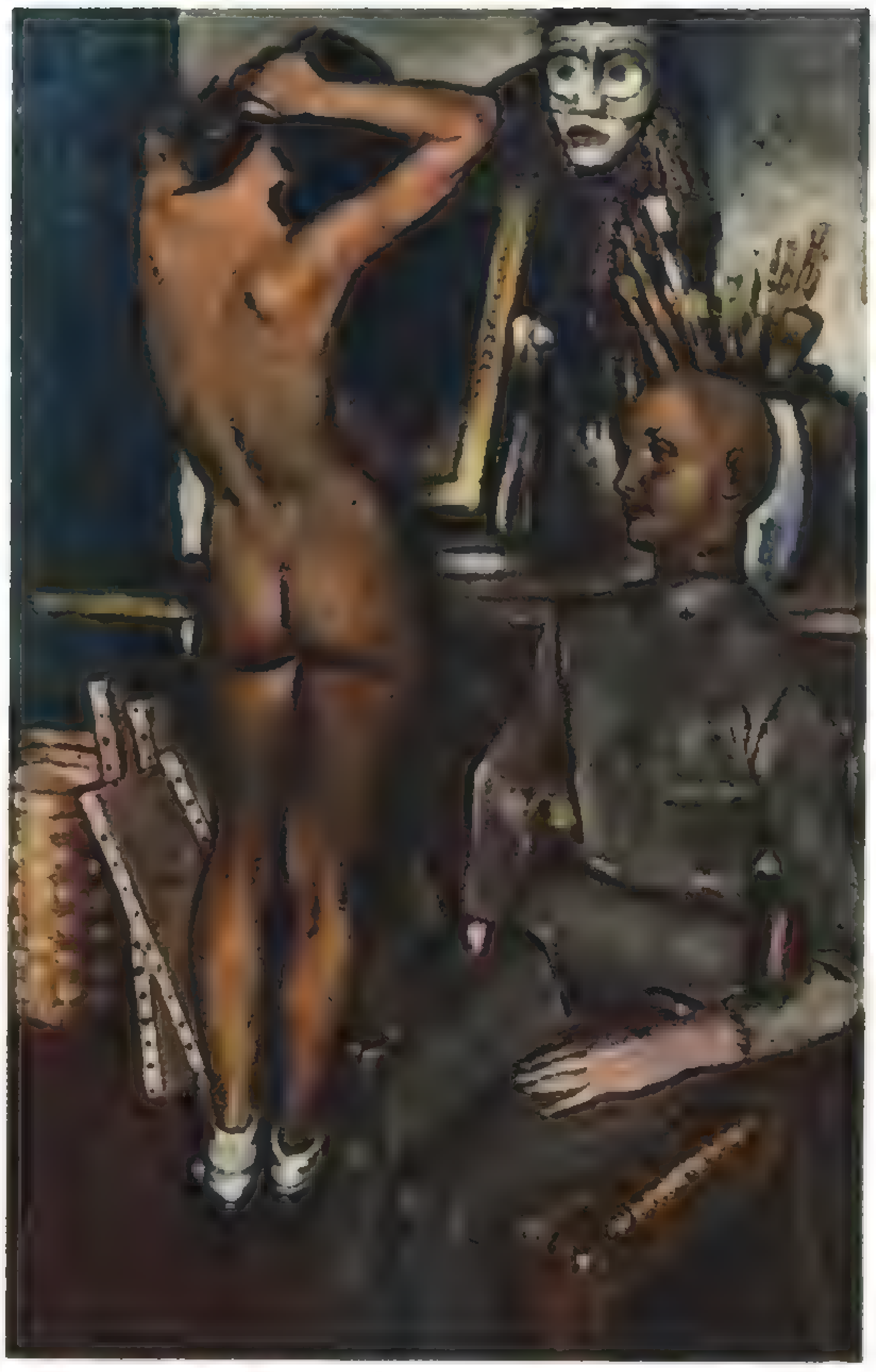


SALVAGE DEPOT Oil 15" x 20"

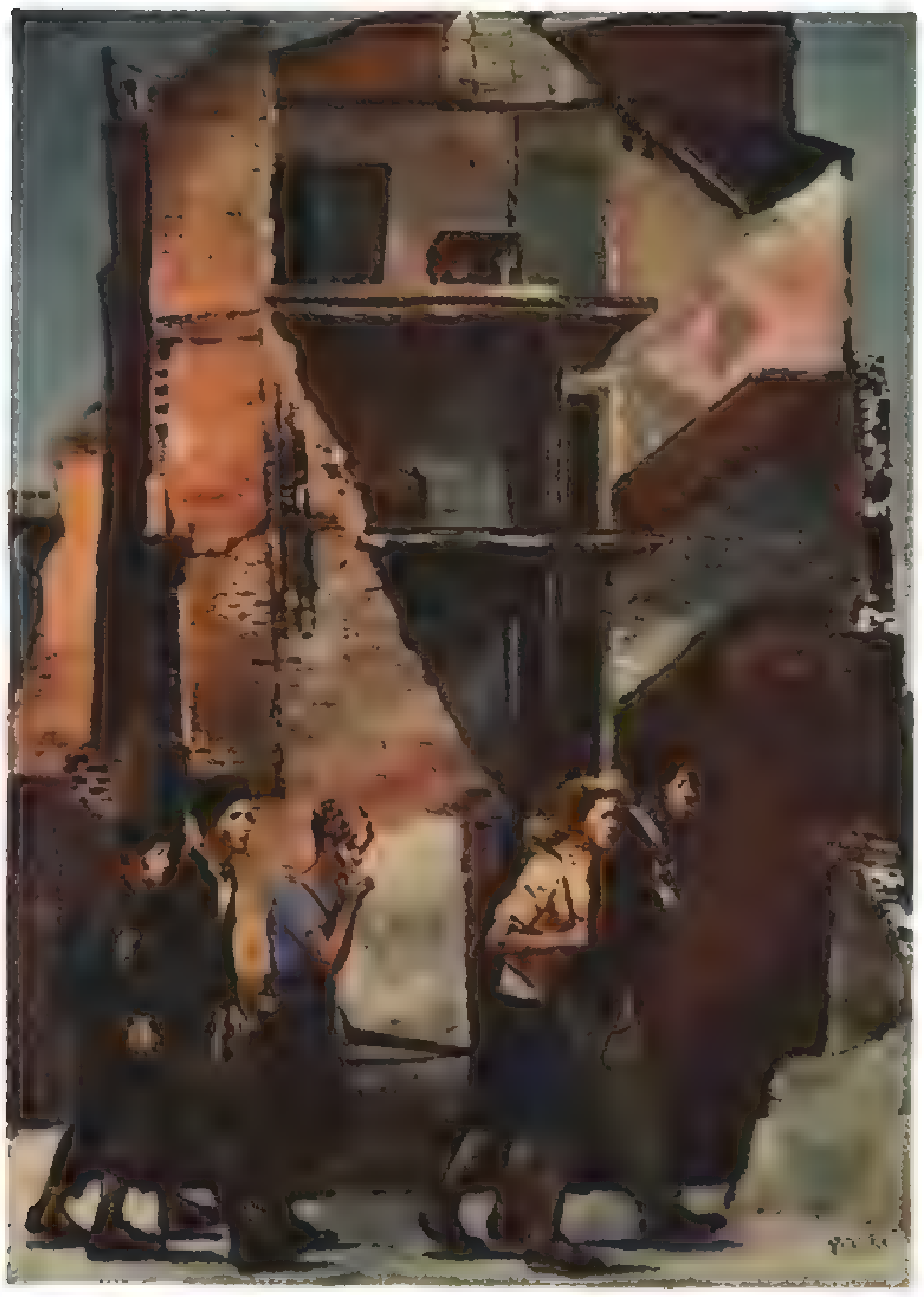
Art Portfolio
GLENN GROHE



BETSY Oil 30" x 20"



NUDE AND MANNEQUIN Oil 26" x 16"



MAQUIS Oil 37" x 27"

The Cold War on Husbands

Here's one man's advice to husbands in the matter of domestic tranquillity: Don't pay any attention to the experts for they are out to sell the bridegroom short

An Article by

HERB GRAFFIS

If you want to observe the cold-type war against American husbands, read the women's magazines. The verbal barrage is mainly a rewrite of books on how to train household pets, and teaches the young wife how to bring her spouse docilely to heel, and to housebreak the mutt without having to put newspapers on the kitchen floor.

You can't imagine how thorough and ingenious the Amazonians' experts are in counseling female matrimonial rookies to mow down the bewildered and trusting enemy, the husbands.

Evidently, though, there is a flaw in the strategy they urge. Since they struck the first blow, divorces have increased until now for every three starting at the altar one ends with a judge saying, "Decree granted."

Some ex-husbands ultimately win by escaping frigidly logical concentration camps which present married life with the new look advocated by women's-magazine authorities.

The eminent Sarah Gibson Blanding, President of Vassar College, in briefing brides on how to be a home companion, wrote in the periodical of similar name: "After talking with hundreds of Vassar alumnae . . . I have decided our next big step along the long road to equal rights must be to liberate women from some of the monotonous tasks of the home, thus freeing them to learn about important political issues, giving them time to run for the school board or other municipal offices, or for purely volunteer activities within their communities."

Well, what could be fairer than for men's next big step being liberation from the monotonous task of paying tuition and other expenses for daughters in Vassar, thus giving men time for purely volunteer activities within their communities? These activities might include entertaining some of the choicer numbers among the Vassar alumnae that would happily interrupt monotonous tasks assumed when a gentleman becomes one of the League of Good Providers.

The domestic-help situation being what it is, Sister Sarah's suggestion involves puncturing the husband's anti dishwashing, sweeping, bedmaking, and baby-changing defense. That is the Blanding fundamental principle in the war against husbands. Papa will have to do more work or not entertain the noble ambition of joining in holy wedlock a Vassar girl.

Pointing out that it is just as important that "Henry of Harvard be a good husband and father as that Virginia of Vassar be a good wife and mother," Pres. Blanding recommends marriage-training courses for men. That would have Henry striving to win his H as a member of the varsity baby-changing team or get a degree doing dishes. Newspaper reporters and photographers know the result of such academic advice. They're sent out for stories and pictures of soft-spirited fellows majoring as maids. The victims may pretend it's just a prank, but the purposeful expression of their spouses informs the impartial observer that benedicts are being kidded on the level.

The High Command of this ideological cold war against the husband is so smart it outsmarts itself. After a husband becomes proficient at household tasks he is inclined to rebel against his Boss, toss her away and get some female who will coo at him, "Sit down and relax, you great big handsome Brute, and I will pour you a drink to gnaw on while I am cooking you a great dinner. Then while you are reading the paper, I will do the dishes, and later . . ."

This cheery program, climaxed by a dandy movie or listening to opera records, seems to make more of an appeal to Husband Henry of Harvard than the thought that his Virginia of Vassar is making a strong race for a place on the school board.

There are indications of treason in the propaganda of the cold-print war against husbands. Famed gentlemen, such as Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D., of the Pennsylvania State College Department of Psychology, tell ladies, through their *Home Journal*, "What is a good husband." He does not commend a character named Jim. Authority Adams says: No drinker or gambler, Jim earns a good living for his family. After supper he takes his paper to the radio and sits until bedtime unless his lodge is meeting. His wife goes about her own duties or pleasures undisturbed, so long as she doesn't upset his routine. Sunday finds him at church, and in the afternoon he may take the family for a ride.

Prof. Adams then tells Mary how to jolt the dope out of his routine, which probably leads to twenty or thirty children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren having a merry time at chez Jim and Mary, celebrating their golden-wedding anniversary.

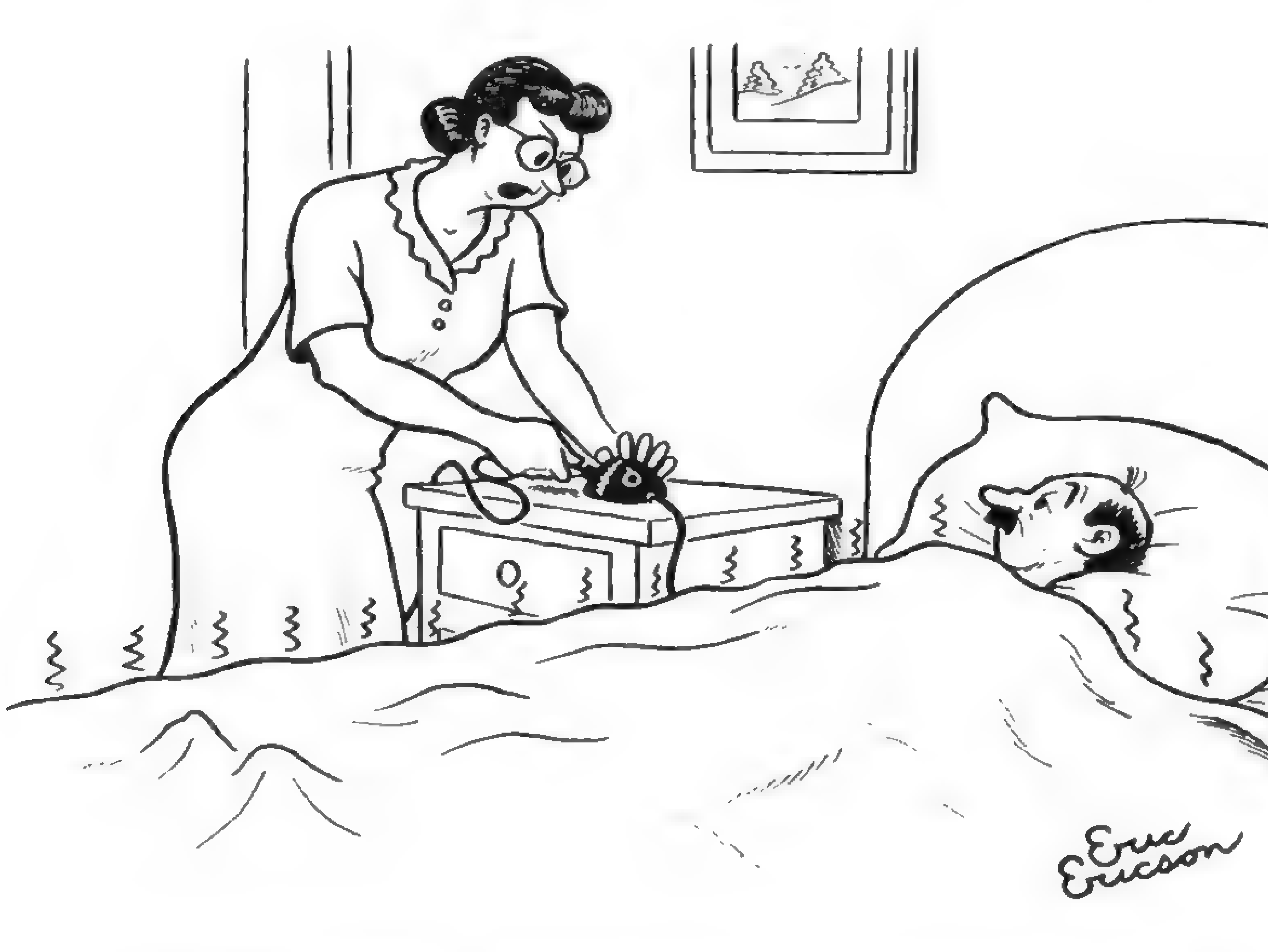
But before Mary impinges a psychological flame on Jim's home-loving hide she might remember that if Jim had not exhibited unmistakable evidence of lassitude away from his paid employment, she probably would not have been able to tie the leash to his collar.

It would have taken a maiden somewhat more frolicsome than Mary to appeal to uncaptured Jim if Jim were the sort of fellow who had a craving to romp around.

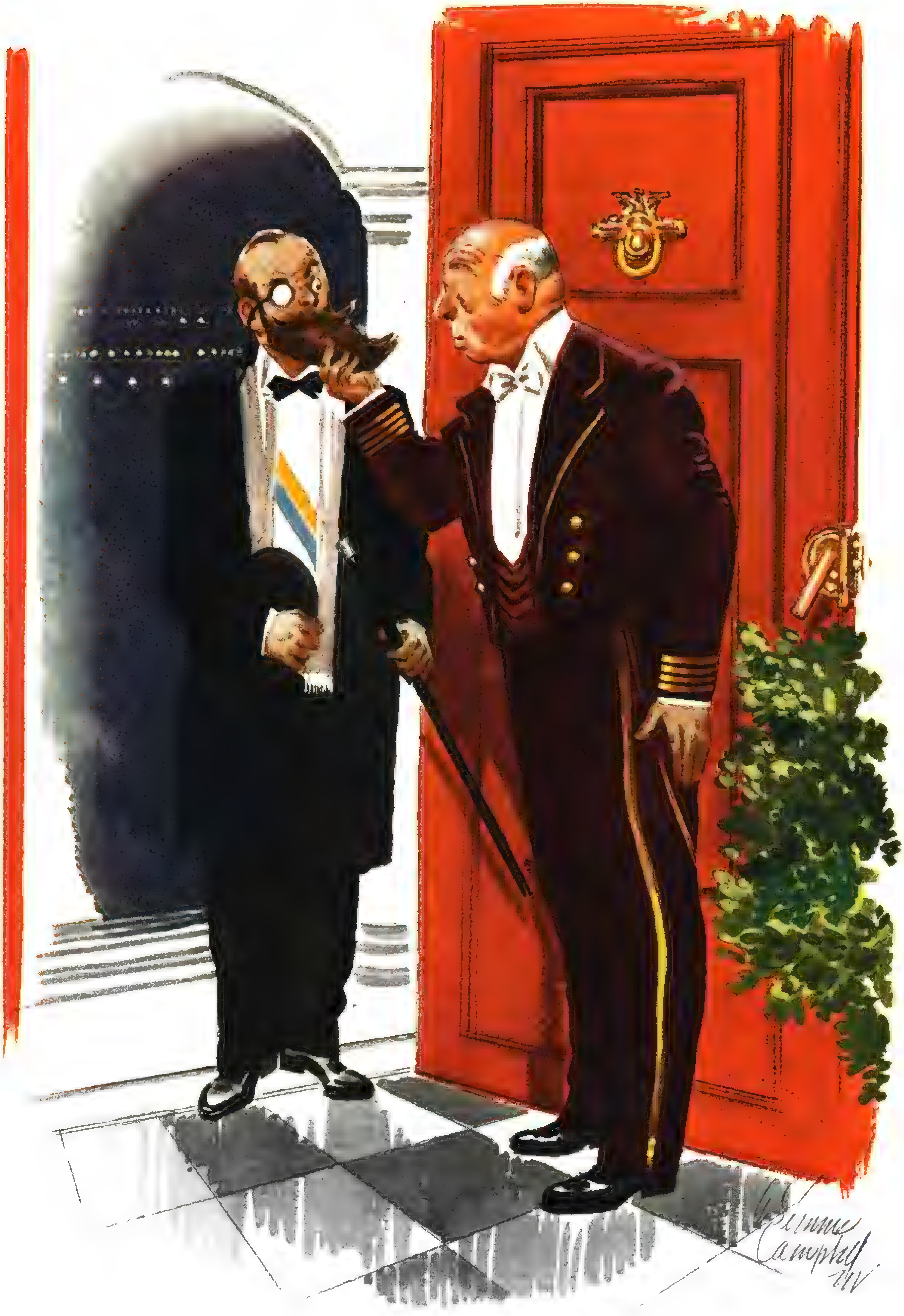
Now if these two distinguished educators, Blanding and Adams, had popped off personally to a married pair who were learning that the course of true love does not run smooth, not many would have been surprised if La Blanding and Adams, Ph.D., had been bopped with empty bottles. But as generals in GHQ, they sit in safety and account for the slaughter of thousands.

The ad writers are more skilled in the monotonous task of keeping an ever-loving twain ever loving. Advertisements picture handsome creatures so tightly enfolded they appear to be in the first stages of a skin-grafting operation. Advertising men slap into type a head such as, "He's Helpless In Your Hands" fill out the rest of the space with a few lines of patter, a cut of the bottle and information on the "economy-size" bottle. They then collect their commissions out of the manufacturer's profits.

They simplify matrimony by telling a girl to smear her mitts with the lotion instead of plaguing Harvard Henry, Jim, et al. with surreptitious and sinister bossiness. Sometimes, maybe, the lotion won't work. But neither will high-powered advice on how to housebreak a husband. At least the lotion will do no irreparable damage. #



"Get up before I yank out your electric-blanket plug!"


Simms Campbell

"Sorry, sir, the invitation specified white tie"

If You Have Tears

Beginning the fast, adroit novel of the making of a killer who had no business being a killer

An Esquire Book-Length Feature—Part I

by JOHN EVANS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If You Have Tears* is not just one mystery. It is, in a sense, two mysteries. Rarely does a book divide itself so neatly that the tense excitement of the story holds up completely for a reading in two sittings, but John Evans has turned the trick.

In this, the first part of a two-part novel, you get, complete, the absorbing and relentless story of a man who was driven to murder. You get the crime, the background and the motive—a honey-headed lovely named Lona. It is a story in itself.

Next month Esquire will run the story of the detection and punishment of the criminal, a conclusion full of hammering excitement and surprise.

(*If You Have Tears* is published in book form by Mystery House, New York.)

When I got off the 5:33 that afternoon, I ran into Clint and Angela Dirnhorn on the platform. Clint had an overnight bag in one of his meaty hands and a tender hold on his wife's arm with the other. He nodded to me. "Hi, Larry. If you'll stick around I'll drive you home."

"It's a deal, Clint." Then I smiled at his wife. "Leaving us for a while?"

"Just up to Barstow for a few days. Mother hasn't been feeling well."

Angela smiled at me the slow warm smile that twenty years before, when we were attending San Bernardino High, used to keep me awake nights thinking of her full red lips and the sea-green shade of her eyes . . . eyes that had no business in a seventeen-year-old face.

Clint kissed Angela warmly—the only way any man would ever kiss her—and helped her up the step of the coach. She said, "Good-by, Larry. Keep an eye on my husband." The train began to move. Clint stood there, grinning shamefacedly as though apologizing for showing that he loved his wife.

We went through the station and out between the Doric columns the railroad had added to the new building as acknowledgment that a good many of Palm View's residents, being well-to-do businessmen in San Bernardino, were entitled to something special. I followed Clint into the front seat of his new sedan.

He was perspiring as we turned into Parnell, Palm View's business section. It is a wide, pleasant street, with pseudo-Spanish buildings and plenty of contrasting colors on roofs and walls. Clint said: "Pretty hot, hey Larry? How was it in town?"

"Jesus! If there's any place hottern' San Berdoo this time a year, you can have it."

"I thought they were going to air-condition your bank."

"There was some talk about it. Last time the old man came out Wayne asked him about it but got nothing definite."

We turned off Parnell, onto Colmar. Off to the east stood the San Bernardino range, its snowcapped peaks emphasizing the heat in the valley. I wondered if it would be possible to get up to Arrowhead for a day or two. Lona and I had managed it for a week-end year before, but one of the officials from the home office had come there with his wife, and we had to spend most of our time in the cabin for fear of running into him . . .

"How's Grace?"

". . .Uh? Why, she's fine, Clint . . . fine!"

"We'll have to get together one of these nights, Larry. Maybe a little bridge. Angela always says you and Grace are one of the happiest couples she knows."

"Thanks, Clint," I said. "Nice of Angela to say it."

"It's true," he grinned as he pulled up to the curb in front of my place. "So long."

He drove off up the street, leaving me standing there. The sun was still fairly high and the cypress hedge in front of Freddie Bethelmen's house glistened from a recent watering. I went along the walk to my own Spanish-type house with its white-stucco walls and green-tiled roof. The door to the garage was closed, which meant Grace hadn't used the car that afternoon.

I went into the hall, tossed my Panama on the table, walked into the living room.

"Larry?"

"Uh-hunh."

She came in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on a green apron, an unexcited smile creasing her soft, round, pretty face. She put up her cheek for my kiss.

"You look tired, Larry. The heat?"

"I guess so." I dropped into a chair. "How near is dinner? Maybe I'll take a bath before we eat."

"There's no hurry." She straightened her apron and tucked a damp strand of brown hair behind an ear. "Did you get a ride from the station?"

"Clint Dirnhorn," I said. Then I yawned. "How about starting the tub for me, Grace? Maybe I'll feel more like eating after I wash off this stickiness."

"Of course, dear." She crossed toward the hall stairs. I watched her go, thinking she was quite a bit wider across the hips, heavier in the waist, than a year ago. Her bare arms were still smooth and soft but they were just short of being flabby. There was a puffiness under her jaws that had been no more than a suggestion of puffiness last summer . . .

I myself weighed only three or four pounds more than I had ten years before; but I put in several hours a week at the gym, plus 36 holes of golf almost every week-end. Considering that Grace had never been one for sports, she still had a good figure for a woman crowding forty.

Lona was different. Lona was slenderly curved and vibrant and beautiful. Lona could do 18 holes in the low 80's, give the club tennis pro a run for his money, dance until three in the morning, then climb into bed with you and make you glad to stay awake until sunup. Lona was twenty-seven . . .

We ate in the dining room, with candles for light. Salmon salad, a frothy gelatine and iced coffee. The bath had made me almost human. I was thinking whether to suggest driving into San Bernardino to take in a movie when Grace said, "Oh, I just remembered. Craig Taylor called just before you came in. He said he and Mrs. Taylor would like to drive over this evening if we weren't going to be busy."

"Hell! That old bore! I've got enough insurance . . . But all right, I'll call him back. He's a good customer at the bank and it wouldn't do to tell him we're busy."

Her lips curled in a smile that indicated how well she understood me. "You weigh most of your decisions against their effect on the bank, don't you, Larry?"

I stared at her. "That's the first time you've said anything like that in years. I thought you were used to it by this time."

She shook her head, still smiling. "I'm not complaining, dear. When we were first married I hated the bank. Our honeymoon lasted just two days because one of the tellers got sick and you went back to help out. And so many times we've had to give up plans we had made because something came up at the bank."

"It's my job," I said. "It's been my job since I was seventeen. You knew that even before we were married."

She began to gather the dishes. "It's simply that I'm seeing something clearly for the first time. When we were first married, you had just become an assistant teller. You had your job and you had me . . . in that order. I hated that, Larry; I felt I should be first in your life."

"Have you been carrying this around all these years? I thought you were over it long ago."

She put down the plates and put a hand on my arm. "That's exactly what I'm trying to tell you, darling! I've learned there was never any point in my being jealous of your work. As long as I'm the only woman in your life, it's silly to be jealous at all."

I pushed back from the table. "I'll call

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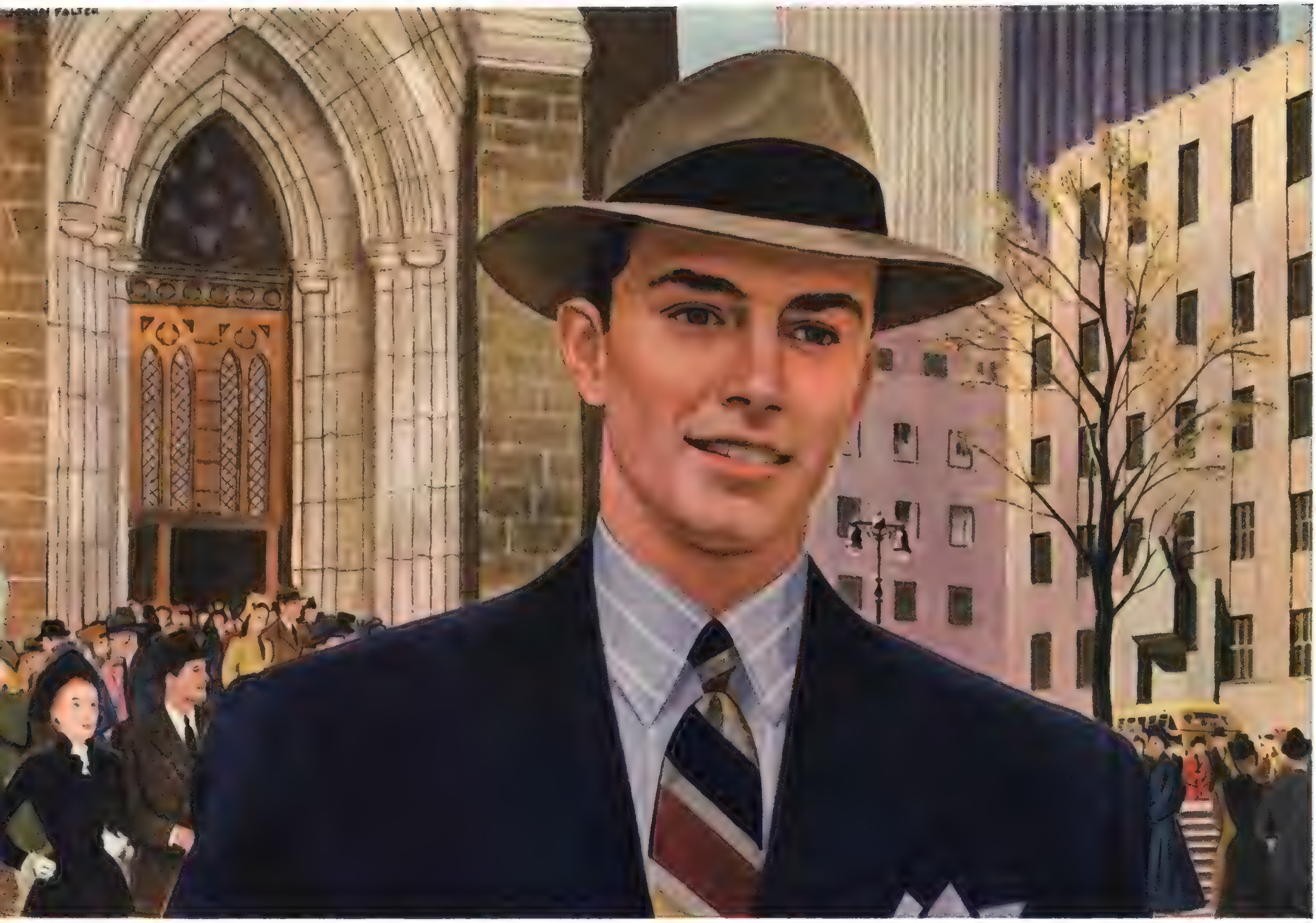
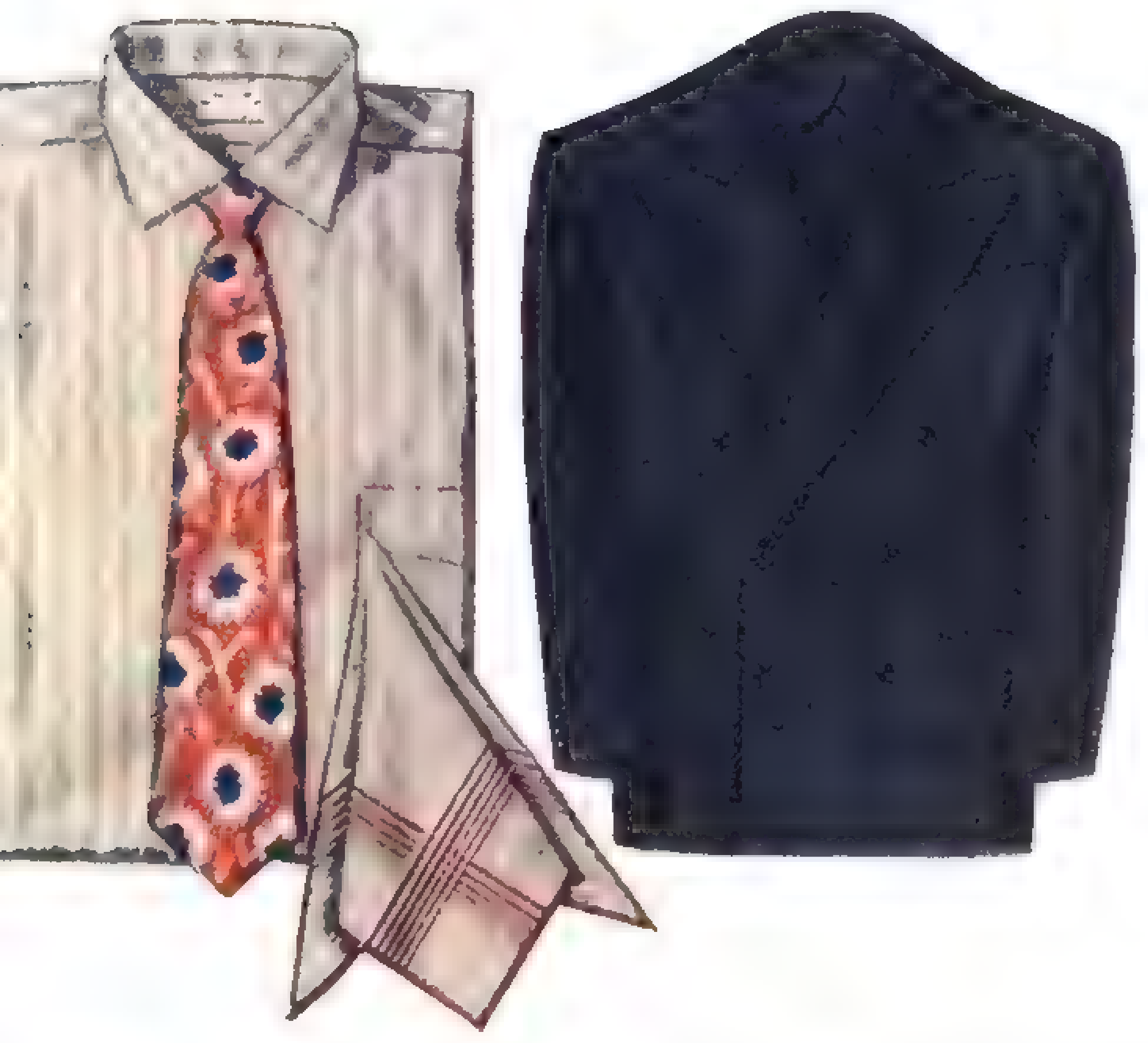


Arrow's Style of the Month
"Easter Parade"

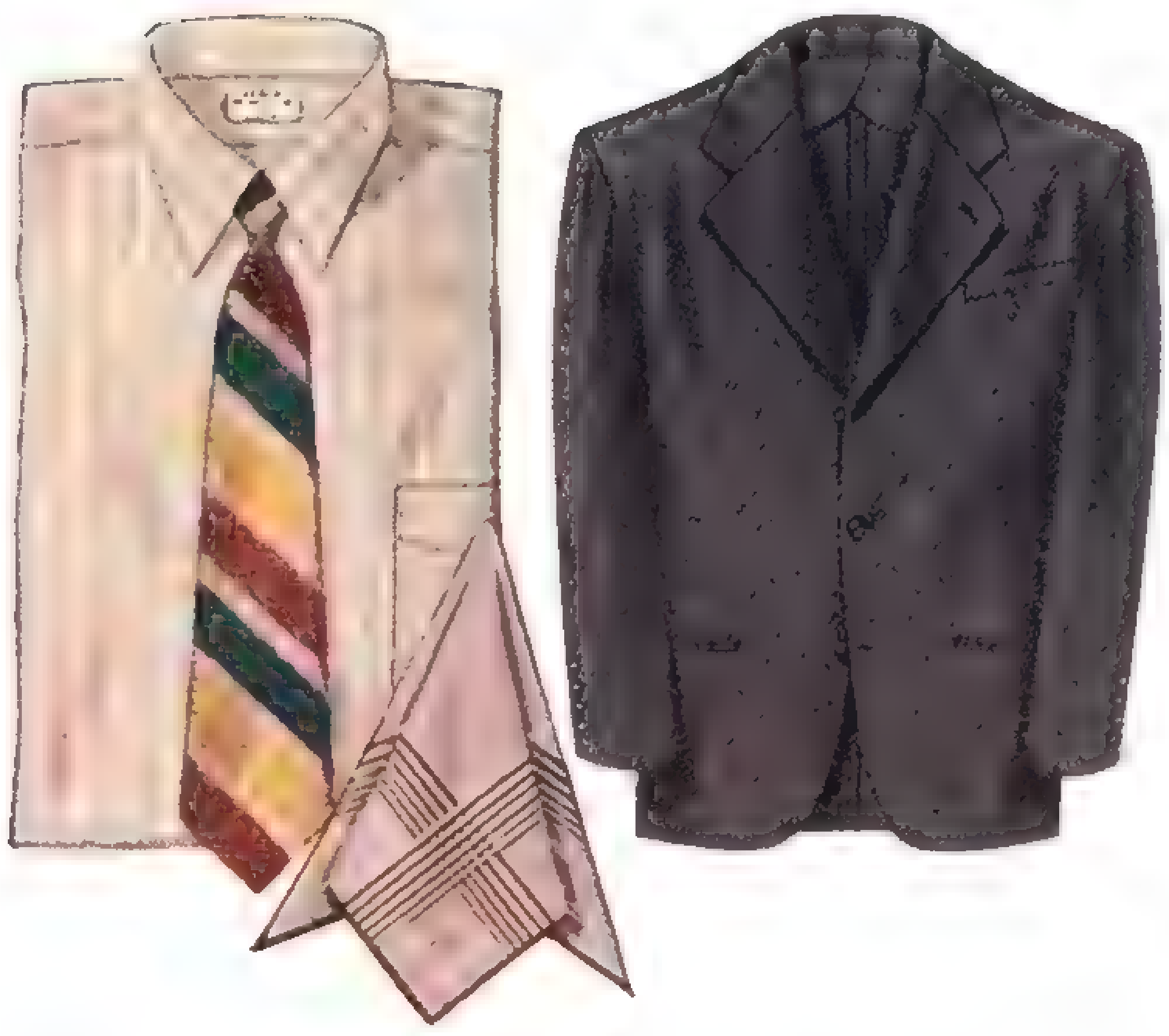
THIS YEAR (and this Parade!) you'll probably like yourself best in unobtrusive good dress.

Arrow's new Easter Parade ensemble provides shirts which feature a white double corded stripe on soft-toned broadcloth in blue, tan, green, or gray. Extremely good-looking!

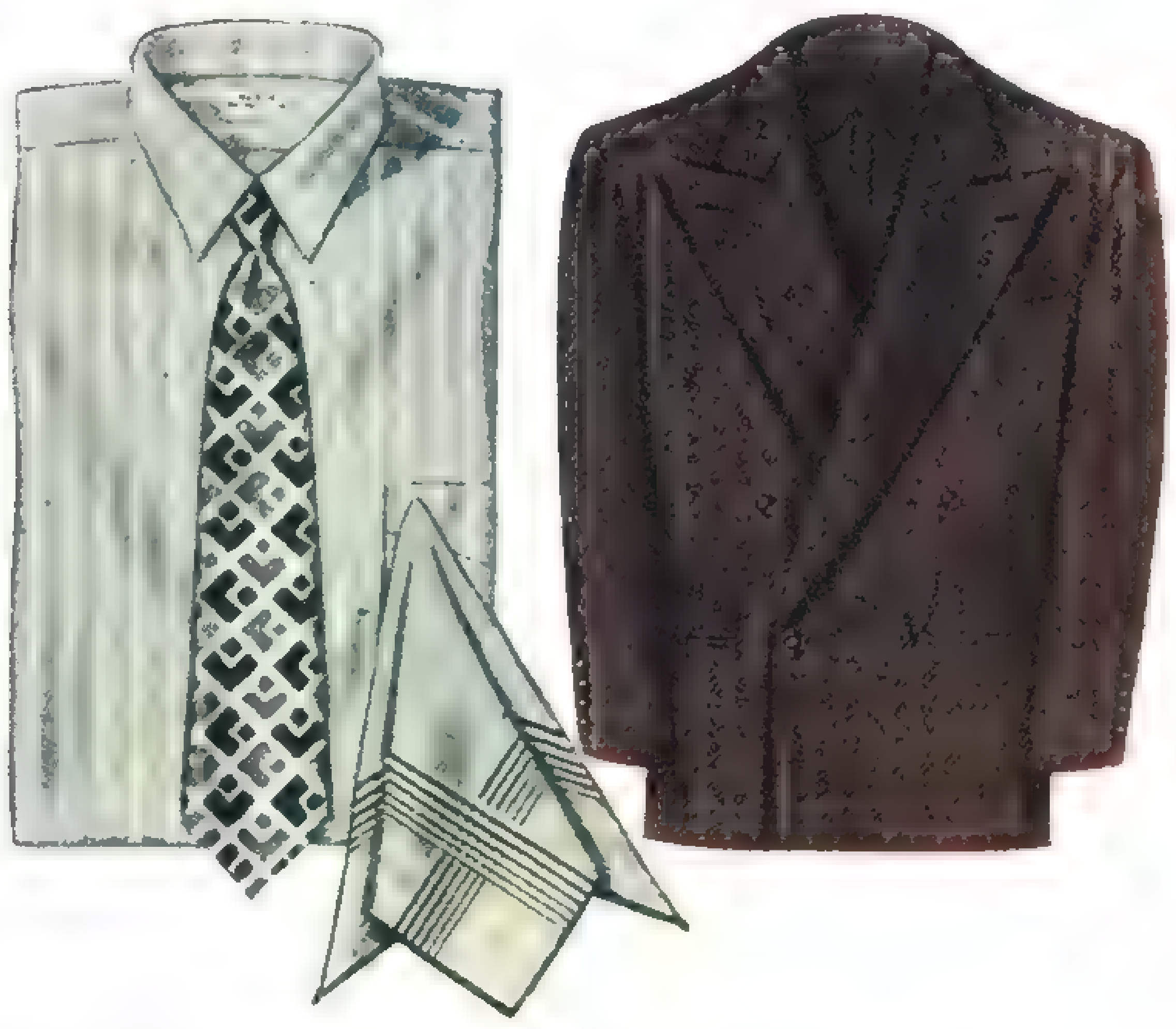
HINT: wear colors as indicated with your BLUE, GRAY, OR BROWN SUIT! (see below)



THE SHIRTS feature that one-and-only Arrow Collar . . . are "Mitoga" shaped-to-*your*-shape . . . and are Sanforized trade-marked—which means the fabric can't shrink more than 1%. $4.25.

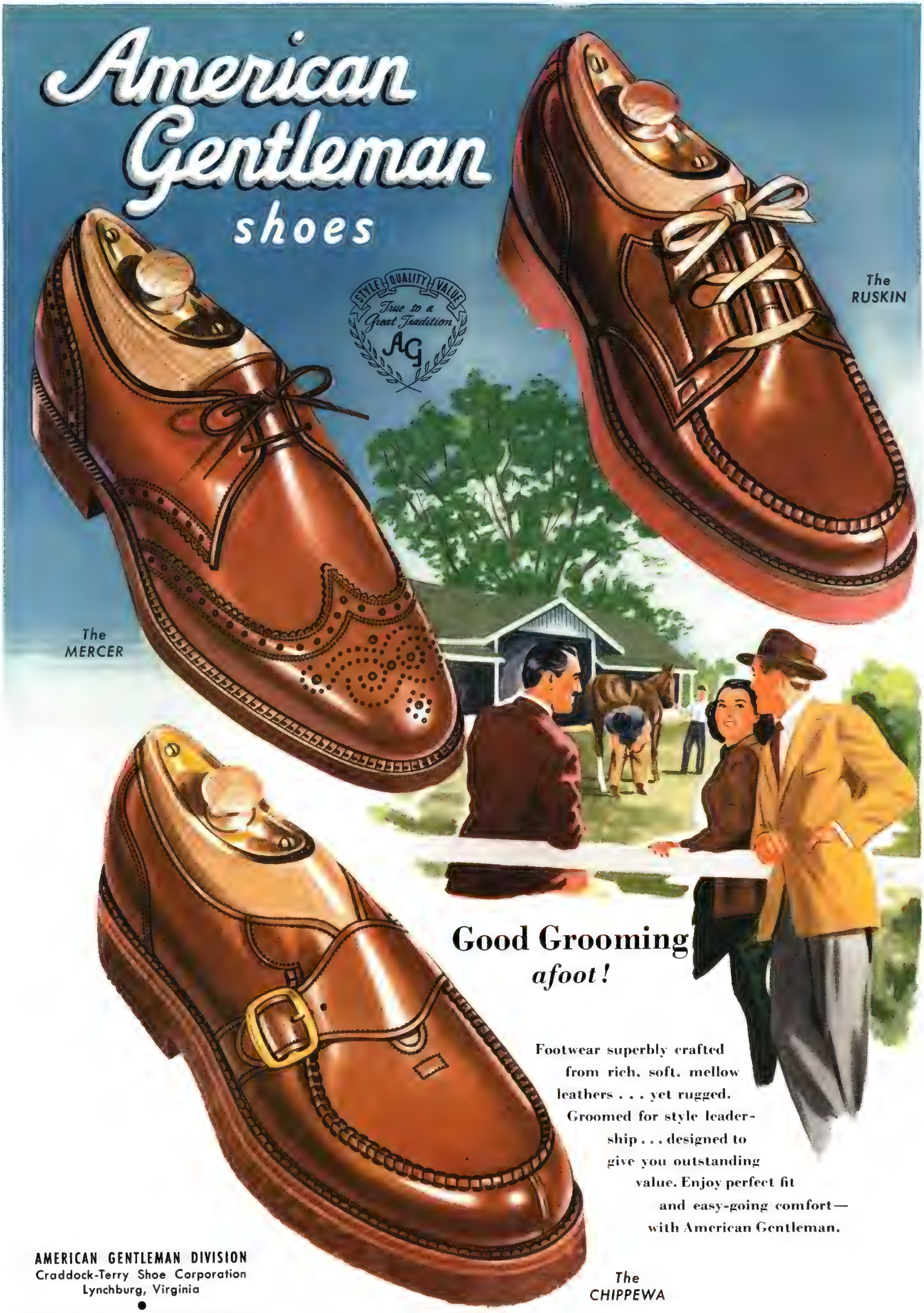


THE TIES—made expressly to go with the shirt—are in lively "splash" patterns; smart geometrical "block" effects; or broad stripes with a neat basket weave. All $1.50.



THE HANDKERCHIEFS give the final fillip to ye outfit. Same Easter Parade pattern as the shirts. Same colors, and *woven*—not printed. Amply cut, as men like them (65¢). *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW "Easter Parade" SHIRTS
TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS



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Good Grooming
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Footwear superbly crafted from rich, soft, mellow leathers . . . yet rugged. Groomed for style leadership . . . designed to give you outstanding value. Enjoy perfect fit and easy-going comfort—with American Gentleman.

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Here's the softness of "hand", the clarity of color, that only spun rayon can give you. But, unlike some, this particular fabric needs no special laundering. It is completely washable. Its delicate colors hold fast. It will not shrink or stretch more than 2%. To be sure of this ease in the sports shirts you buy, look for shirts of Mooresville Fabric. You get the truest colors known to man. The shirt illustrated is tailored by Bartlay, from a pattern woven exclusively for them by Mooresville. Ask for it at your favorite store.

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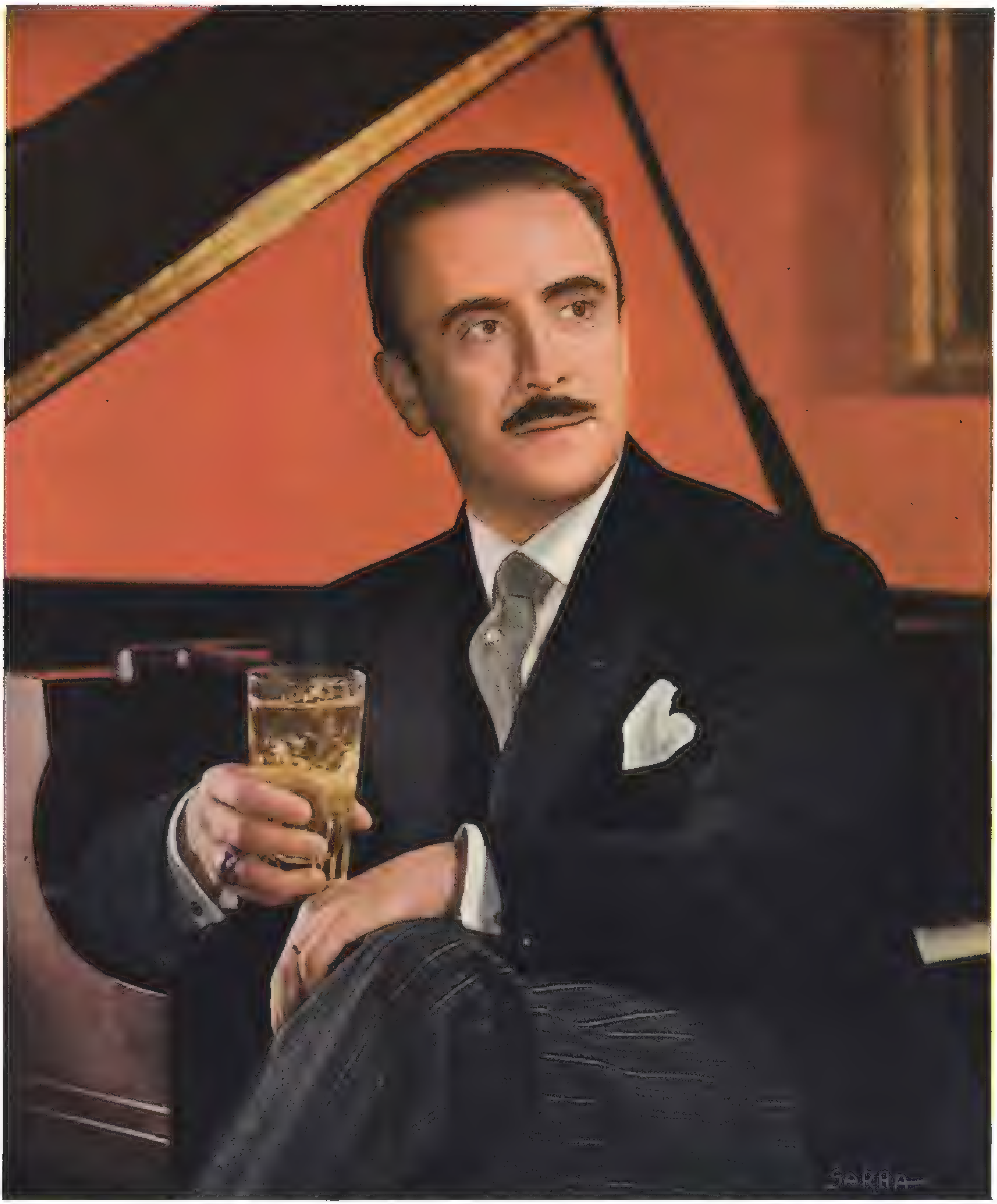
MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE RAYONS

PHOTO BY IVES COLOR



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For Men of Distinction...**LORD CALVERT**

To enjoy the most genuinely pleasant highball you ever tasted, try Lord Calvert in your next drink. For here is a whiskey so truly distinguished . . . so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* . . . that it is intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. The next time you order . . . speak the name Lord Calvert!

LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.

Craig Taylor." I could feel blood in my cheeks and I was uncomfortable and a little sore because I was uncomfortable.

* * *

At 8:30 the Taylors pulled up in front of the house in a shiny convertible. Craig was a chunky little guy, with a round face and horn-rimmed glasses. He was one of the vice-presidents of Trans-American Life Insurance, in charge of all branches west of the Rockies. He said, "Evening, Larry," and helped about five feet of glittering blonde in a mink jacket out of the car.

Taylor said, "You know Connie, don't you, Larry?"

I couldn't see her very well but I could smell her—the kind of smell they call *L'Affaire* and costs $50 an ounce.

"Of course I remember you, Mr. Sungail. Bankers aren't usually so handsome."

"That makes me owe you a drink. I've some Scotch that will uncurl your hair."

We stood in the hall while Craig introduced the two women. Grace was wearing a flowered print she had picked up at a sale a year before. It was too tight across the hips and came close to making her look actually fat. When we were first married there hadn't been much money for clothing, and she had never gotten out of the habit of buying marked-down items.

In the living room the Taylors accepted cigarettes and I put together four highballs. Mrs. Taylor batted her blue eyes at me. "You could have a brilliant future as a bartender, Mr. Sungail."

"It's one of my lesser known virtues."

The conversation drifted along while Mrs. Taylor had four highballs, which was one over par for any woman I know. But all it did was make her eyes sparkle. Her husband, I could tell, had something on his mind, but he was going to wait until he could be casual about getting me off to one side.

Somehow, the talk got around to the bank. Connie said it was too bad I wasn't manager of the San Bernardino branch, because even the few visits she had made there clearly indicated that I had more brains and knowledge of banking than Kermit Wayne would ever have.

Grace said, "Mr. Wayne is really very capable," but you could see that she thought Mrs. Taylor was right about my ability.

Then Connie had to go and spoil it . . . plus betraying a leaning toward bitchiness. "And I'll say this for you, Larry: you have the best taste in secretaries of any man I know! Miss . . . Miss Crandall—"

"Kennedy," I said automatically.

"—is about the prettiest and sweetest girl I've *ever* seen. How *any* man could keep from falling in love with her is something I just *can't* understand." I could feel blood come up in my face and I couldn't have said a word if my life depended on it.

Grace said: "I've met Miss Kennedy at Larry's office a time or two." Her voice held indifference, but a spot of color burned in her cheeks. "She gives me the impression of being too intelligent to look twice at a married man."

"Oh, I'm *sure* she is," Connie said brightly. "But you know how men are, Mrs. Sungail. Sweet and considerate of their wives but always ready to reach for a nice leg or a cute fanny."

The color in Grace's cheeks deepened. "I'm afraid I don't know much about that sort of thing, Mrs. Taylor. I suppose it's natural for a woman to judge all husbands by her own."

Connie Taylor's teeth came together with an audible click. I caught myself staring at my wife with awed respect. It was the first time in sixteen years of marriage I had that kind of respect for Grace Sungail . . .

I had known Grace ever since fifth grade at public school, when she was Grace Hovey and her old man worked in the Santa Fe shops. Even then she was a fairly husky girl, with grave brown eyes and two light brown pigtails and braces on her teeth.

I didn't pay much attention to her until we were juniors in high school and the braces were gone and her hair piled on top of her head. My parents were dead and I was living with an aunt and working after school as errand boy at the bank. I was too busy for parties and dancing, while Grace was quiet and unsmiling, and the boys left her alone.

Then I ran into her around the neighborhood and somehow drifted into a nice unexciting routine of taking her to movies. In those days I knew exactly what I was going to be in the business world, and she used to listen to me carry on about what a ball of fire I intended to be as a bank executive.

And then one day we were married. My salary at the bank was enough for two rooms and a kitchenette. Grace was never much good in bed, but she was a hell of a fine cook and housekeeper and she never got over thinking I was a wonderful guy . . .

Craig Taylor said, "I think I'll have another of those excellent drinks, Larry. You—"

From out back of the house a man's voice shouted something and there was the sound of running feet. The two women started nervously but I said, "Sit still," and entered the kitchen and snapped on the back-porch lights.

There were three indistinct figures on the walk leading to the back fence. Two appeared to be holding the third. "What's going on out there?"

"Evenin', Mr. Sungail," a man said. "Sorry to bother you but we got a report somebody was prowlin' around this neighborhood."

All three came toward the house. Now I was able to recognize them. The squat, heavy-bodied one was Max Lenninger, the slightly taller one was Ted Ware—two of Deputy Sheriff Ollie Dodd's assistants. The third man stood out like a lump of coal on a white tablecloth. It was St. Peter.

Of course St. Peter wasn't his real name. That was just the handle Palm View had hung on him. He was a character—one of those religious crackpots you find in Southern California; a man about my own build and height but probably quite a bit older. Actually it was hard to tell about his age, since his face was buried under untrimmed, gray whiskers. Shaggy eyebrows hung over blue eyes that could go through you like a steel blade—and did. All

Continued on page 100

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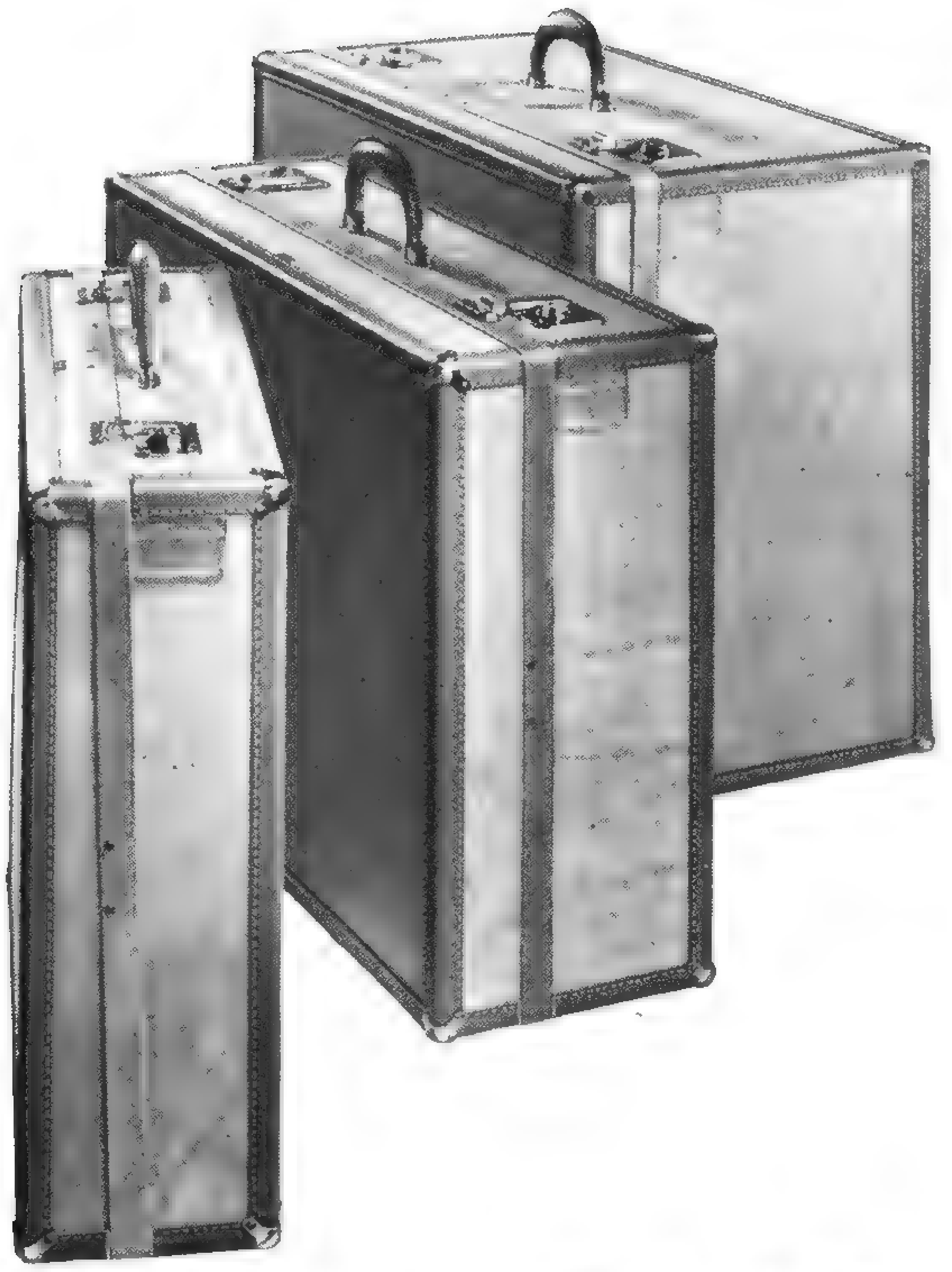

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this was topped with a haystack of gray hair.

I said, "What's the matter with you, Max? That's only St. Peter. He wouldn't bother anybody."

"We got a call," the deputy said. "Miz Carson said there was a prowler 'round here."

The screen door opened and Grace and the Taylors came out. "Why, it's St. Peter!" Grace said. "Let loose of him, Max Lenninger."

"We got a call," Lenninger said doggedly. "Miz Car—"

"All right," I cut in. "You've done your duty. Now let go of him."

Connie Taylor put a hand on my arm. "Good heavens, what a *wild*-looking man! Do you actually *know* him, Larry?"

Reluctantly the deputies released the bearded man. He was carrying a huge old-fashioned Bible in one of his large square hands; now he tucked it under his left arm and straightened his coat. He was wearing an ordinary suit that probably hadn't been pressed since the day somebody gave it to him. Below the trouser cuffs were battered shoes.

"Are you all right, Peter?" I said.

He stood there, straight and proud as a king among peasants. "The hand of the Philistine shall not prevail against a servant of the Lord. Yea, though their swords shall be sharp and their—"

"That's fine," I said. "You better go along now, Peter. And be careful about coming around houses at night; people get alarmed."

He tightened his hold on the shiny black Bible, bowed gravely to the women, then stalked through the back gate and on out of sight.

Max Lenninger said: "That old lunatic's liable to make trouble one of these days."

"Everybody's a little off center, Max," I said. "But I'd trust Peter, whiskers and all, farther than a lot of folks I can name."

The two deputies grinned, said good night and shuffled off down the back road.

Back in the living room Connie Taylor took another highball, tossed her blonde mane and said: "My God, Larry, what a *character*! I'd hate to meet *him* in a dark alley."

"Peter's all right," I said. "He's been around Palm View for years and never bothered anybody."

Craig said: "Larry, you got anything to drink besides Scotch?"

"Sure. Gin, bourbon and brandy. In the pantry."

He stood up. "I'll help you get it. Excuse us, girls."

In the kitchen, Craig set down his glass and said: "Larry, I want a favor. I need some money and quickly too."

"I can let you have a few hundred," I said, "but that's all, Craig. You know I live pretty well up to my income."

There were dots of perspiration among the worried lines in his forehead. He said: "It's going to take more than a few hundred. Connie's driving me nuts with bills. She spends money like a movie star. I tried shutting off her accounts a couple months ago, but she can be a hellcat when you rub her the wrong way."

I said, "Well . . . I—"

He reached for a bottle. "I'm going to apply for a second mortgage on the house, Larry, and I want you to see that it goes through."

He owned a big place in Risewood Heights—ten rooms, Spanish, with a swimming pool. It had cost him $30,000 three years before.

I lit a cigarette. "It's out of the question, Craig. You're already into us for $22,500 on the first mortgage."

Color mounted into his cheeks and he said thickly: "It's not as if I was some stranger, Larry! Fix up a new set of papers and boost the original estimation to where I can get another $7,500."

I shook my head. "You know better, Craig. If I tried to put over anything like that, the home office would have my neck."

His eyes flamed. "Christ A'mighty, guy, if you can't trust a man who is vice-president of Trans-American, a man you've known personally for fifteen years—then, damn it, you can't trust anybody!"

This wasn't getting either of us anywhere. I said: "Craig, I'll talk to Kermit Wayne in the next day or two, with my recommendation that we act favorably on a new application. If we make it strong enough, there's an excellent chance the home office will say okay."

He gave me an affectionate whack on the shoulder. "Now you're talking, Larry! I knew I could count on you. Let's get back to the ladies, hunh?"

The Taylors left a little later, and Grace and I went to the kitchen for a snack. I told her what Craig wanted.

"I'm not surprised," she said unexpectedly. "That dress his wife was wearing must have cost $100."

I grinned. "You're full of surprises tonight. It's the first time I ever heard you say anything that faintly resembled cattiness."

She flushed and said: "Well, I—I don't care, Larry. Those remarks about Miss Kennedy were meant to make me worry about my husband because his secretary is pretty."

I drank some milk and nothing was ever steadier than my hand holding the glass. "I'll say one thing, Grace—you really gave it back to her." I put down the glass and yawned. "Think I'll read a while and turn in. I may have to run in to L. A. after the bank closes tomorrow."

When I went upstairs, Grace was already asleep in the other twin bed. I undressed in the dark and lay there thinking. Funny, that crack Connie Taylor had made about my being in love with Lona Kennedy. Maybe I wasn't so clever in covering things up after all. Maybe it was getting to be common knowledge that Lona Kennedy was my mistress . . .

* * *

The Parkway branch of the Western National Banking and Trust is the largest bank in San Bernardino, and as modern as the day after tomorrow. Since it also is the biggest link in the Western National Banking and Trust chain, we came in for a lot of attention from the home-office officials.

This morning, I arrived at the bank doors at 8:50, ten minutes before opening time, as I had done every working day for twenty years. Mike, the tall guard on duty, touched two fingers to his uniform cap.

"Good morning, Mr. Sungail. Looks like we're in for another of them scorchers, don't it?"

I said it sure did and he pushed back the bronze grillwork and plate glass and I went on into the bank.

Window five was still closed and the cage was empty. I went over to four, where Ike Wolfert was filling his change register.

"Morning, Ike. Where's Dave?"

He glanced toward the adjoining cage. ". . . Well, it's still a little early, Mr. Sungail."

"Sure, it's early. But you're here and I'm here. I want Dave to have his stuff laid out *before* we open. Tell him, Ike."

What with one thing and another it was 9:30 before I had a chance to head for my own office on the mezzanine. As the elevator slid back, Phyllis Scott, Kermit Wayne's secretary, got out. She was a small, middle-aged woman, with the thin tight lips you find in front of mean minds.

"Mr. Wayne is looking all over for you, Mr. Sungail. Your secretary didn't seem to know where you were."

She didn't like Lona Kennedy. Miss Scott didn't like any woman who had a bosom and curved hips and hair that was soft.

I said: "Thank you, Miss Scott."

I stepped into the cage up to the mezzanine. Instead of turning left toward my own office, I turned right and went down to the end office, rapped and walked in.

Kermit Wayne was standing in front of the big window behind his desk. He said, "Good morning, Larry," in his deep pleasant voice and waved his cigar at a chair. I sat down and waited for him to start the ball rolling.

He was savoring something, turning it over in his mind while deciding just how to put it into words. The rich redwood paneling, the warm brown draperies, the glistening leather chairs, the glittering desk-top—all set off the quiet dignity of this man.

He was a lot older than I—around sixty, I suppose, although he never mentioned his age—with a mane of greying black hair, square face that was a shade too heavy, and a figure to match. And there wasn't anybody in the organization who didn't love him.

"I think I have some news for you, my boy," he said.

"Anything wrong?"

Kermit Wayne chuckled in a small way. "No, Larry. Fact is, my boy, you could call it very good news."

"Oh?"

He glanced up and his smile came out full force. "It seems you're going to get my job, Mr. Sungail."

It took a long moment before the signifance of that remark hit me. Then my breath snagged and my stomach felt like it was riding a pleasant kind of roller coaster. ". . . If the bank can stand it, Mr. Wayne, I'm sure I can."

His smile grew still wider. "Mind you, I'm not promising, but J. B. phoned late yesterday. Said Nelson was resigning to take a bank presidency in Oregon, and they were figuring on me to fill his shoes. So I'm going to suggest that you take over here. You deserve the job; you've been with the bank a long time. And you're no more than . . . how old are you, Larry?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Just a boy! You're the type of man who's good for the banking industry, Lawrence. Young, lean, good-looking, aggressive. We'll all be better off with men like you in the saddle."

It made me choke up a bit. "I like that, sir. I like that a lot."

"I know how—" His phone rang. I stood up as he reached for the receiver. "Keep what I've said confidential, for a while anyway. Good morning, Larry."

I closed his door quietly, said, "Yea bo! Branch manager, by God!" softly to myself, and walked down the corridor, my feet six inches off the floor. I went into my outer office and shut the door.

Lona was behind her desk. She was just sitting there, typewriter still covered, mail unopened. Usually she was hard at work at 9 o'clock, but I was too hypped up by what Wayne had told me to pay any attention to such details.

She opened her mouth to say something but before she could get the words out, I hauled her out of the chair and put my arms around her and squeezed until she gasped.

"I'm in, Lona! I'm getting the old man's job. How do you like that?"

She was trying to push me away. "Larry . . . listen to me, Larry! I've got to *tell* you something."

"Hell with it! I'm telling *you* something, you little dope! I'm going to be head man around this place, you hear?"

I pulled her close and put my mouth against hers and kept it there until I could feel her knees quiver. "Tonight we celebrate! Let's take a run into L. A., see a show, stay over at a hotel."

She put her hands against my chest and shoved. "Larry! Will you *please* listen."

"Oh, all right. What's so—"

"Larry, Ira Banning is dead!"

". . . Jesus!" I let go of her and my hands began to shake. "He—how?"

"He shot himself. Late last night. Ill health, Evelyn said. She phoned me."

Our eyes met and I saw in hers the same sick fear I knew was in mine. ". . . You know what this means?"

"We've got to think of something, Larry."

I knotted my right hand. "What a time for it to happen! If he had only waited a couple months. *Damn* it, what a lousy break!"

"Isn't there something you can do, Larry?"

"You try and name it. Eighteen thousand doesn't come out of a slot machine. And that's what it's going to take to keep me out of jail."

Her eyes were brimming with tears. "I've brought you nothing but trouble, haven't I?"

Well, what can you say to a thing like that? Especially when she stood there with her blonde head coming up to an inch above my chin and her brown eyes all round and wet and her mouth trembling. From her neck up she looked like the young girl you took to the high-school prom; but from the neck down she was a

Continued on page 102

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If You Have Tears

woman all right.

I pushed out a smile. "The trouble is only incidental, honey." My arms went around her and she crept closer. "I love you, Larry."

"That's all I want."

"What are we going to do?"

"I don't know . . . yet. But I'll think of something."

"But . . . eighteen thousand dollars . . ."

I pressed the hair away from the back of her neck and rubbed my lips against the soft skin there. "You go back to your typewriter and do some work to keep your mind off things. I'll figure us an out."

She put up her lips to be kissed. Then I went on into my own office and shut the door.

* * *

It all began a couple of years earlier when I was head cashier. One morning Wayne broke the news that Morrie Gregg, assistant manager, was being transferred and that I was being moved up to his place.

Well, that suited me fine. I pumped Wayne's hand; then went around to Gregg's office and told him good-by and good luck . . . and the minute he went out the door I fired the prune-faced old maid who had been his secretary. Then I went into the inner office and sat down behind the big glass-topped desk that had been Gregg's, and now was mine, and telephoned the want-ad section of the *Sun-Telegraph*.

Next morning at 9 the outer office started to fill up with applicants for the job of being my secretary. For two hours I interviewed girls—short ones and tall ones, thin ones and fat ones, pretty ones and plain ones. But most of the girls came in quick and went out quicker, since I knew what I wanted and none of them had it.

When the door opened for the tenth time, I looked up . . . and the job was filled.

She had a ridiculously young face that was so lovely it took you by the throat. She was wearing a green linen dress, with a V-neckline and a patch pocket over her left breast, and she really filled it out. She wore no hat and her honey-colored hair fell in a soft swirl to her shoulders. Her eyes were large and brown and serious, and her lips were full. I indicated a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." Her voice was soft and full, with a little husky undertone that put a vague prickly sensation in the tips of my fingers. I turned on all my charm. "May I have your name?"

"Lona Kennedy."

"You understand this job requires someone who is thoroughly experienced in typing, shorthand and general office work?"

"I can do all three, Mr. Sungail."

". . . Good. Now . . . do your folks live here in town?"

"My parents are dead, sir."

"Excuse me. I'm sorry . . . You seem pretty young to be without somebody to look after you."

She flushed slightly. "I'm twenty-five, Mr. Sungail."

If that green linen dress had fitted less snugly I would have sworn she was lying. Of course, women can pad themselves up in the right places and fool you. But you couldn't build a shape like hers out of padding.

I handed her a steno's notebook and a pencil. "I'll dictate a few letters. All right?"

"Yes, sir." For five minutes I rattled off words and they went down as fast as they came off my tongue. I kept my eyes on that blonde head all the time, watching how the soft strands fell about the smooth cheekbones, and I could feel my heart pounding.

". . . That should do it, Miss Kennedy. You'll find a typewriter in the outer office."

"Yes, sir." As she walked to the door she looked as nice going as coming. I leaned back and began to think about just what place in my life I wanted Lona Kennedy to fill.

In a few minutes she came back and put three letters in front of me. ". . . These seem very satisfactory, Miss Kennedy."

"Thank you."

"Where were you employed before?"

"At the Standard Rail Supply Company in San Francisco. I was private secretary to the vice-president."

"And your reason for leaving?"

She smiled. "It seems wrong to say it about any part of California, but I didn't like the climate. I thought I might like San Bernardino, so I came here to look for work."

I picked up her application. "You're staying at the Paloma Apartments."

"Yes, sir. I've taken a one-room-kitchenette apartment there."

"Then you haven't any friends in town?"

"No, sir."

That condition would be temporary. Every single man in the bank and a lot of the married ones would be sniffing around her within hours after she was on the payroll. I smiled to take the bite out of my next question.

"Any—ah—vices, Miss Kennedy?"

She colored slightly. "I smoke and I like dancing. And I've been known to take an occasional drink."

That was enough. Any more questions would have overdone it. ". . . The hours are 9 to 5, the salary is $150 a month and I don't believe in working overtime. Will that be satisfactory?"

She said, "Yes, sir," with the effortless composure that was her most noticeable characteristic. It was arranged that she would come in the following morning. She said thank you, and left, and I sat in my leather swivel chair and began to think things over.

All right, Sungail, what are you getting at? Why this rapid pulse? She's just a dame and you've been around dames for twenty years. She's pretty and got a shape; there are other pretty dames with nice shapes around the bank, but you never raised a sweat over *them*.

And let me tell you something else: Just go getting sticky-fingered around a dame who works in the bank and you'll find yourself tossed out on your ear! And if you're nuts enough to jeopardize a position that's taken eighteen years to get hold of . . . then go ahead and the hell with you!

Besides, you're married and have been for fourteen years and what's one dame got that another hasn't?

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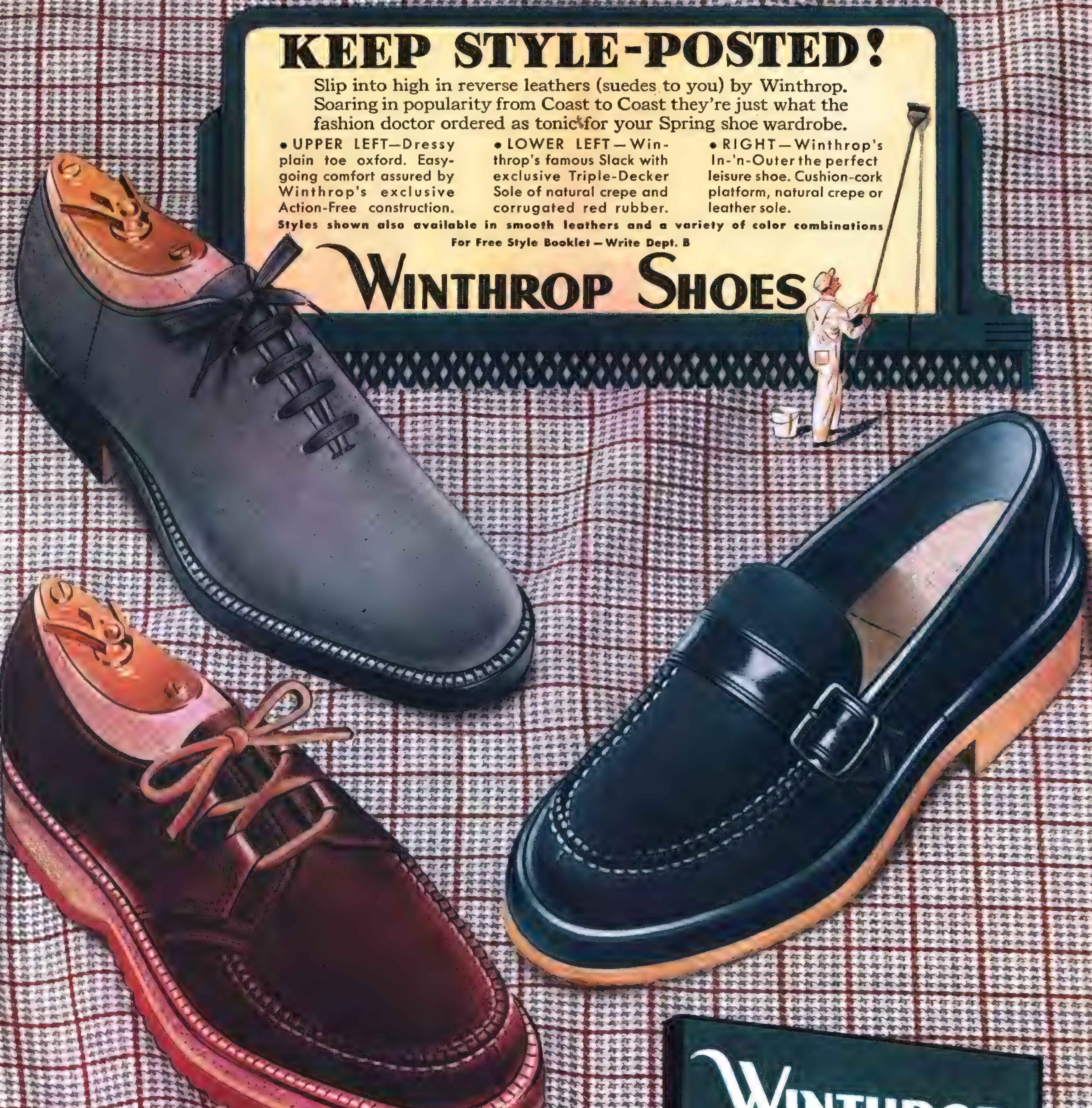

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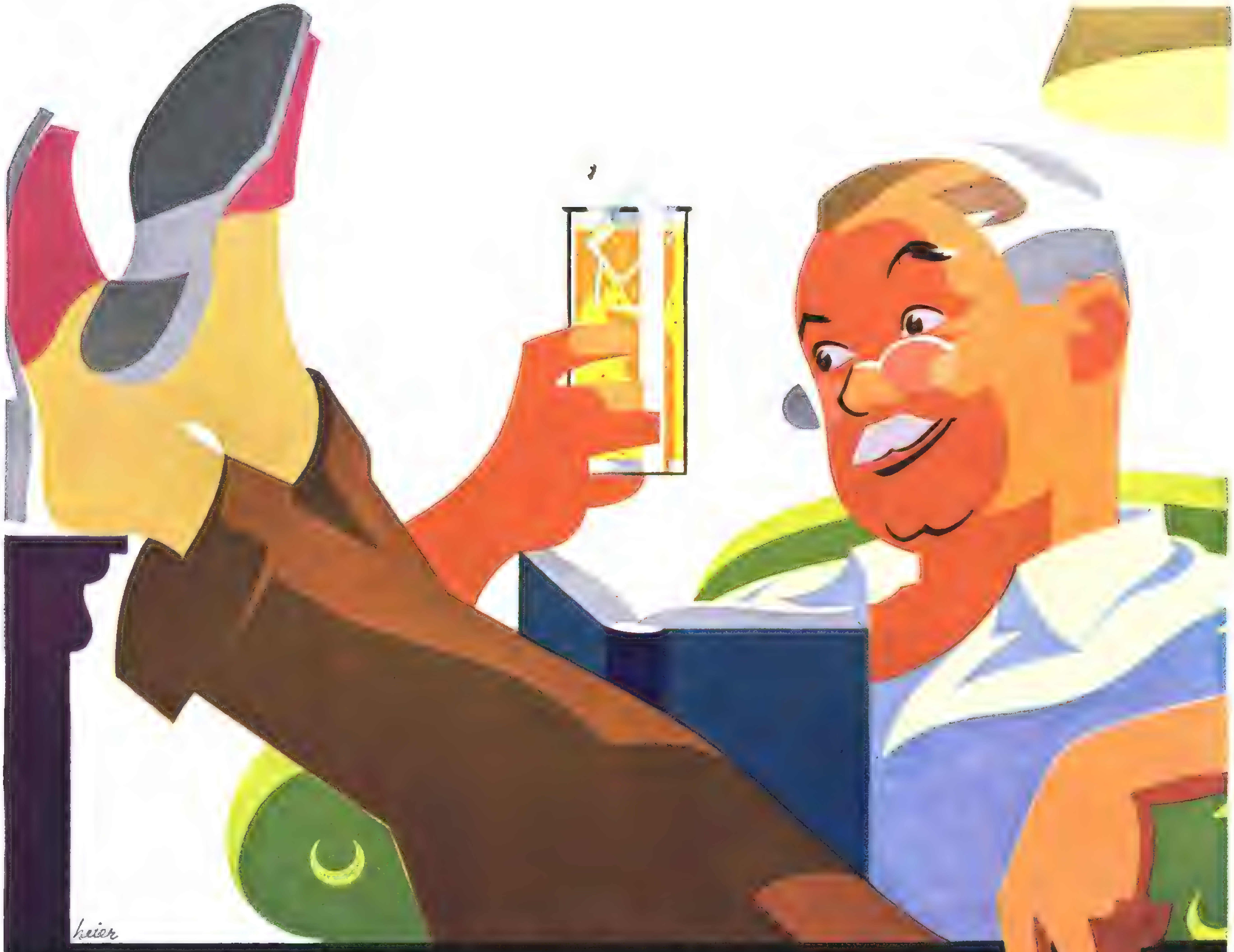

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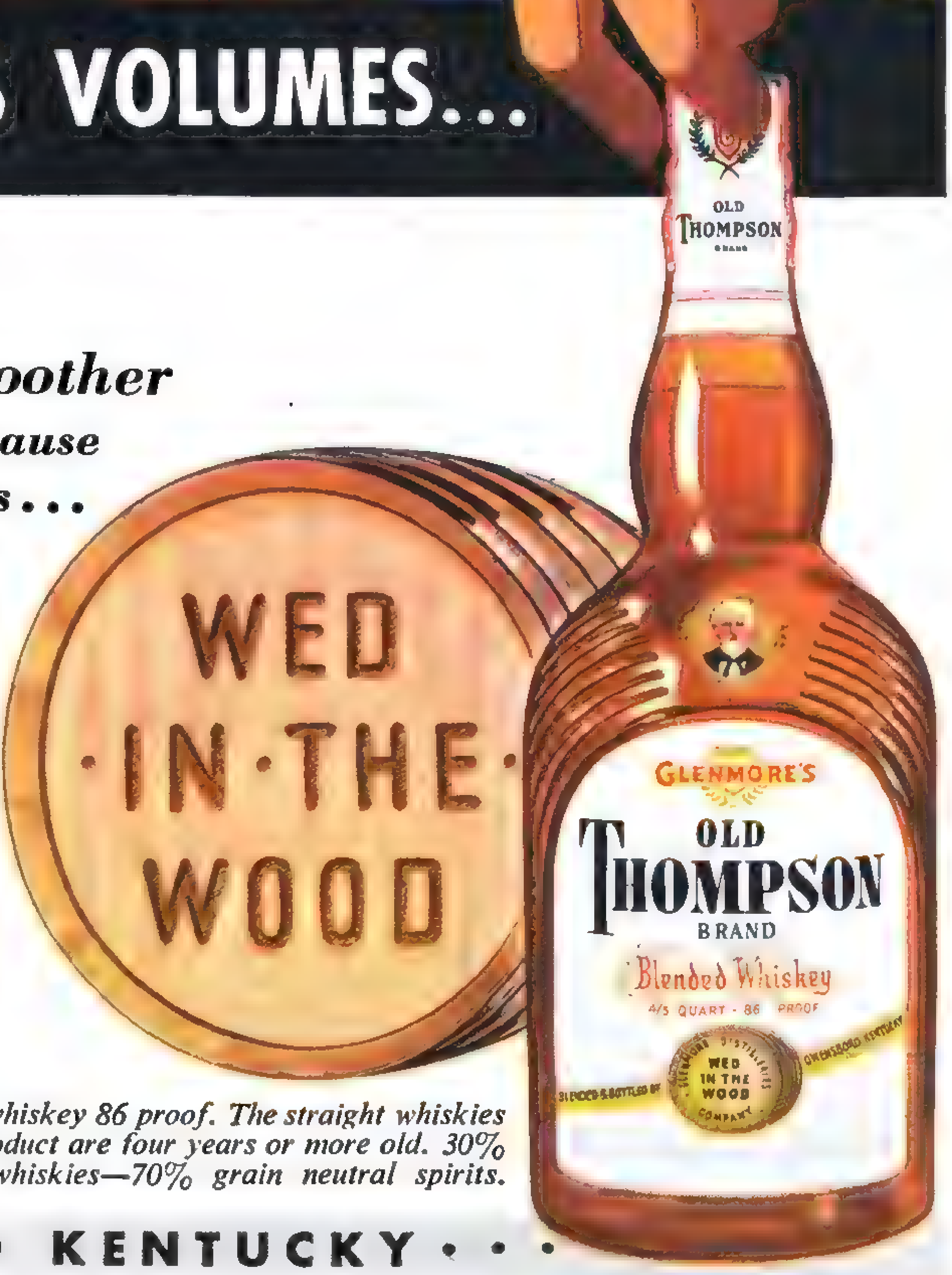
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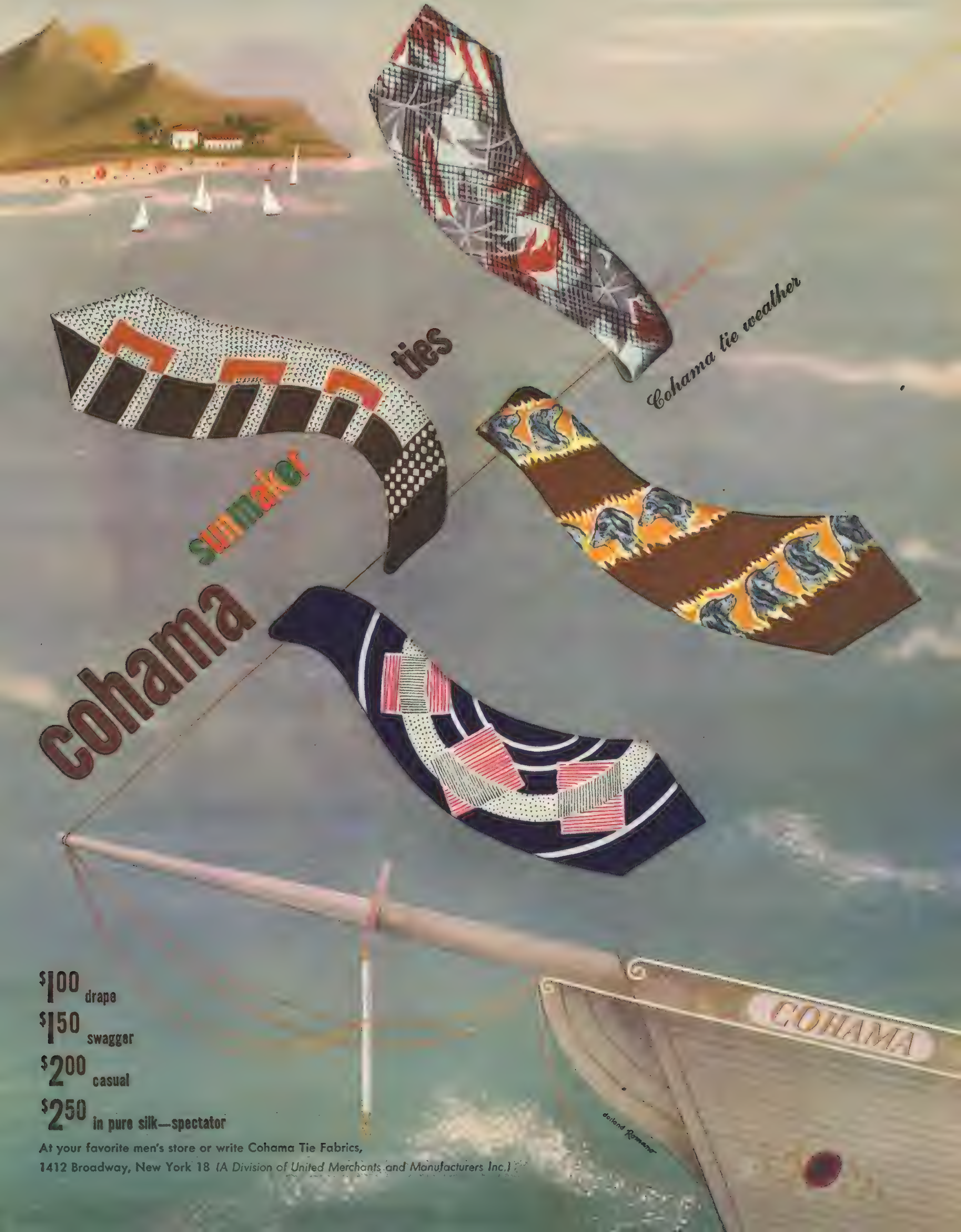
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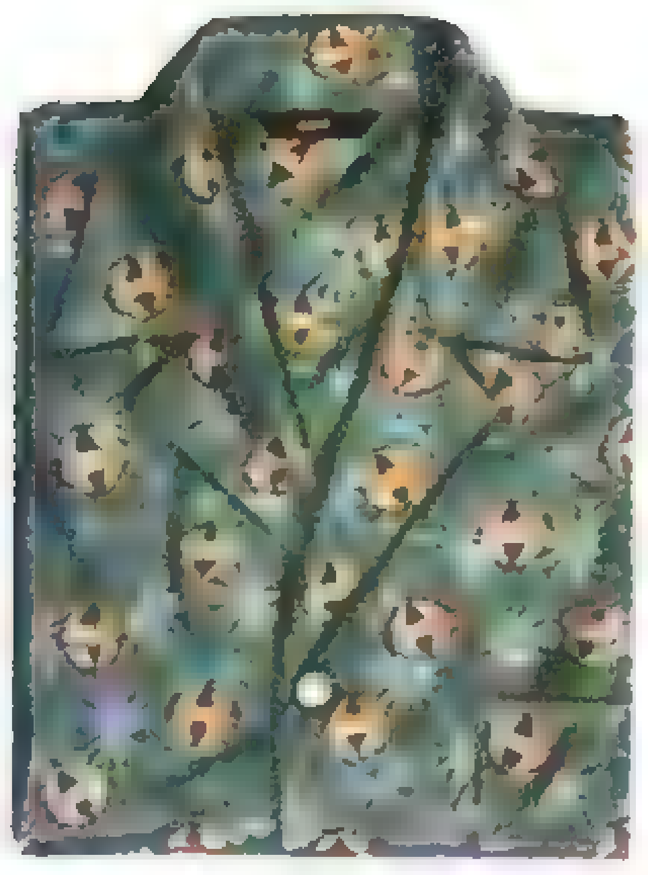

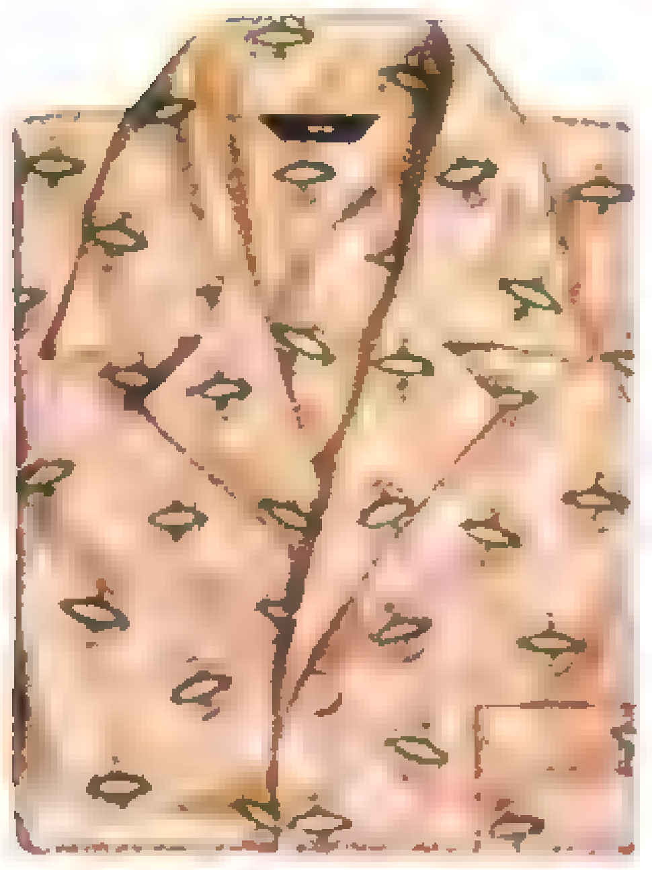

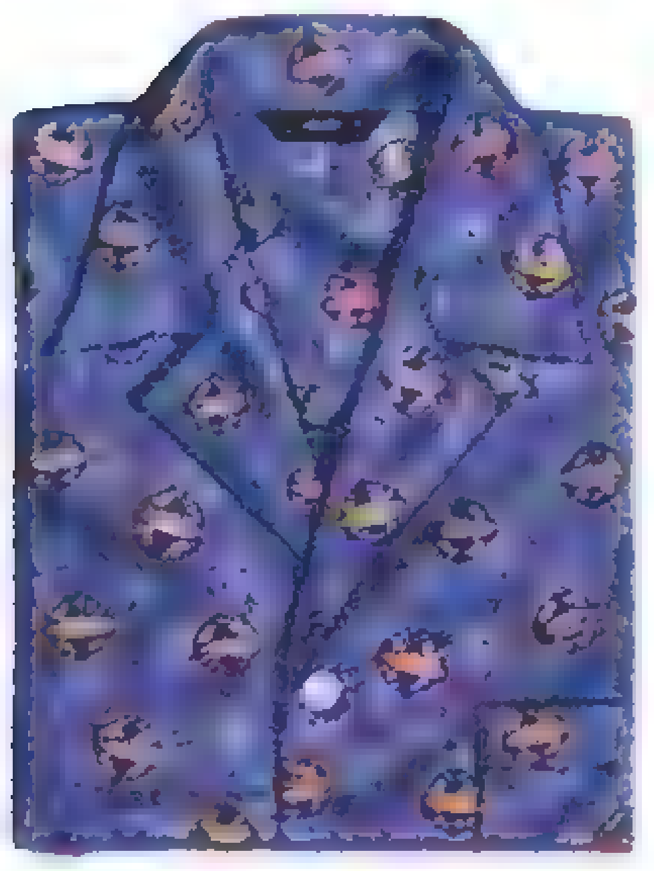

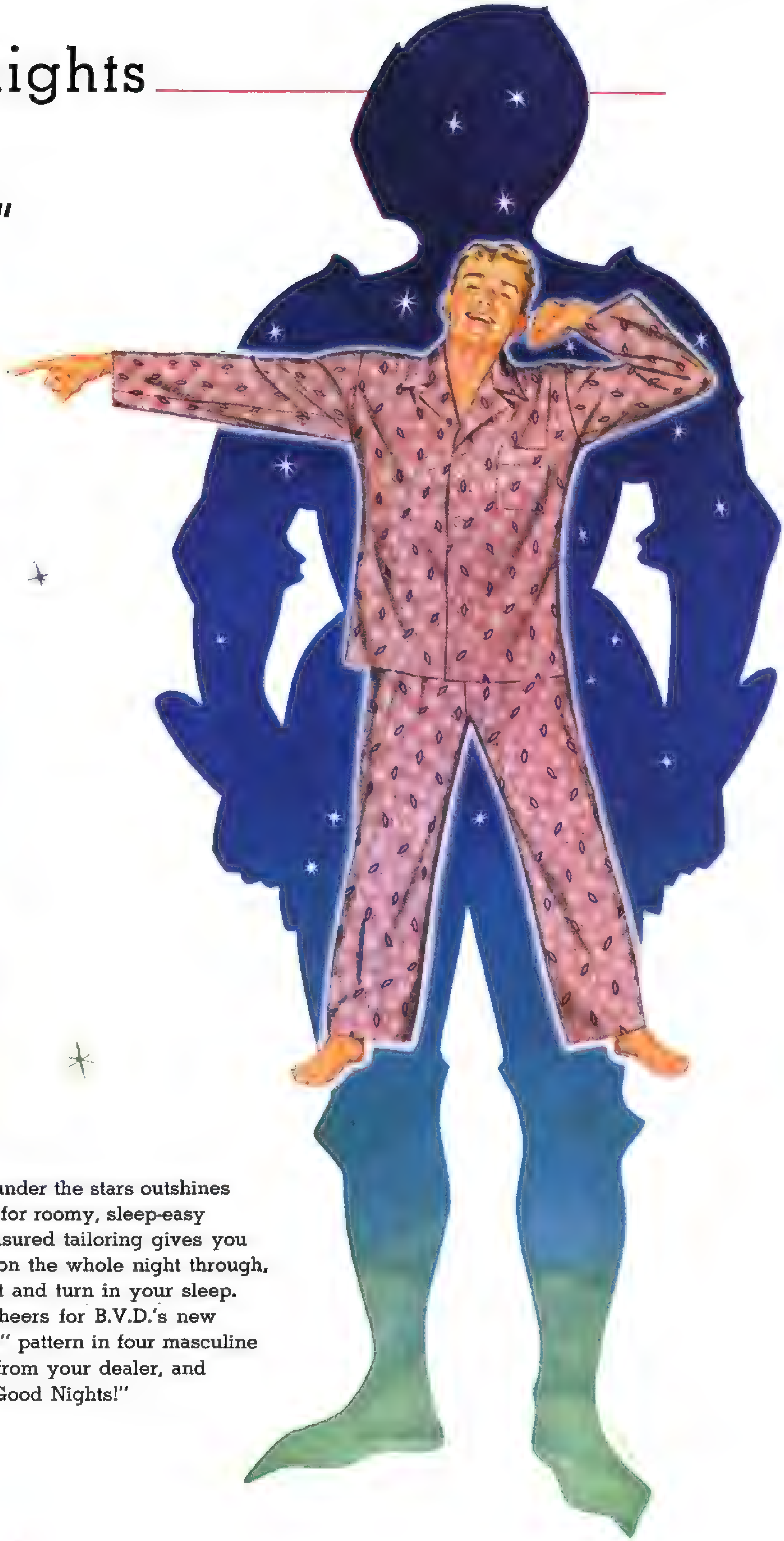

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"Good morning, Mr. Sungail."

"Good morning, Lona. Heat bothering you?"

"Not to speak of. I suppose I'm getting used to it."

"Um. Mail isn't up yet?"

"I've put it on your desk, sir."

"Fine. Incidentally, get Frank Straub on the wire. He has that hardware place in the Bellamy Building. Tell him I'd like him to stop in at 11 if convenient."

"Yes, Mr. Sungail . . ."

And that's the way it went during those first two weeks: just an executive and his secretary. After the tenth day I called her "my dear" a time or two, and she colored up a little but that was all.

She knew her business, too. You told her a thing once and that's the way it was from then on. But after the first week I quit trying to kid myself. I was falling in love with Lona Kennedy and there wasn't a single damned thing I could do about it. I thought about firing her, but I knew I'd do nothing of the sort even while I was thinking it. Every one of the dozens of little encounters each day was the bittersweet kind of thing that is tougher to get along without than with. Her fingers brushing mine as she handed me something, the full firm swell of her breasts as she bent over her typewriter—those things all added up.

She wasn't being deliberately sexy, either. She didn't roll her eyes or swing her hips or rub against me the way a dame on the make would do. She was just a pleasant, pretty girl who worked for $150 a month and laughed when I said something reasonably funny. And every day of it put me deeper in love with her.

One evening, two weeks after she came in to work at the bank, I stayed in town to have dinner with one of the men from the home office. It was 9:30 by the time I turned the car into D street on the way home to Palm View. When I came to 17th, I saw a girl in a white sport coat waiting to cross. Light from the street lamp fell upon blonde hair. I knew who it was. I pulled over.

"This is where you get kidnapped!"

"Oh!" She stepped back quickly. ". . . Oh it's you, Mr. Sungail. My, how you startled me!"

"I apologize. Going someplace?"

"Home, is all. I've been to a movie."

"What happened to the boy friend?"

"What boy—there isn't any boy friend."

"Hop in. I'll take you home."

She slipped in. "I hate to bother you. It's only a few blocks."

At 25th Street she stirred a little. "You've passed my street."

"Who wants to go home? Let's take a ride."

"W-w-well . . ."

"Good!"

I paid strict attention to driving and didn't say anything, letting her get used to being out with the boss. I had no idea what she was thinking; I hardly knew what I was thinking. Pretty soon I was on the road leading east toward Arrowhead Springs. ". . . What picture did you see?"

"Something with Lana Turner in it. It wasn't very good."

That started us on movies and actors, and finally we got to the place where we were interrupting each other, and that's always a good sign. By 10:30 we were pretty well up into the hills. Finally I parked on a brink overlooking San Bernardino Valley. I got cigarettes going for both of us and we leaned back to look at the view.

It is something to see, all right. Mostly it's just velvety black, but every once in a while you spot a twinkling pinhead of white light like a misplaced star: some ranch-house window probably. Then, farther out, a cluster of lights: one of the small towns among the foothills. That big spread of white-burning dots is San Berdoo. "Worth coming to see, isn't it, Lona?"

". . . Lovely."

"Grace and I used to come up here often in the old days."

"Grace?"

"My wife."

". . . Oh!"

"What do you mean—'Oh'? You knew I was married, didn't you?"

"I heard you were."

"Heard?"

"I asked one of the girls at the bank."

"Why?"

". . . What?"

"Why did you want to know if I was married?"

She stirred a little. "It's getting late."

"Lona."

"Umm?"

"Why did you want to know if I was married?"

She ground out her cigarette in the dashboard ash tray. "I was curious, I suppose."

I put a hand over one of hers. "Could it have been something more than curiosity?"

This wasn't the way I had planned things. Actually there wasn't any plan. One word had led to another . . . and there I was.

She turned her head away. "How could it be anything else?"

I took hold of her chin and turned her face toward me. In the dim glow of the dash lights her eyes seemed darker and large. "You've known all along, haven't you, Lona?"

". . . Yes."

"Do you want to hear me say it?"

With a sudden fierce movement she twisted away. "No! I don't want you to say it. You have no right to say it, no more than I have a right to hear it." She put her head down in her hands and began to cry with a strange intensity that was harder to listen to than the wildest kind of grief.

But I refused to be put off. I gathered her into my arms and pulled her close. "Listen to me, Lona. I love you, darling. I've got to tell you. I love you. Will you for Christ's sake cut out this blubbering and listen to me?"

She gulped a time or two. ". . . I want to go home, Larry."

I put my hands on her shoulders. "We can't drop it just like that, Lona. I love you; didn't you hear me say so?"

". . . Yes."

"And you feel the same way about me, don't you?"

"I . . . I haven't the . . . right to."

This could have gone on forever, so I closed the gap and put my mouth against hers, and my arms tightened about her shoulders . . . And there we were, up among the stars. Her arms came up and went around me, and the

Continued on page 108

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reserve that was so much a part of her . . . it just quit cold, I guess.

Then her arms tightened still more and she began to breathe in a ragged, choked way, murmuring, "Darling, darling, darling."

I was the one who broke it up. The way we were picking up speed meant arriving ahead of schedule, and that's what causes wrecks.

"May I have a cigarette, Larry?"

"Sure."

The glow from the match showed me the tears in her eyes.

". . . Larry."

"Um?"

"I'm going away. For good."

The unexpectedness of it stung me. "Like hell!" I pulled her to me. "I've something to say about that!"

She looked at me and her eyes were sober. "I mean it, Larry. You're sweet and I . . . do love you—but I'm not going to let that make any difference. This is something too big for me, dear. It'll lead to complications that will be bound to hurt you. So I'm going away."

"Because I'm married?"

"I'm not saying . . . Yes, Larry."

"All right, *you* listen to *me.* I started to go with Grace while I was in high school. In those days I didn't have time for girls. I spent my time out of school learning the latest methods of bank management. I was bound to be the best goddam banker in the country. Nothing was going to stop me.

"Well, I met Grace. She was pretty, she had a swell figure, and she had a negative personality. She would listen to me sound off my ambitions and never say much herself. It wasn't until after we were married that I found out she didn't have anything *to* say.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me; she's a grand woman. But the time has come when I need more than that. I've been married fourteen years, there isn't a thing to hold us together except habit. No children, no mutual interest, no passion . . . no nothing."

Suddenly I was very tired and wrung out. I put my head down on the steering wheel and closed my eyes. Her fingers went slowly back and forth along my arm.

". . . Larry."

I didn't lift my head. "I'm here."

"I love you, dearest."

Then she was back in my arms, and her lips were tender and warm and demanding against mine.

". . . You won't go away, Lona?"

"Never, sweetheart."

"You're mine now, you know. You belong to me."

"I know."

"I'll get a divorce. We'll be married. I'll tell Grace tonight."

"No, Larry. This—this has happened too quickly."

"What's the point of waiting?"

"I want you to be sure."

"You think I'd say the things I've said if I wasn't sure?"

"We'll see." I took her back into my arms. I kissed her again and again . . . kissed her until we were both breathless and panting. I put my hands on her and they became hot and searching and demanding.

Abruptly she took hold of my hands. "No, dearest. Please . . . no. It's late and I . . . and we—we'd better be getting back."

My hands were shaking as I started the engine, racing it to relieve the tension that the feel of her had built up within me. I swung the sedan around and went roaring down the curves toward the valley. She sat well over on her side of the car. Her eyes were straight ahead, although I don't think she saw anything.

It was after midnight when we drew up in front of the Paloma Apartments. We went up the walk together to the door.

"Good night, Larry."

"Good night, Lona."

". . . Are you angry with me?"

"No. Of course not. I'm mixed up, is all."

"Perhaps we had better forget what happened tonight."

"Is that the way you want it?"

She put her hands on my shoulders and I bent my head to hers. It started out, on my part, to be a casually cool kiss . . . and then she was tight against me and our lips were mashed and there was a pounding in my ears.

"Come . . . up for a while, Larry."

"Yes . . ."

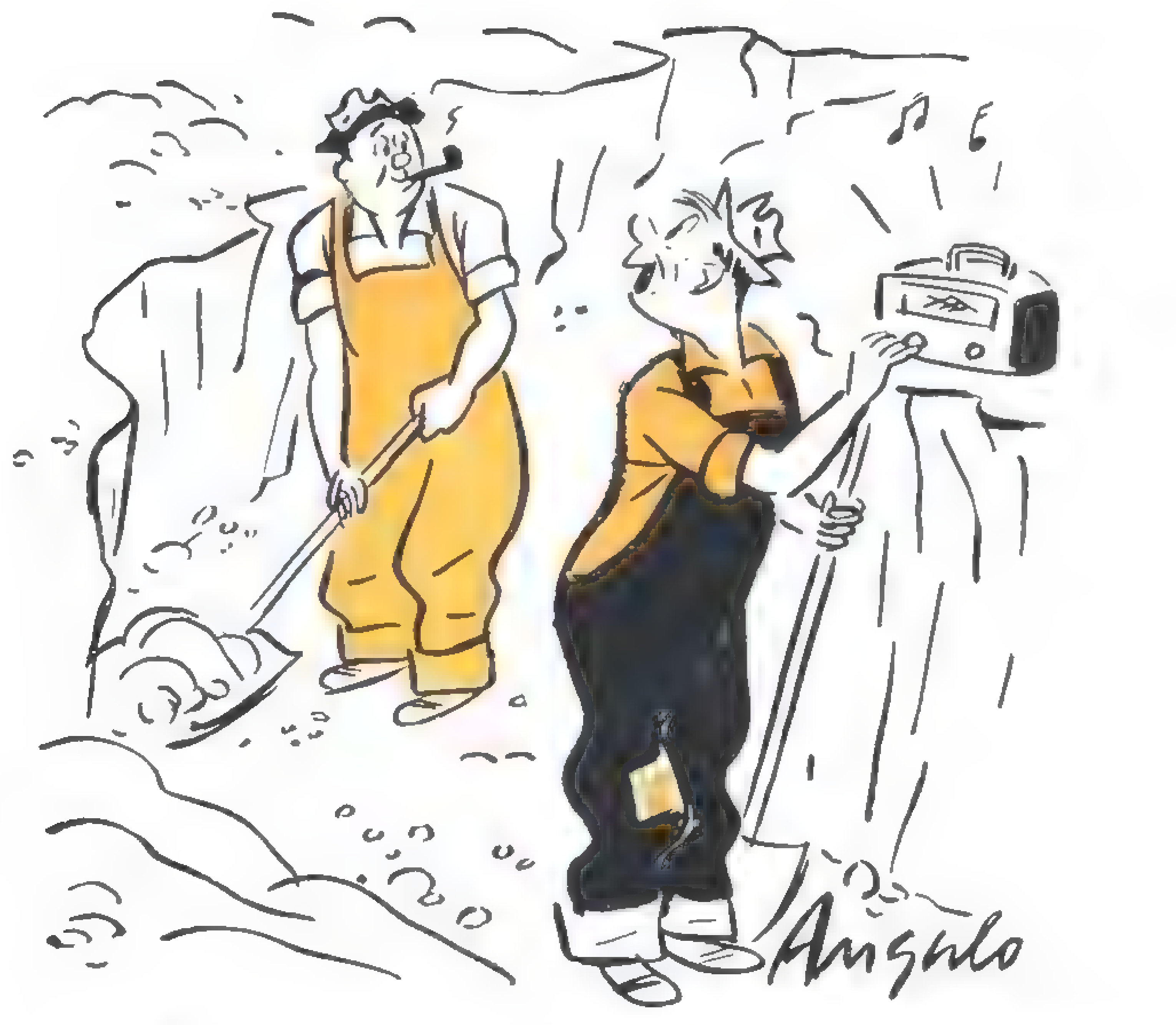
* * *

"Larry."

"Uh?"

"Time is it?"

I rolled over and looked at the glowing hands of the alarm



"Sam—it's Beethoven's Seventh, want me to turn it up?"

clock on the night stand. "Ten after two."

"Hadn't you better go?"

"Why?"

"Well . . . Won't . . . she wonder?"

"Yeah. My wife." I sat up and swung my feet to the floor. "You're right. But I'm going to change that in a hurry."

"We'll talk about it later, Larry. Promise me you won't say anything to . . . her, until we're sure."

"If that's the way you want it."

At the door she gave me a quick kiss. Then she drew the silken robe tighter around her and reached for the knob.

"Believe me, Larry. I didn't mean for this to happen."

"Did I?"

"Of course you did. From the minute I walked into your office."

"Yes. Yes, I guess I did . . ."

* * *

It took a month to talk Lona into looking for a house, because a thing like that can backfire on you. I finally brought her around by saying I was going to ask Grace for a divorce, if that was the only way I could get to be with her without being afraid of people talking. She found a bungalow out on Peralta Avenue, of white stucco, with a red tile roof and a sunken living room. There were empty lots filled with trees and bushes on either side and the nearest house was a block away.

Furnishing the place set me back a hunk of cash, as did the new little coupé I bought for her to get around in. It wasn't easy for me to persuade her to accept the money, and we had some pretty involved discussions before I won out. I finally put a stop to that the first night I called on her at the new place.

We were sitting in front of the fireplace: I had my left arm around her and a tall glass in my other hand.

". . . Happy, Larry?"

"Happy? Sure I'm happy. I'd say God had finally gotten around to making this a perfect world."

She didn't say anything for quite a while. Then: "Do you believe in God, Larry?"

"Well, for—!" I stared at her. "What brought that on?"

"You said something about God making this a perfect world."

I grinned. "Just a way of speaking, I suppose. Unless maybe St. Peter is reforming me without my realizing it."

"St. Peter?"

"Oh, not the real one. The one I mean is a bewhiskered, Bible-packing screwball of a hermit who lives up in the foothills. He sponges food and cast-off clothing from townspeople. Reads the Bible aloud in payment."

"Then you don't believe in any religion?"

It came to me suddenly just what she was getting at. With a woman's indirection she was letting me know her conscience was bothering her again over our affair.

"Well, Lona, you might say the bank is my religion. I wouldn't do anything to hurt the bank, like making loans without adequate security, or embezzling. I'm as faithful to the Parkway branch as a priest is supposed to be to the Church . . .

"My personal life, though, is another matter entirely. If I want to be what some nice moral person would call unfaithful to my wife, if that's the way I'm going to find happiness . . . then that's exactly what I'm going to do. Does that make sense, darling?"

"Yes . . . Shall I make you another drink, Larry?"

And that was the last time Lona brought up the subject of the ethics involved in her being my mistress. The fact that I took to staying in town overnight two and three times a week must have puzzled Grace, but she accepted my lame explanations without question, although I would have welcomed an argument. It would have given me the opportunity of telling her I was in love with another woman, thereby opening the way to a quiet divorce. But it just never worked out that way, and I didn't have the guts to hit her with it, cold turkey. Fourteen years of marriage can soften you up.

So Lona and I went along, taking things the way they came and finding all of it wonderful. Keeping up two households strained me financially, but I was drawing a good salary and managed to make ends meet.

* * *

One Monday morning, a year after Lona started at the bank, she showed up at the office over an hour late. Right away I knew something was wrong. Her eyes were red from crying, and there were lines in her face that had not been there before. I stared at her with my mouth open. "What's the matter? You—"

"Oh, Larry!" There was a strangled sob behind the word. Then she was in my arms and weeping on my collar.

"I can't stand it any longer, Larry. I'm going to show you something . . . something that will make you hate me. But you've got to know."

"Nobody's going to hate you, baby," I said. "Spill it, and then we can both laugh and forget it."

She opened her purse and handed me a letter, neatly typed.

Hello honey—

I bet you are surprised to hear from me after all this time. Mabel gave me your address and I made up my mind to write and tell you the news. I know you must have thought about me lots of times because a woman never forgets a good man (ha ha).

I got me a good job in the shipyards here in Frisco, honey, so I want you should come back and we will set up housekeeping again. I am not blaming you for running away from me, because I was an awful heel I guess. But now you will find out that this heel has a soul (ha ha).

No fooling, Lona, I still love you like always and want you to come back so we can start all over again. So drop me a line saying it's okay and I will send you the railroad fare to get back on. I'm counting on you, honey.

Your loving husband,

Jim

I sat there and stared at Lona's bowed head. She was crying again, silently. "Lona, this guy Jim really your husband?"

"Yes."

"How long you been married?"

"Three years next month."

". . . You left him, hunh?"

"Yes. I—had to. Just before I came here."

Continued on page 110

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"Any kids?"

Her head came up sharply. "Certainly not! Do you think I'd be capable of deserting a child?"

"I only asked." My tone was milder than it might have been. "Now—why'd you leave him, Lona?"

She took a deep breath and pushed the honey hair away from her face. She looked appealing and bewildered and determined, all at the same time.

"I met Jim when I was twenty-one—at a public dance hall in San Francisco. I'd gone there with a girl from the office where I worked. Jim was twenty-four—a big, strapping man with reddish hair and a wide grin.

"Two weeks later we were married. For three months I was happy. Then Jim started to drink heavily—I learned it was an old habit of his—and he would—would hit me when he was drunk. I began to find out other things about him . . . bad things, Larry. He had been in prison twice.

"I stuck it out two years. But things got worse and worse. So I left San Francisco to keep him from finding me. But I made the mistake of writing to Mabel, the girl at the office, and he learned my address from her."

In the silence that followed I stared out the window into E Street. Certainly I wasn't angry at Lona, although I suppose I had every right to be.

". . .Why didn't you tell me you were married, Lona?"

"I've asked myself that a hundred times. The first reason, I suppose, was my fear I wouldn't get the job here. Then you . . . fell in love with me, Larry, and I just couldn't be honest because I was afraid you would send me away."

"You should know better than that." I looked out the window some more. "Why not just ignore the letter? He can't *make* you live with him."

She shook her head with such hopelessness that it put a lump in my throat. "Jim is the kind who would come here after me, and there would be trouble. No, I think the best way is for me to go away somewhere for a year or two. Then, when he's given up trying to find me, I would come back to you."

I began to pace the floor. "It won't do, Lona. I can't let you leave me. Isn't there something you can hold over his head? Some way you can make trouble for him if he annoys you?"

She sighed. "Jim's only weakness, other than drinking, is love of money. He'd do anything if the price was right."

"Money, hunh? You mean he might sell you a divorce?"

"I'm not suggesting you do that, Larry."

"I know. But if it's the only way, we'll have to use it. Only thing, I can't see how I'm going to get hold of important dough."

She took hold of my lapels. "I know, dear. Here you are, working in a bank where there's all kinds of money, yet—"

I stepped back fast. "Do you know what you're saying?" My throat was suddenly tight.

"Larry!" She was bewildered. "What in the world—"

"Sure." My hands were shaking. "Sure; there's all kinds of money around. Are you suggesting I steal some of it?"

Her head jerked back as though I had slapped her. "Good heavens, Larry, you know me better than that!" She took hold of my arms. "I was upset—I hardly knew what I was saying."

Of course she didn't mean it that way. But what if I should get to thinking along those same lines? Will love for a woman make a man go against everything he has learned to believe in? *Where is this thing taking me?* . . .

We stood there, a room apart, staring into each other's eyes. ". . . You've shown me something, Lona. Something I maybe wouldn't have seen until it was too late."

All the light went from her eyes, yet her voice was gentle. "That isn't fair to me, Larry. How can you put words in my mouth—words I wouldn't even think, let alone say?"

I wanted her to understand exactly what I was seeing for the first time. "I'm not blaming you. Actually, I'm thanking you. I've got to think this thing out, Lona. You'd better go home and stay there until I call you . . . To be honest, I may never call you. I don't know. I—just—don't—know."

She put her hand slowly up to her throat and looked at me without any particular expression. Then she turned and went out of the office, closing the door softly.

* * *

Moonlight poured in through the open bedroom window. From the other twin bed came the sound of Grace's even, placid breathing. I flopped over on my back but my thoughts kept digging all the comfort out of the mattresses under me: Jesus Christ, am I going to stay awake the rest of my life? If I could just quit *thinking* about it! A man works for damn near twenty years to get somewhere in life and then some blonde babe comes along and he's ready to throw everything overboard just to play house with her.

I turned on my side and clenched my fingers. Of course I had no business treating her that way. She's only a kid, and a kid can't be expected to understand just what embezzling can mean. Why, no wonder she was all mixed up and blurted out the first thing that popped into her head. And then to have me pull that Go-home-until-I-send-for-you line! My God, what she must think of me!

I swiveled over on my back again and thought: How long you going to keep up this act, Sungail? You know goddam well you can't go on without her, so why not admit it? Sure, it'll cost money; isn't she worth it? *"There's all kinds of money around a bank."* That means embezzlement, means living on the edge of a prison sentence. It's a hard word, a hated word—almost a nasty word.

Now I'm afraid of words! Embezzler! Embezzler! *Embezzler!* Get used to the sound of it, Sungail, because if it's the only way you can keep Lona Kennedy, than that's exactly what you're going to be!

I slid out of bed and shucked off my pajamas. Now that my mind was made up, the turmoil inside disappeared and I could have gone to sleep like turning out a lamp. But first there was something that had to be done.

While I was tying my shoes the sound of even breathing from the

Continued on page 115

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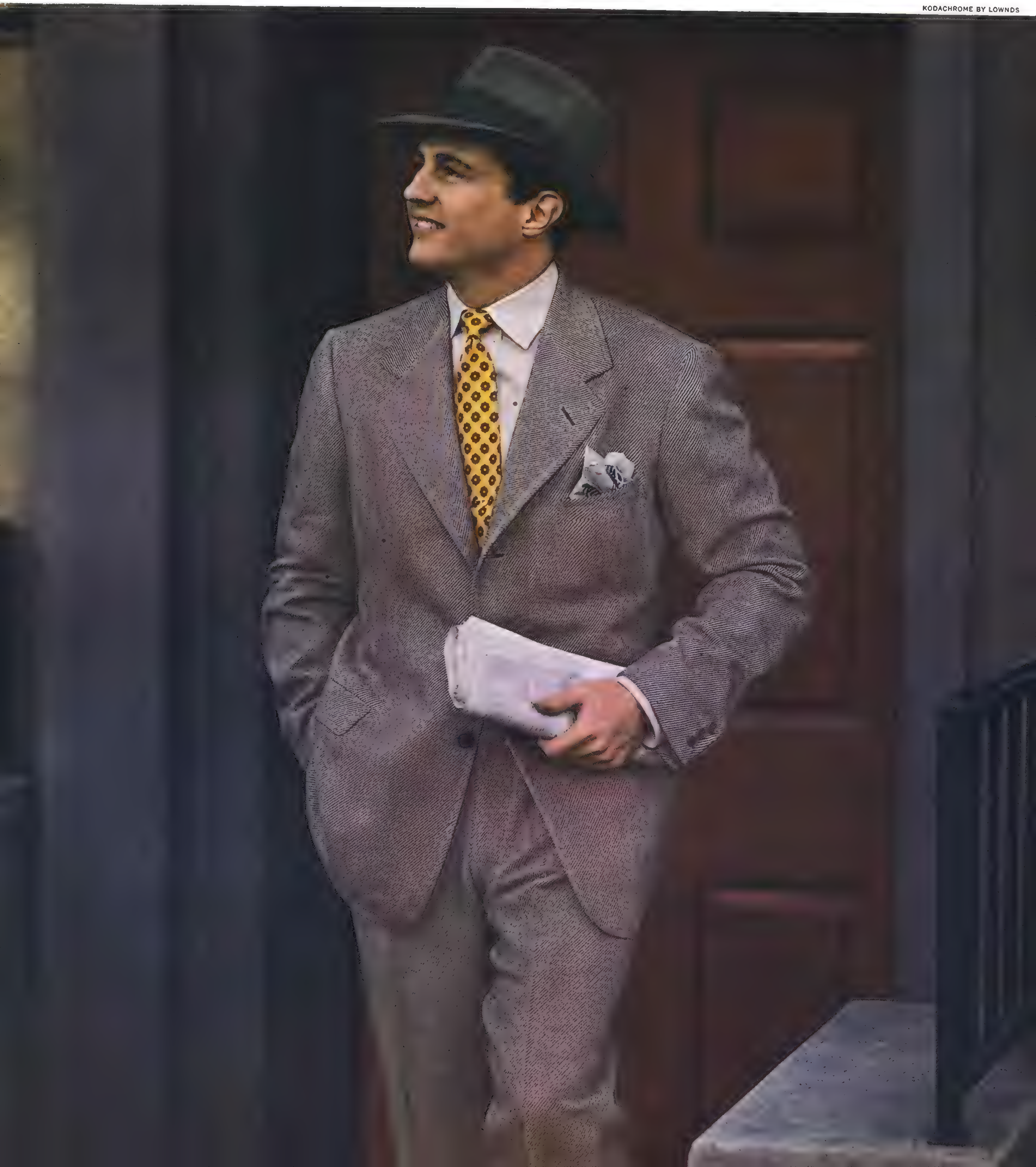

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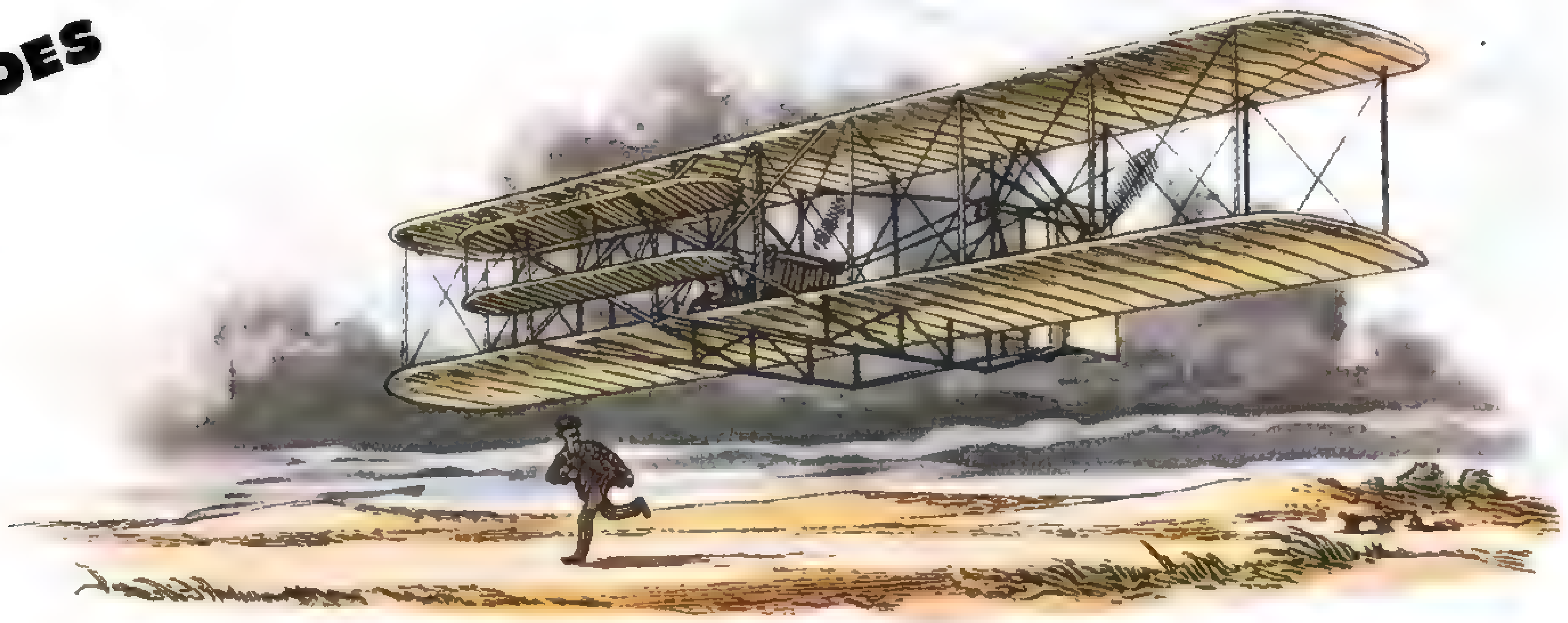

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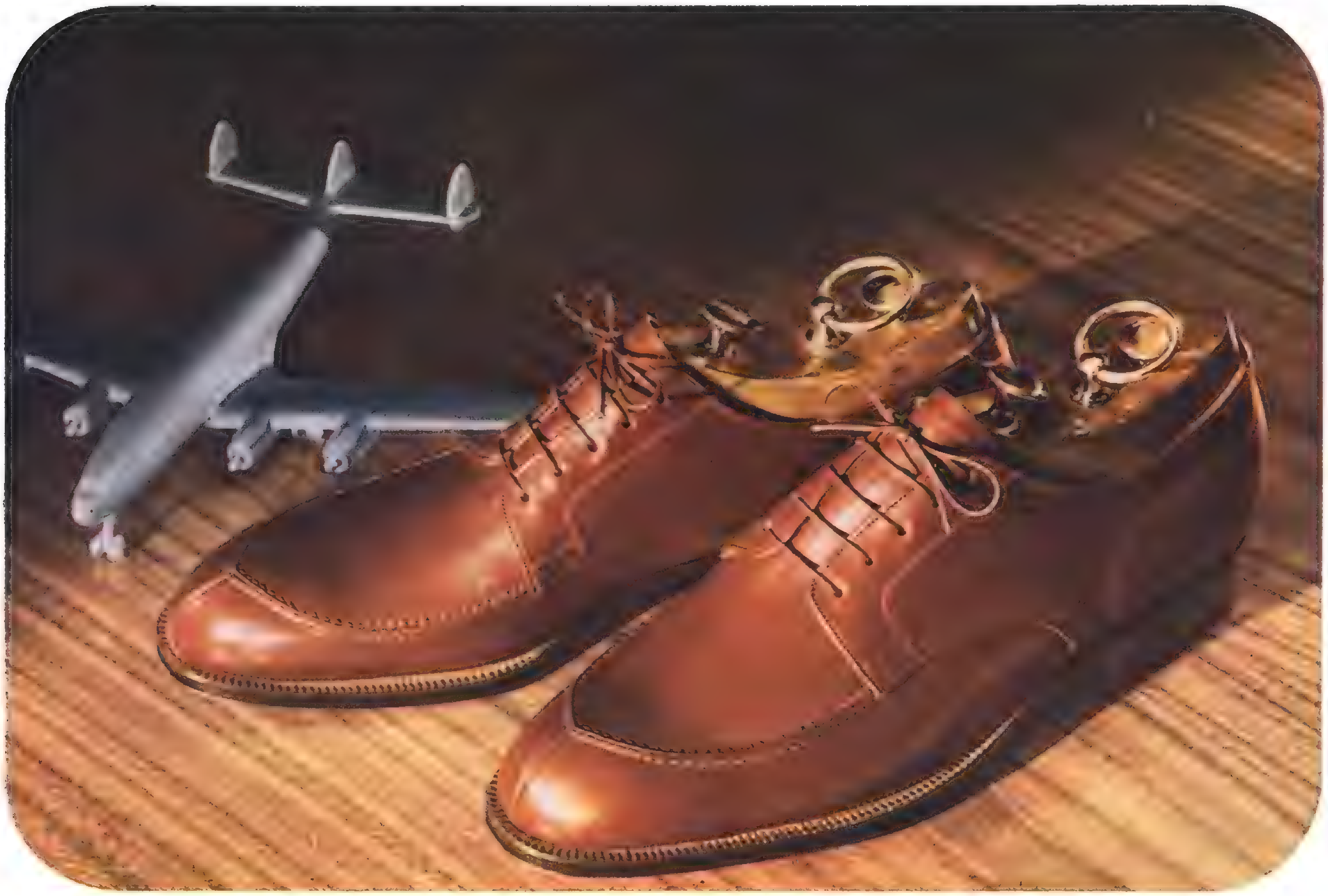

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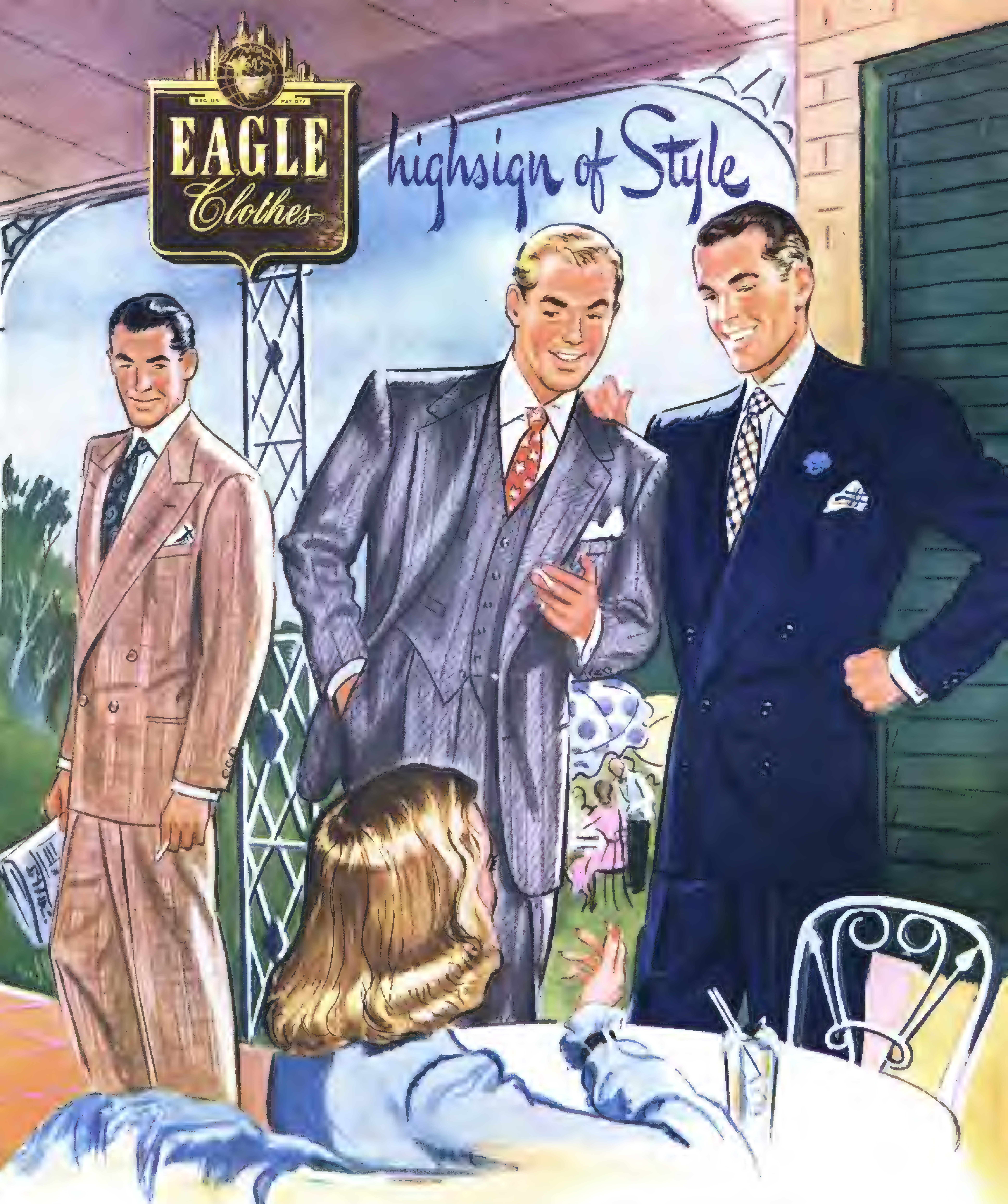
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other bed stopped and Grace said, "Larry?" in a sleepy voice. "Anything the matter?"

"Can't sleep. Think I'll drive over to the drugstore and see if Dave can't fix me up with something." Suddenly I felt sorry for Grace Sungail. Her husband was committed to a course that some day could slap her off the smooth, secure path her life had followed since the day she married him. And then the mood passed. I slipped on a jacket and said, "Don't wait up for me," and went downstairs. I snaked the car out of the garage and drove slowly to the drugstore. Then I went into the phone booth and called Lona.

"Hello." Her voice sounded sleepy.

". . . Hello, baby. What're you doing?"

"Packing."

I said, "Well, start unpacking."

"No, Larry."

"Listen, Lona. I was mixed up. It floored me to learn you had a husband, that's all. I had to think. I know it sounds grimy over the phone, but I love you. I can't give you up; I just can't."

"Don't Larry!" It sounded like she was crying. "Larry, I'm not mad at you, darling. It's just that I'm not good for you; don't you see? That's why I'm going away."

My hand was gripping the receiver so hard the knuckles hurt. "You've got to listen to me, baby. I've thought it out and there's only one thing to do. I'm going through with it, Lona. You hear me? *I'm going through with it!* And it won't be hard to do, either; I haven't been in the banking game all these years for nothing."

"Larry! You don't know what you're say—"

"Here's what I want you to do. Take off the rest of the week. Go up to Frisco and see him. Find out how much he wants for a divorce. But for Christ's sake make him keep the figure down. If it isn't too high I may be able to swing it without . . . well, without getting fancy. Tell him half the money is his right away and the rest when it's definitely wound up. Okay?"

"No! It's all wrong, darling. It would mean sacrificing your career, everything you've planned and worked for."

"Do you think I haven't gone all over that myself?"

"I'll come to work in the morning, Larry. We'll talk about it then."

"If you want to talk, okay. But everything's settled."

"We'll see. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Lona."

Slowly I put back the receiver. I knew that she would come around to seeing things my way. The realization should have given me some satisfaction. But it didn't.

* * *

Nothing could be emptier than my outer office when I came in the morning after Lona left for San Francisco. I stared at the black cover on her typewriter without really seeing it. The electric fan droned away, but there weren't any strands of honey hair to be stirred by the breeze.

Knuckles touched the outer door and I said, "All right," and the door opened. It was the boy with the morning mail. I went into my own office and picked up the big silver letter-opener Grace had bought for me the previous Christmas. I slit open one envelope. It was from the Trans-American Life Insurance Company, notifying me that the quarterly premium on my life insurance was due.

That set me to thinking. I went to the filing cabinet and took out a folder. Then I got a pencil and set down the figures those papers represented.

Halfway through I gave up. House, car, savings, the policy on my life and the one on Grace's—there wasn't more than $3,000 in ready cash. I could probably borrow a couple of thousand more. If Lona could swing her freedom on that amount, I might work it out without having to stick my fingers into the till.

It was something to hope for. I returned the papers to the file, dragged the Dictaphone over and went back to work for the bank. Work would keep me from thinking until the time came when I would have to think again.

* * *

Lona got back the following Saturday afternoon. I drove down to meet the train. One glance at her face was enough to show she hadn't been enjoying herself. There were shadows under her eyes and a drawn look around her mouth. She said, "Hi, Larry," in a flat, tired voice, and I started asking her how she had made out.

"Wait until we get home, Larry. Please."

"All right."

While she was washing up, I mixed drinks and sat down on the davenport. Presently she came out. She had pinned her hair up into a knot, washed off all make-up, and put on a blue silk robe without a stitch underneath. I said, ". . . Let's have it, baby."

"He wants $15,000, Larry."

"You're worth fifteen million to me, Lona."

She took my hand and put it against her cheek. "Larry, I won't allow you to ruin yourself just to have me."

I made a noise in my throat. It was meant as a laugh. "Who's wearing the pants in this family, anyway? You talk like I was going to stick up the bank with a gun. I've got an angle or two figured out already; all I needed to know was how much this husband of yours wants."

"Well, now you know."

"Yeah."

Neither of us said anything more for several minutes. The smell of hibiscus from the empty lot next door came in through the open window.

". . . How did he take it, Lona?"

She put her head back and closed her eyes. "There's no point in repeating all we said. I told him I was in love with another man. He reacted exactly as I thought he would. The old calculating look came into his eyes. At last he got around to saying it: there wasn't going to be any freedom for me unless I could offer him something 'substantial' for that freedom."

I squeezed her fingers without saying anything. Her voice went on in a dull monotone.

"Larry, we haggled like a pawnbroker and his customer. He wanted $30,000; then finally he came down to fifteen and stuck there. And that's all there is to it."

I nodded. "It could be a lot

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worse." I got off the couch and began to pace back and forth. "You did fine, Lona. But this has got to be done in a hurry. So here's what you do. Wire for reservations in Reno, ten days from now, then pack your trunks and send them there. Within a week I'll give you $7,500 to take to your husband. From San Francisco you go to Reno and stay six weeks to establish residence. Then get your divorce, come back here and I'll have another $7,500 for the final payment to your *ex*-husband."

"No, Larry!"

"Will you for Christ's sake stop saying no! You've got to believe that I know what I'm doing. If I thought I couldn't get away with it, you can be sure I wouldn't do it."

". . . How can you possibly get all that money, Larry?"

"Okay. You're entitled to know. One of the bank's customers is an old guy named Ira Banning. I don't think he's been in the bank twice in the past ten years. I handle all his business with us and he wouldn't go to anybody else.

"Ira is a fruit broker—a weather-beaten old bachelor who lives over in Highlands. During the fruit seasons he has to lay hands on good-sized amounts of cash without delay. So he sends in a bookkeeper to pick up ten or fifteen thousand bucks and we give it to him without red tape.

"Well, to take that kind of money out of a bank, you've got to put up plenty of collateral. So, back in 1929, Ira turned over $25,000 in U.S. government bearer bonds to us. They went into the vault and have been there ever since. And the only reason they won't be there another ten years is because I'm going to lift $15,000 worth of them!"

Lona put her hands against her temples. ". . . Bonds aren't cash, Larry. You'll be found out when you try to cash them."

"Use your head, baby. I said these are bearer bonds. They're the same as cash, almost. You could walk into any bank and get the money without getting too involved. That satisfy you?"

She took her highball glass off the table. "What about the home-office auditors and the State examiners. Won't they find out those bonds are missing?"

I nodded slowly. "That's about the only danger, really. And right there is where my being an executive comes in handy. I have charge of the commercial and private loans. When it comes to checking collateral folders, I think I can figure out a way of getting around things. The boys are supposed to check the information typed on the envelopes and spot check the contents. With the plan I have in mind there's not much chance of their finding out about the bonds."

Lona shifted her eyes to me and they were surprisingly composed. "Say they *did* happen to discover something was missing?"

I gave her an exaggerated wink. "That, sweetheart, is my ace in the hole. I have a letter from Banning authorizing me to remove any of those bonds as they are called in by Uncle Sam, get the face value and interest on them, deposit the interest to his account and buy new bearer bonds with the principal. If the auditors say, 'Where are the missing bonds, Mr. Sungail?' I say, 'They are in the process of redemption, gentlemen, and the hell with you!' And I have Banning's letter to back me up."

There was admiration and respect in her expression. "You've thought of everything, haven't you, Larry?"

I pulled her onto my lap. "I missed you, baby."

"I know, Larry. It's been almost a week."

". . . Umm, you smell good!"

"Silly!"

"I love you, baby."

"Ouch! Larry, you need a shave!"

"Who cares?"

". . . Darling . . . Darling . . ."

* * *

After Lona broke the news to me about Ira Banning shooting himself, I went on into my private office and stared out of the window. Well, I was in up to my hatband and I knew it. The $15,000 it had taken to buy off Lona's husband had had $3,000 more tacked on to finance her stay in Reno. She came back with a sparkle in her brown eyes and the announcement that she was a free woman. That was back a year ago, and the months that followed were right up on top of the world. We didn't talk any more about my getting a divorce from Grace; that's the sort of thing which is always easy to put off.

Another thing I kept my thoughts away from was that void in Banning's security folder. From the first I had planned on saving a couple of hundred a month until I put together a respectable amount, then I expected to take a pass at the stock market and see if I couldn't build up $18,000. But supporting two households, I didn't put away a cent.

Well, the day of reckoning was at hand and I had nothing to meet it with. The one factor I hadn't considered—Banning's failing health—was going to ruin me. All I could see was the gray walls of a prison cell. Banning was a suicide, and that meant his lawyers would start digging up assets for probating the estate.

Bad as it was, it wouldn't necessarily have been fatal except for one thing. Kermit Wayne was leaving the Parkway branch. That meant the home-office auditors would swarm in to go over everything, the customary procedure when a bank executive made a transfer.

I was conscious of a cold lump below my ribs and I recognized it as the beginning of fear. The door opened slowly and Lona came in with the morning mail. She looked subdued and scared and worried, all together.

"Have you thought of anything, Larry?"

"No."

She sank into the visitor's chair. "I wish I could think of something, Larry. The whole mess is my fault."

It didn't take an X-ray to see through her. She was scared I'd tell them where the money had gone. I couldn't blame her for thinking it, but she should have known me better than that.

I began to leaf through mail, thinking out loud at the same time. "I've got a house. It's worth $16,000, but I owe $11,000 on it.

I've a $10,000 insurance policy, but its surrender value isn't $2,000. I couldn't get more than $800 on the car. I can't think of . . ."

My voice trailed off and I sat there staring at an envelope. The left-hand corner said: Trans-American Life Insurance Company.

". . . What is it, Larry?"

"Nothing." I put the envelope in my desk. "I can't think of anything else to raise cash on, is all."

Her chin began to tremble. I got up and put my arms around her. "Relax, honey. Go back to work. I'll find a way out of this mess."

The door closed. I went back to my desk, took the envelope out. It was a form notifying me that the semiannual premium was due on my wife's life-insurance policy.

When I was made assistant manager of the Parkway branch, Grace had suggested I allow her to take out the policy, naming me as beneficiary. Her reason, of course, was to make sure my raise wouldn't be frittered away. She had Craig Taylor fix up a policy, and the premium notices came twice a year.

Cashing in Grace's policy at this stage wouldn't net me much more than the price of a couple good suits. Besides, she would expect an explanation. I cat-footed all around the only possible decision. Still it had to come out eventually.

Grace would have to die.

* * *

Instead of staying in San Berdoo that evening I caught my regular train to Palm View. My neighbor, Sid Carson, was fussing around his flower beds and I chatted with him for a minute.

Grace opened the door and put up her cheek. "How did it go today, dear?"

I said, "About the same as usual," and went into the living room to read the evening paper.

There was a page-one story about a lone-wolf bandit who had stuck up an express truck and got away with $100,000 a couple of days before. Police had found the getaway car a few miles west of San Bernardino, and an arrest was expected hourly.

I got to thinking about faking a stick-up at the Parkway branch. Then I dropped that, and thought: Funny how things work out. When I left home this morning, Grace was just the woman I'd been married to for sixteen years. Now she was somebody I was going to murder. But I had to figure a method of killing Grace that would keep me from being a suspect . . .

"Dinner, Larry."

"Coming."

Somehow just the two of us sitting on opposite sides of the table gave the impression that the room was empty of life. The blinds were drawn and a tall red candle burned at either end of the table.

"You seem so quiet tonight, Larry. Anything wrong?"

I glanced up and saw that she was smiling at me. Warmly, intimately. I thought: Sixteen years we've been husband and wife. She's lovely. She's really a lovely woman . . .

"Nothing's wrong, Grace. It's just that I've a lot on my mind, what with this promotion coming up, and all."

Her eyebrows arched. "Promotion?"

I realized with a start that my mind had been so full of plans for murder that I'd forgotten about being slated for the job of branch manager. So I gave her an account of what Wayne told me that same morning. Grace was thrilled and as happy as a man's wife usually is when he gets his big break.

"You've worked hard for this, dear."

"Yes, I guess I have."

It stopped there. Grace never was one to do much talking, while I'd gotten out of the habit a long time before. I helped clear the table and while Grace was busy with the dishes, I walked out into the backyard and stood there smoking a cigarette.

Suddenly the bushes parted on the other side of the road and St. Peter came through, opened our gate and came up the walk. Under his left arm was the huge, old-fashioned Bible nobody ever saw him without. His calling was no surprise; once in a while he would disappear for two or three weeks, but he always showed up again. It was popularly believed that he lived up in the hills, and spent his time reading the Good Book to the birds.

I gave him the slightly self-conscious smile you give people like him. "You're just in time for dinner, Peter."

He looked at me with his big, kindly eyes, said nothing, and went up on the back porch and through the screen door. That was his way: he never was known to knock or ring the bell.

Evidently Grace had seen him coming, for as I entered she gave him a friendly smile and a plate with two sandwiches. "It's been a long time since you've come to visit us, Peter."

The mat of whiskers shifted. St. Peter was smiling. "You are a true daughter of God, my child."

I winked at my wife. "Where do I come in, Pete, old boy?"

Those piercing eyes stabbed me. "Reflect, my son. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world yet lose his own soul?"

I blinked. What the hell was this—second sight? ". . . All right, what does that mean?"

"In your heart is a blackness, my son. Cast it forth, lest it damn you forever."

I jerked my head toward the door. "Take your sandwiches and get out of here!" Then I went into the living room to finish the paper.

It turned out to be a long evening. After I read the paper I went upstairs to look over the two shotguns—a .410 single and a 16-gauge repeater—I used during my vacations up in Washington State. I kept them in a rack in an attic room at the head of the stairs. It was a room the builders hadn't finished; some of the flooring wasn't laid and only the lower half of the inner wall was put in.

While oiling the guns, I caught myself wondering if I would ever be able to take another vacation. The thought took all the pleasure out of fooling with the guns; I put them away and went back downstairs.

Later, standing in the kitchen trying to decide whether I felt like a snack before bed, the nucleus of the plan hit me. One moment I wasn't even thinking along those lines; the next, I knew how I was going to murder Grace Sungail . . .

Continued on page 118

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murder her and get away with it!

* * *

At 10 a.m. the day my plan was to go into effect, I came out of my office into the anteroom where Lona was pounding her typewriter. She saw disgust on my face and said, "What's the matter, Larry?" in quick alarm.

I let loose a sigh. "That old bastard Perry Adler just called. Sometimes I wish he'd take his business to some other bank. The guy's more trouble'n he's worth."

"What's he complaining about this time?"

Adler owned a contracting business in Redlands, and had been one of our most profitable accounts for years. The only thing wrong was his continual fault-finding. He was forever demanding duplicate statements or claiming overcharges or arguing that deposits were put on the wrong accounts.

"This time it's a lulu. He's asking for an itemized list, showing charges and credits, on every short-term loan we've made to him during the past ten years. Which means I've got to spend the afternoon up in the record room, digging through dusty records."

"Can't you get somebody to do it?"

"I wish I could. But I couldn't be sure they'd have it accurate. No, I'm stuck."

I went back into my office. Sure I had talked with Adler; but the call had been made by me. He was the one man I could count on to help me build the alibi I needed. I had said politely that he had been given credit for a payment he had never made on a short-term loan. Naturally, he blew up. One word had led to another until I finally told him I personally would furnish him with a list of every short-term debit and credit of his since the day he started doing business with Western National Banking and Trust.

"All right, by God, you do that!" he cried. "I've got coal heavers in my yards who could do a better job of keeping books than your clerks!"

Which was exactly what I wanted from him!

* * *

Four days had passed since the key part of my plan to kill Grace first came to my mind. With that in position, the other sections had begun to drop into place, and when the entire structure was complete you couldn't have found a crack in it with a magnifying glass.

Considerable preparation had been necessary, of course. I spent the better part of a day in Los Angeles, buying props. And on top of that, I put in three hours in the record room making up the list I had needled Adler into asking for. Also, I had to get Grace's life-insurance policy from my safe deposit box to make sure it carried a double-indemnity clause. It did, so that was okay . . .

Those four days had been hard to get through in another way, too. Because every time my phone would ring, every time Wayne sent word I was wanted in his office, my belly would develop a vacuum. Always the same thought would pop up: Here it comes. Banning's lawyers want those securities.

This was Friday—the day I was to become a murderer. Thursday night we had turned in early, Grace to fall asleep immediately, I to lie there while the enormity of what I intended doing grew heavier in my mind. But such thinking didn't help worth a damn.

I finally tried listening to sounds outside the house to divert my mind. At 1 a.m. I heard a car crawling along the road behind the house. It stopped for a few minutes, then started again. It wasn't the first time that road had been used as a lovers' lane. Only this time, the guy hadn't done so well . . .

Then I heard a squad-car siren a couple of blocks away. It grew louder and tires screeched on a turn that brought the squad past the house with a roar. That was unusual because the boys didn't make a practice of using a siren in residential sections at that hour of night.

Half an hour later rain started to fall. That gave me plenty to listen to and finally I drifted off to sleep . . .

* * *

Shortly before lunch, Lona came into my office with letters to sign. "Larry . . ."

I glanced sharply at her. "What?"

"You have something figured out, haven't you?"

"Don't make this any tougher for me, please. I'm working on something that can pull me off the spot. But the more you worry the harder it is for me to think clearly."

Sudden tears brimmed her eyes. "Whatever you do, darling, don't make things worse by trying to make them better."

That startled me but I kept from showing it. She couldn't know what I intended doing. I said, "Don't worry. I'll let you know when I've worked out something and we'll go over it to make sure there are no holes."

She smiled wanly and went out. But there was no bounce in her step.

* * *

When I came back from lunch, Lona was sitting at her typewriter, staring into space. I went into my office, gathered up blank forms and pencils, then came out.

"I'll be up in the record room, Lona. I don't want to be disturbed, regardless of who might want to see me. It's going to take two or three hours to get that information for Adler."

Some of the faraway expression left her eyes. ". . . All right, Larry."

At the elevators I rode up to the sixth floor and walked to the record room. I unlocked the door with a key on my personal chain, snapped on the back row of lights. The big room gave the appearance of a public library. I followed one of the aisles to the rear, where there was a stack of wooden boxes labeled *Pay-roll Records*. Unpiling them, I opened the bottom box and took out a cheap ready-made blue suit, a pair of scuffed shoes, a shirt and necktie, and a dark gray felt hat. These items represented part of my purchases in Los Angeles.

It didn't require more than three minutes to change clothing and store in the box what I'd taken off. Then I removed a small brown-paper parcel from another box, tucked it into a pocket and went back into the corridor. I locked the door but left the back lights on. If they were off when

I returned, I'd know someone had been there during my absence.

On my way to the stairs I passed two or three people in the corridor but they ignored me. I went down six flights quickly, passing no one, and came out into the lobby near the revolving doors. The twelve feet between the two doors seemed miles; if I should run into a bank employee right then, I might just as well turn around and go back upstairs and get ready for jail.

Well, I didn't meet anybody. As soon as I reached the street, I walked a block to a parking lot. Sure enough, there stood the '38 Ford that belonged to Clifford Frome, one of our tellers, who had parked his car there every day as long as I'd known him. And Cliff made a point of never locking the door.

When you've worked alongside a man for ten years you get to know his idiosyncrasies. And one of Cliff's was keeping an extra ignition key in the dashboard compartment. I pulled open the compartment and found the key. A minute later I was driving east on D street.

The sun shone brightly and it was the kind of day to be alive. But it was wasted on me. I was on my way to murder.

An hour later the Ford was moving along a dirt road in wild country between Devore and the Arrowhead resorts. Presently I pulled to a stop behind a row of bushes. I got out of the car and stretched my legs. I figured I was no more than three-quarters of a mile east of my house, although from the looks of things you'd have sworn civilization was a hundred miles away.

I fished the brown-paper parcel from my pocket and unwrapped it. There was a wig of iron-grey hair and shaggy beard to match. Also a pair of scissors and a dime-store mirror. The first two items took half a day to find among Los Angeles costume shops.

The wig fitted perfectly. The beard had to be stuck on with gum, and it was a job to get it exactly right. That was where the mirror turned out to be a smart investment. When I was finished, the only parts of my face visible were my forehead, eyes and nose.

I wasn't Lawrence Sungail of Western National. I was an old guy known to the good citizens of Palm View as St. Peter—old Word-of-God himself.

I started down the hill, headed for my own kitchen door. When I reached the bushes bordering the dirt road behind my place, I peered through.

There wasn't a soul in sight. That was bad; I had to have witnesses who would swear they saw St. Peter entering the Sungail residence on the afternoon Grace was murdered. Nor was my time schedule very elastic, but I decided I could spare ten minutes in the hope that somebody would appear.

It turned out to be nearer fifteen minutes, but I got two swell witnesses. One was the Filipino houseboy of the Waring family, our neighbors to the south; he came around the side of their house carrying a garden umbrella. Then the back door of the Carson house opened and Sid came out with a paint bucket and brushes.

Perfect. I had my audience. And in time, too . . . just barely in time.

My hands reached out to push aside the bushes when suddenly I remembered something . . . something that knocked my hands away from those bushes and put a boulder in my belly.

I didn't have a Bible!

I *had* to have a Bible. For me to come out into the open without a big black-leather volume under my arm would be lunacy. Both Carson and the Waring's houseboy knew St. Peter as well as I did; and glimpsing him without the hunk of leather was something that couldn't help but stick in their minds. And just let the police hear about it and they might get to thinking that St. Peter without his Bible wouldn't be St. Peter at all. Right there would be where I started a one-way march to the gas chamber.

I bowed my head, trying desperately to think . . . and right then is when I saw it. There was a small mound of earth in the bushes. Last night's rain had washed away the dirt, exposing a corner of something buried. It was black and shiny . . . like leather . . . By galloping God, it *was* leather!

Savagely I kicked away the dirt, scooped it up. I could have shouted with relief. It was a black leather zipper case, about fourteen inches by eleven inches, and perhaps six inches thick. Quickly I stuck the thing under my arm and went through the bushes into my yard.

From the corner of one eye I saw Carson give me a casual glance and go back to work. The Filipino was facing my way, so he knew I was there. I turned the knob, and there I was—in my own kitchen.

"Who's there?" Grace's voice came from the living room.

I went fast into the living room. Grace was seated on the couch, and in the lounge chair was somebody else. A visitor. A woman. A woman with honey hair. Lona Kennedy!

I froze in mid-stride, my jaw hanging, and gawked at her. Grace said: "Why, Peter . . ."

Lona turned her head then and saw me. St. Peter didn't mean a thing to her. What she saw was a guy with whiskers and a wild glare in his eyes. She ripped out a scream that would have all Acacia Avenue here on a run.

So I hit her, slamming my right fist against her jaw. She fell forward, out colder than the top of Mount Baldy.

As Lona fell, I turned on my wife. Astonishment fled from her expression and fear flooded in. "You're not Peter! You're—"

I plunged a hand into my coat and yanked out a two-foot length of rope. I was on top of her before she could move, the hemp twisting around her neck. She fell back against the couch, the rope cutting her throat, and what started to be a scream became no more than a whisper, a whisper like dry leaves scudding along a deserted street.

And that is how my wife died.

* * *

Not that I saw her die. I closed my eyes and twisted that rope tighter and tighter until I couldn't make it go any farther. Then suddenly I remembered that Lona was there too. I let go of the rope and stood up. Lona still

Continued on page 120

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lay where the blow had knocked her. She was breathing heavily, but she didn't appear hurt.

Okay, Sungail, I told myself bitterly, let's see you get out of this mess. For one panic-stricken instant I thought of killing her too. But the impulse faded; I loved her too much to keep my own life at the price of hers . . . And then suddenly I saw what a terrific stroke of luck it was for me to have Lona here. She hadn't recognized me; she had heard Grace call me Peter. In other words, for a guy who wanted witnesses, I had the best.

I went to the linen closet and grabbed towels and washcloths. I came back, stuffed a ball of cloth into Lona's mouth and bound a towel around her lips. With other towels I tied her hands and feet and fastened her to a leg of the couch. I didn't want her rolling over to the telephone and knocking the receiver off the hook.

My job was finished. I went out the back door, through the bushes and up the hill at a run, not pausing until I reached the Ford. I shucked off the beard and wig, wrapped both around a stone and tied them with string. This went into the car as I stepped on the starter and wheeled back onto the road. When I reached a spot where the road crossed a stream, I tossed the weighted beard and wig into the water and watched them sink.

At 3:45, I opened the door to the record room. Frome's car was back in the lot and I had crossed the lobby and walked up six flights without meeting anyone who knew me.

The lights were still on. I changed clothing again, put the cheap stuff back in the box to be disposed of later, and gathered up the forms on which I had listed the Adler information a couple days earlier. Now it would serve as proof that I was in the record room from 1:30 to 3:45 on the afternoon St. Peter murdered my wife.

I rode down to the first floor, my hands full of papers and dust across one cheek. And there was Kermit Wayne, standing at the lobby entrance.

"I've been looking for you, Larry."

His face didn't tell a thing. "Sorry, sir. I've been up in the record room since lunch. Miss Kennedy should have told you."

"I wasn't able to locate her. There was a phone call for you, and the operator switched it to me."

The tips of my fingers began to tingle. Could they have found Grace and Lona while I was on my way back to the bank?

"The call was from the attorneys handling Banning's estate."

I could feel my lips stiffen . . . "Yes, sir?"

"They wanted to get a list of the securities Banning placed with us to cover his loans."

I thought: he wouldn't be rambling along this way if he knew the score. That means I'm still in the clear.

". . . It won't take long to get a list together, Mr. Wayne."

"I rather imagined so. I told them you'd call back next week."

"I'll do that, sir."

He went bumbling off and I rode up to the mezzanine. Lona had left no note to explain her absence. Probably she counted on being back from Palm View before I came down from the record room. I went into my office, dropped into the chair and began to shake like a palsied old man.

There was a bottle of cognac in the desk: it took two stiff shots to get my nerves under control. Then I leaned back and began to do some thinking.

Banning's lawyers weren't asking that the securities be turned over to them. All they wanted was a listing. I would make out a fake list, showing government bonds in various amounts, and keep a copy of it. When the insurance money came in, I would purchase bonds in denominations to match those shown on the list.

All right. The tough part of the job was over with. Grace was dead and her murder would be stuck on to St. Peter. With the testimony of Sid Carson and that Filipino houseboy and Lona . . . why, he couldn't beat the rap in a million years.

Now, about the insurance. There wouldn't be any hitch in getting quick settlement. True, the insured had been murdered; but the beneficiary had nothing to do with the killing. Lawrence Sungail was a man of sterling character, one of the leading businessmen of San Bernardino. And to an outfit like Trans-American Life Insurance Company, twenty grand was peanuts.

One thing was bothering me, however. What had Lona been doing at my home when I walked in to murder my wife? She and Grace weren't friends; in fact, they had only met on the infrequent occasions that my wife came to see me at the bank.

Well, the answer would come later. In slightly over an hour I'd be entering the house in Palm View . . . to find my wife dead and my secretary bound and gagged on the floor.

Maybe not, though. Maybe my phone would ring and Deputy Sheriff Dodd would be telling me I must prepare myself for a shock. Okay; I could take it now. Here I was, right where I should be, a perfect alibi in my pocket, even though one wasn't needed—

The phone rang. My heart went who-o-osh and my hand jerked, upsetting the cognac. Finally I got the receiver to my ear, picking up the bottle with my other hand.

It was only a routine business call. I was putting back the receiver when I suddenly remembered something . . . something that knocked out my complacency and let in the cold of utter fear.

I had forgotten that damned "Bible" again!

(If You Have Tears *by John Evans will be concluded in the May issue of Esquire.*)

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by **HERBERT KUBLY**

The High

THE world's greatest choral work is Bach's monumental *Mass in B Minor*. For his 24-movement liturgical mass, Bach was content with a chorus of seventeen singers and an orchestra small enough to fit into the choir loft of a church. Today it is customary to smother it with great choirs of a hundred voices and batteries of trumpets.

In the first American recording of the complete Mass (Victor, 34 sides), Conductor Robert Shaw and RCA-Victor Chorale (made up of members of Shaw's famous Collegiate Chorale) perform the Mass as Bach wrote it. ♪♪ The authentic Bach orchestration includes the *oboe d'amore, the corni de caccia* (a hunting horn) and coloratura trumpets which seem to be played by the angels in heaven. Pruned down to size and beautifully sung, Bach's great Mass achieves the devout religiosity of a church service.

As its encore, Robert Shaw and his chorus have recorded one of the finest of Bach's some three hundred sacred cantatas, No. 140 entitled: *Sleepers Awake!* (Victor, 8 sides). ♪ It is performed with the same fine devotion to Bach.

Bach's influence on Mendelssohn is apparent from the latter's great oratorio, *Elijah*. It is now completely recorded by England's Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting (Columbia, 32 sides). ♪♪ In a thundering rampage of Old Testament furies, a Vengeful God sends down droughts and thunderous floods before the prophet Elijah is whisked up to heaven in a chariot of flames. The performance is vivid, with Isobel Baillie singing soprano arias which Mendelssohn wrote for Jenny Lind.

Good string quartets are rare in the United States. It caused quite a musical ruffle two years ago when a Scottish-born violinist named Henri Temianka and three Belgians (Gustave Rosseels, Robert Courte and Robert Maas) organized the Paganini-Quartet.

For its record debut the Quartet has cut Beethoven's *Rasoumovsky Quartets Nos. 7, 8 and 9, Opus 59, Nos. 1, 2 and 3* (Victor, 24 sides). ♪♪♪ The Paganinis turn the three quartets into shimmering mirrors of impeccable tone. Their sensitive engineering (so important in recording chamber music) makes the albums a milestone in phonograph history.

The Low

FOLK music is learned by ear instead of by notes, and classical composers who use its ideas and melodies have had to go into the field to prospect. Maurice Ravel listened to Afro-American jazz in Chicago night clubs. Béla Bartók tramped over desolate Hungarian hills to make cylindrical records of plaintive peasant dirges. Aaron Copland went to Mexico.

Today record stores are loaded with primitive music.

Most exotic are five albums in the Disc Company's *Ethnic Series* (total: 40 sides) all recorded on location. ♪♪ Cuban and Haitian voodoo and ritual songs are accompanied by rattles, bamboo trumpets and native Gene Krupas who beat on log drums with their hands until the goatskin chugs like a steam locomotive climbing Pike's Peak. Ethiopians take themselves less seriously and seem to have more fun with dance and festival music. In the album *Folk Music of the Central East*, southern Russian peasants sing to flowery mandolin trills and a droning bagpipe called the *doodooky*.

Most intriguing of Disc's Ethnic Series is an album of twenty-eight American Indian songs and dances recorded by five tribes gathered for Indian ceremonials at the Upper Dells of the Wisconsin River. Zuñi Indians invoke rain. Blow Snake, a 78-year-old Winnebago, sings love songs. Big Snake and his wife, Sweet Grass, sing a modernized Sioux war song.

America's most indefatigable collector of folk music is Alan Lomax. Decca Records hired Alan to burrow through archives of collector's items and compile them into albums of authentic reissues. The first two albums, including song books, are available.

Listen to Our Story (8 sides), a collection of droll balladry, ♪ includes the sad tale of John Henry's funeral, and the case history of a very potent *Derby Ram* who "rambled around the town 'till the butchers cut him down."

Mountain Frolic, Lomax' second album (8 sides) is a collection of vigorous Southern mountain hoedowns, played and sung by the Tennessee Ramblers, the Fruit Jar Drinkers and the Buckle Busters. ♪♪ The album includes a printed account of a Tennessee Saturday night from the journal of a square dancer (circa 1845): "We danced an' liquored at the tail of every reel till sun up. Then them that could walk went home and the wounded stayed where they fell." #

Rating of Recording:

♪ = GOOD
♪♪ = SUPERIOR
♪♪♪ = OUTSTANDING

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Circular Checkers

New rules and fast curves make the old game diverting to intellectuals

by **SAM KAPLAN**

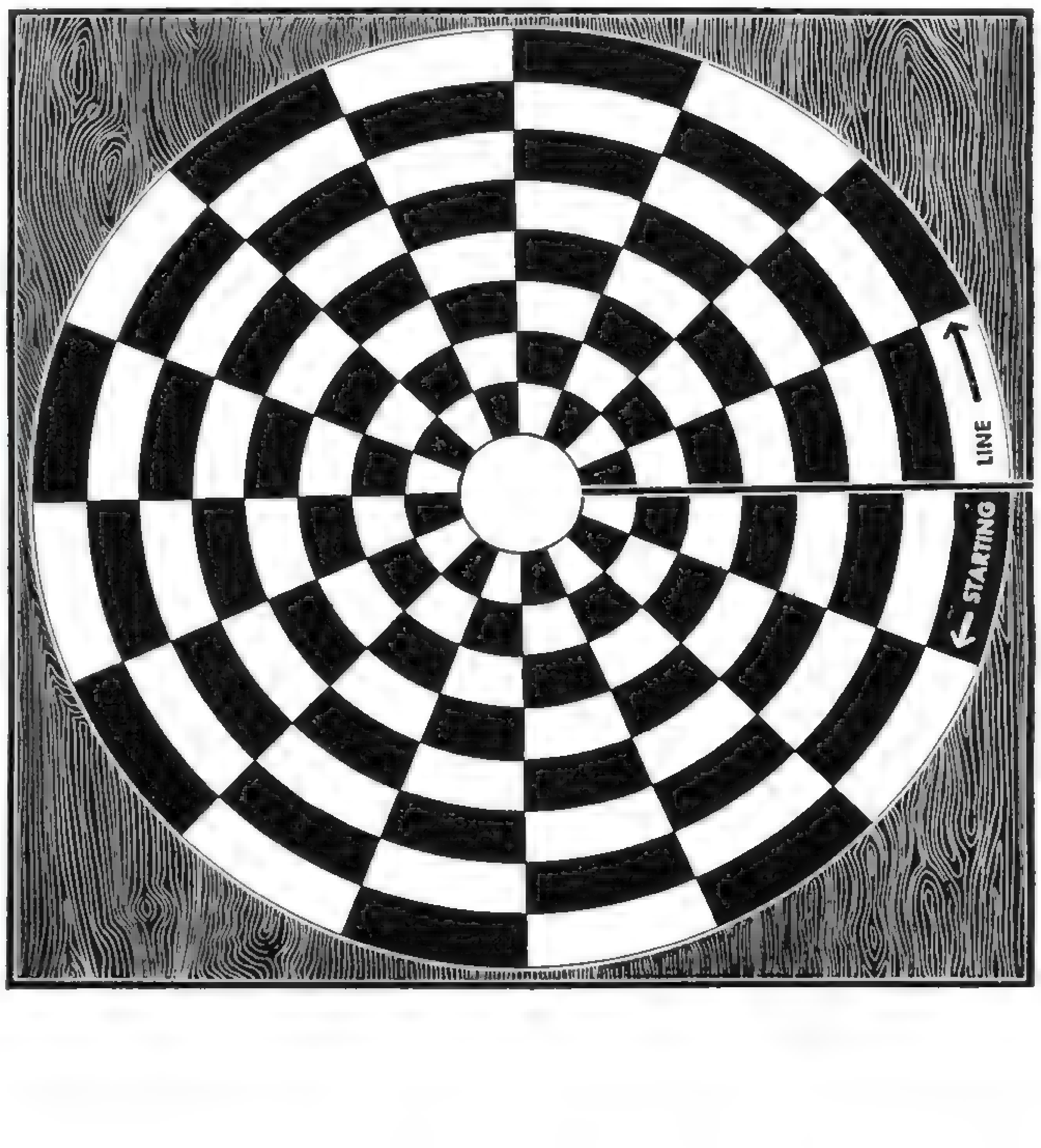
CHECKERS is a poor man's game and an old man's game. Traditionally, it goes with whiskers, corncob pipes, cracker barrels and homely philosophy. The more suave gentry have never taken to it. If they feel like gambling, they set up a table of gin rummy. If they feel like going intellectual, they haul out the chessboard and the hand-carved ivory men Uncle Lucifer bought as a steal from a lama in Tibet. But never checkers.

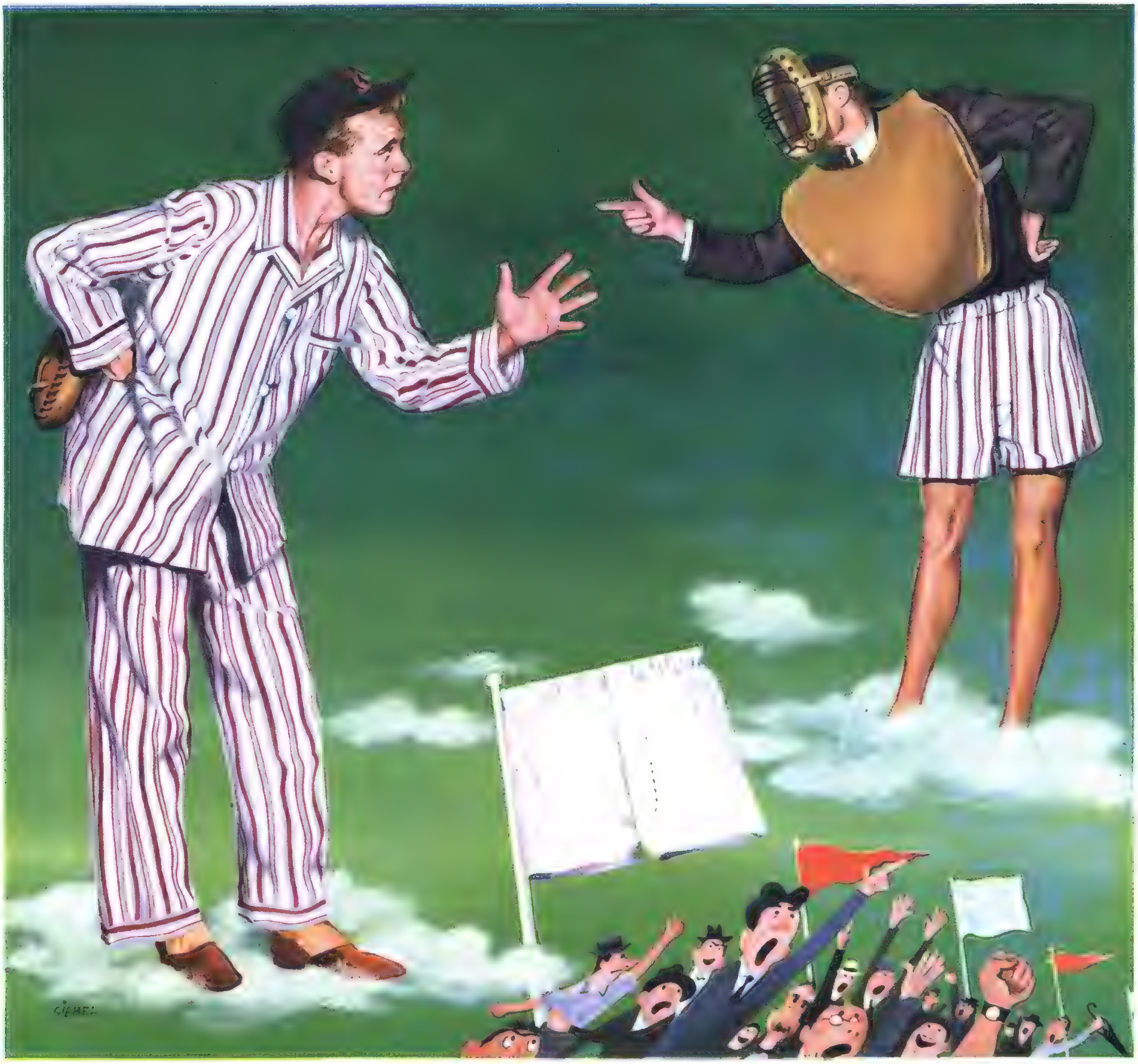
The nonchecker-playing element of the nation will note the above and go unconcernedly about their business. But not so the checker addict. The latter will be hoisted very neatly on the horns of a ticklish dilemma. He *knows* that the game of his heart is really too simple and thus suffers from the same sort of Achilles heel as tic-tac-toe and other such pastimes which puzzle the novice and bore the expert. But he can't admit that, obviously. He also knows that what checkers needs are a few refinements which will increase the number of possible plays and thus make the outcome less apparent after the opening moves are made. But he's too much of a traditionalist to want to make such refinements. He's like the bored husband who notes that his wife is getting a bit ample about the hips, but is quite hesitant about advising a success course. So he does nothing and checkers languish.

The weakness in checkers—as in tic-tac-toe, again—lies in the limited playing area. What is needed is more *lebensraum.* Why not, then, expand the borders of the board? Why not, indeed. The question asked is the question answered. Behold a new game, guaranteed to furnish the same slow satisfaction as checkers played in the crossroads store, plus infinite extra dividends as well—*circular checkers.*

If you can play checkers—as what schoolboy cannot—you can play and enjoy circular checkers. With but one exception, the rules are identical. You begin with the traditional four rows of checkers, but instead of lining them up at opposite ends of a square board, you line them up facing in opposite directions at the starting line. One player works north around the circle, the other south. Eventually they meet, but since there are more spaces between them than normally is true, they can plan a variety of moves and series of moves before coming to grips. Once they meet, they jump each other as in regular checkers. To get *kinged,* they must work their way around to the starting line. And here's the big rule exception. *Once kinged, the king piece can take off in either direction*—as though no actual boundaries existed.

Simple? Yes, and complicated, too. Let him who is ennuied to tears with checkers as Lincoln played it back in Salem, Illinois, sit down and copy the circular board illustrated below. Then let him call in a comfortable crony, break open the crackers and cheese, and come to grips. We'll wager that he and the old square checker game will part company as of then. ⌗





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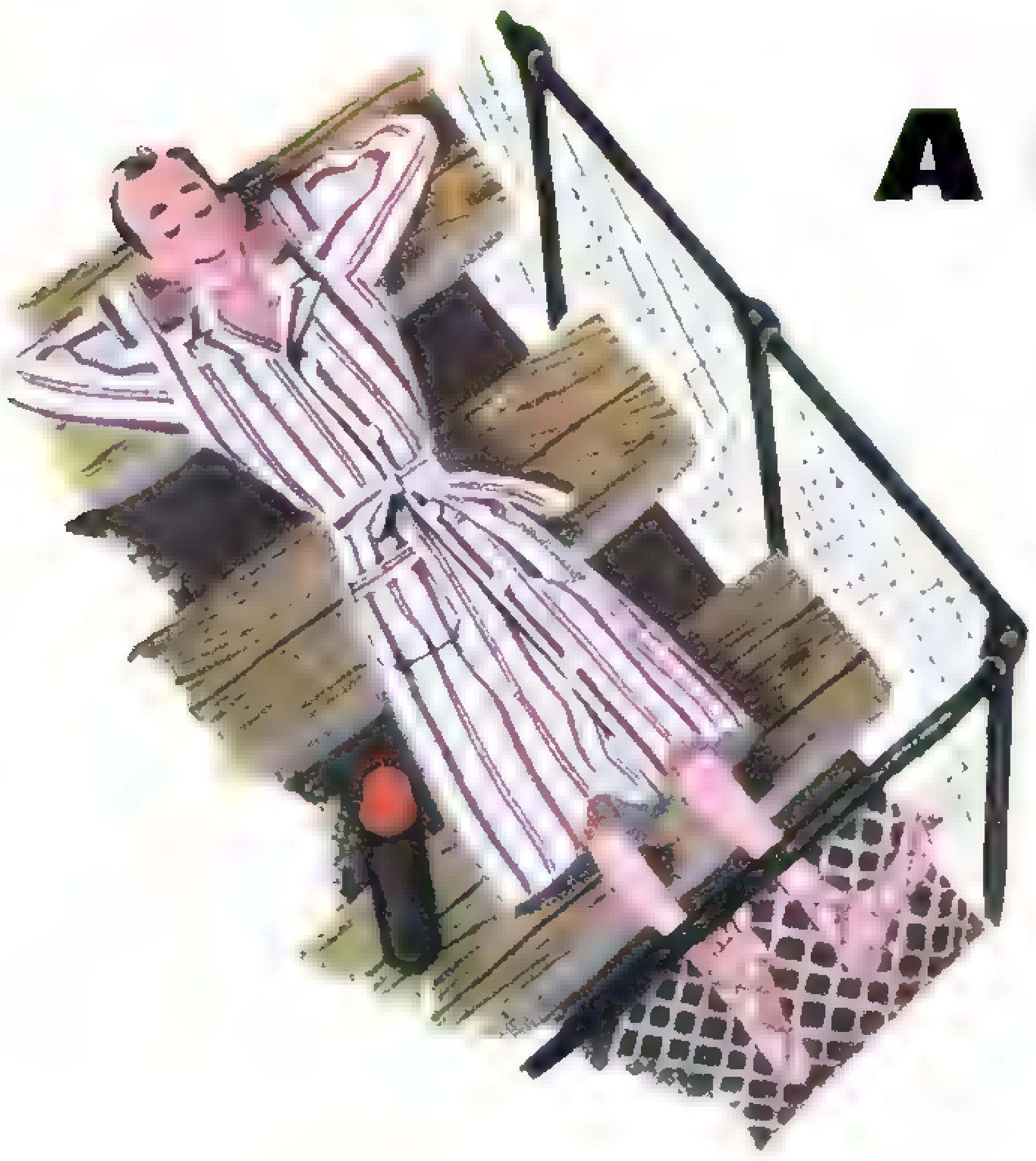

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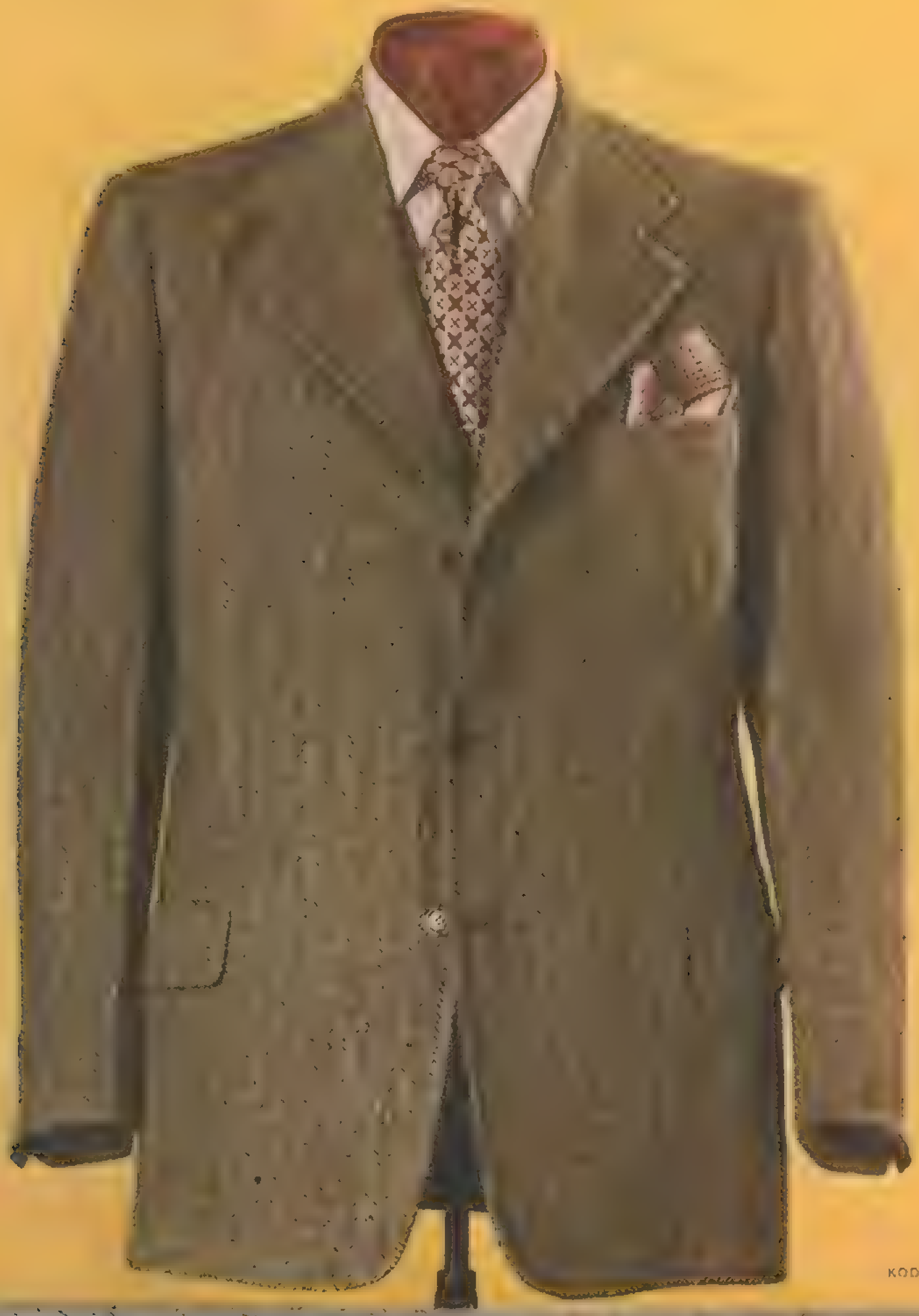

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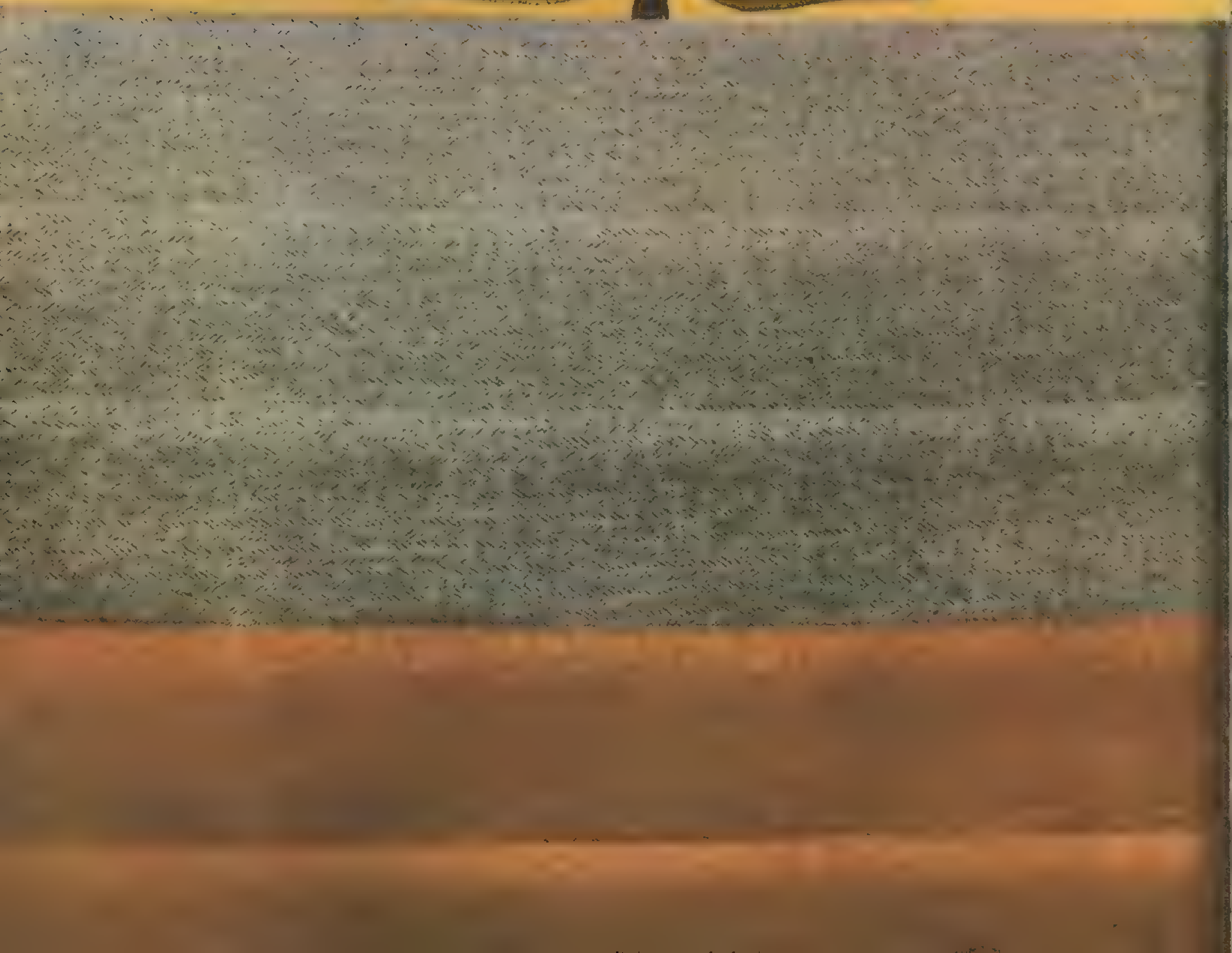

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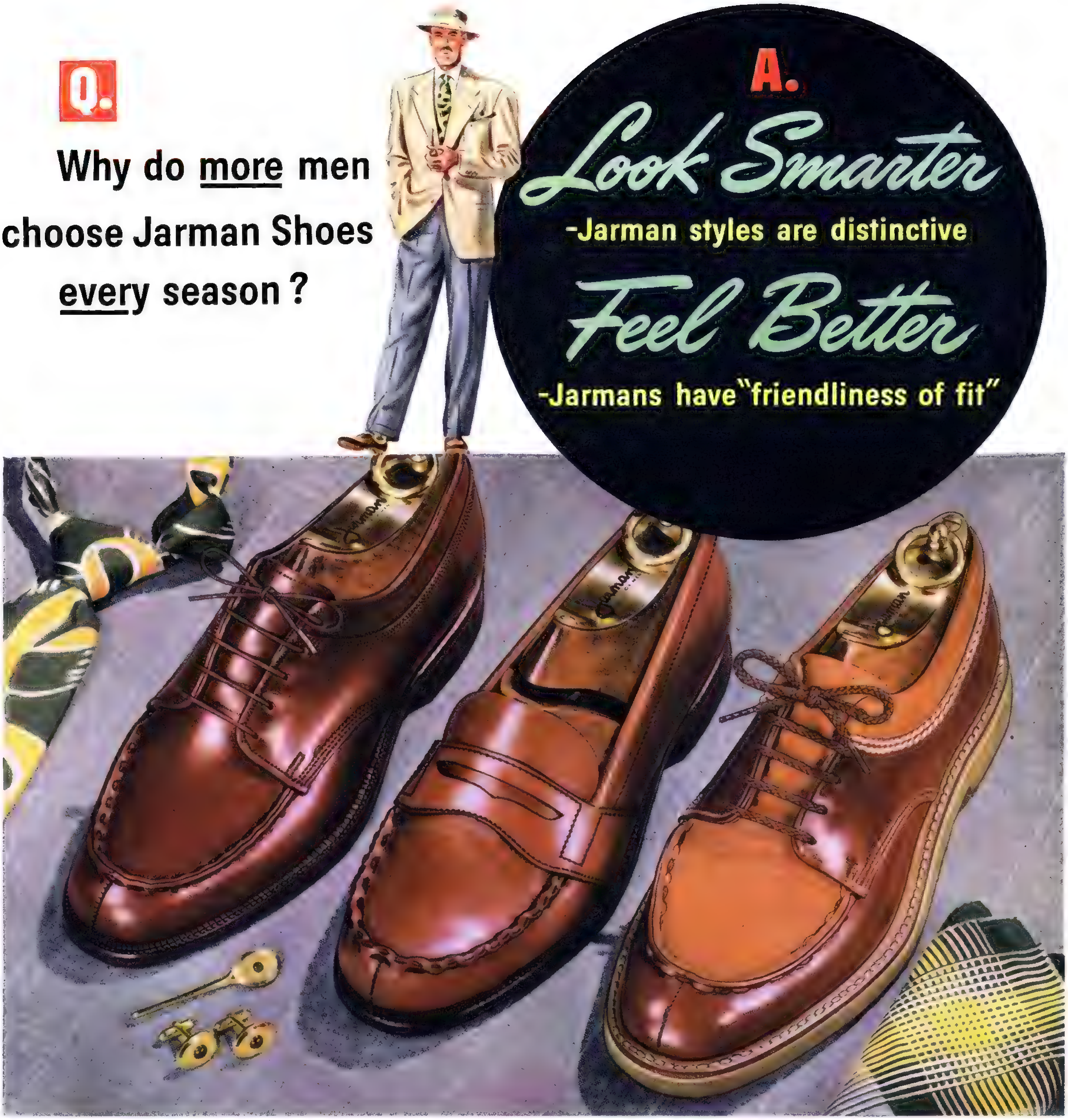

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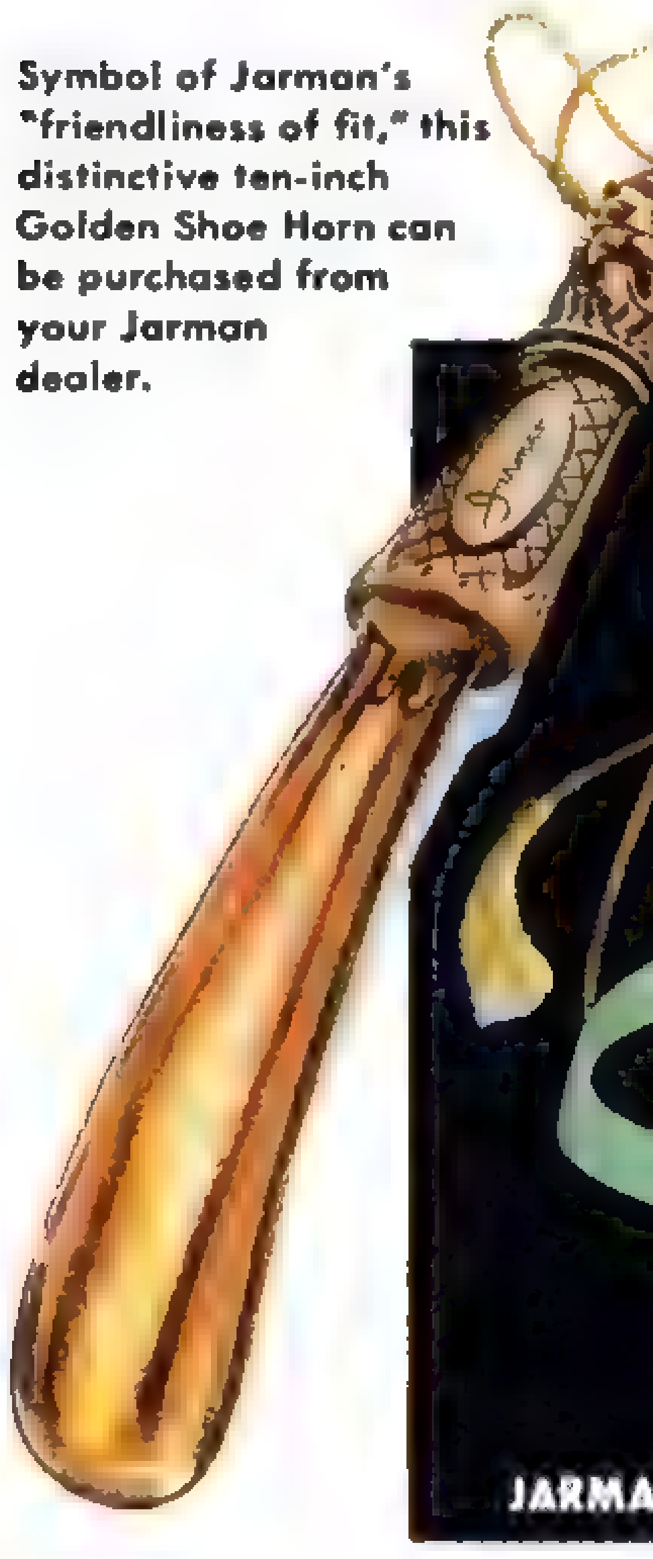

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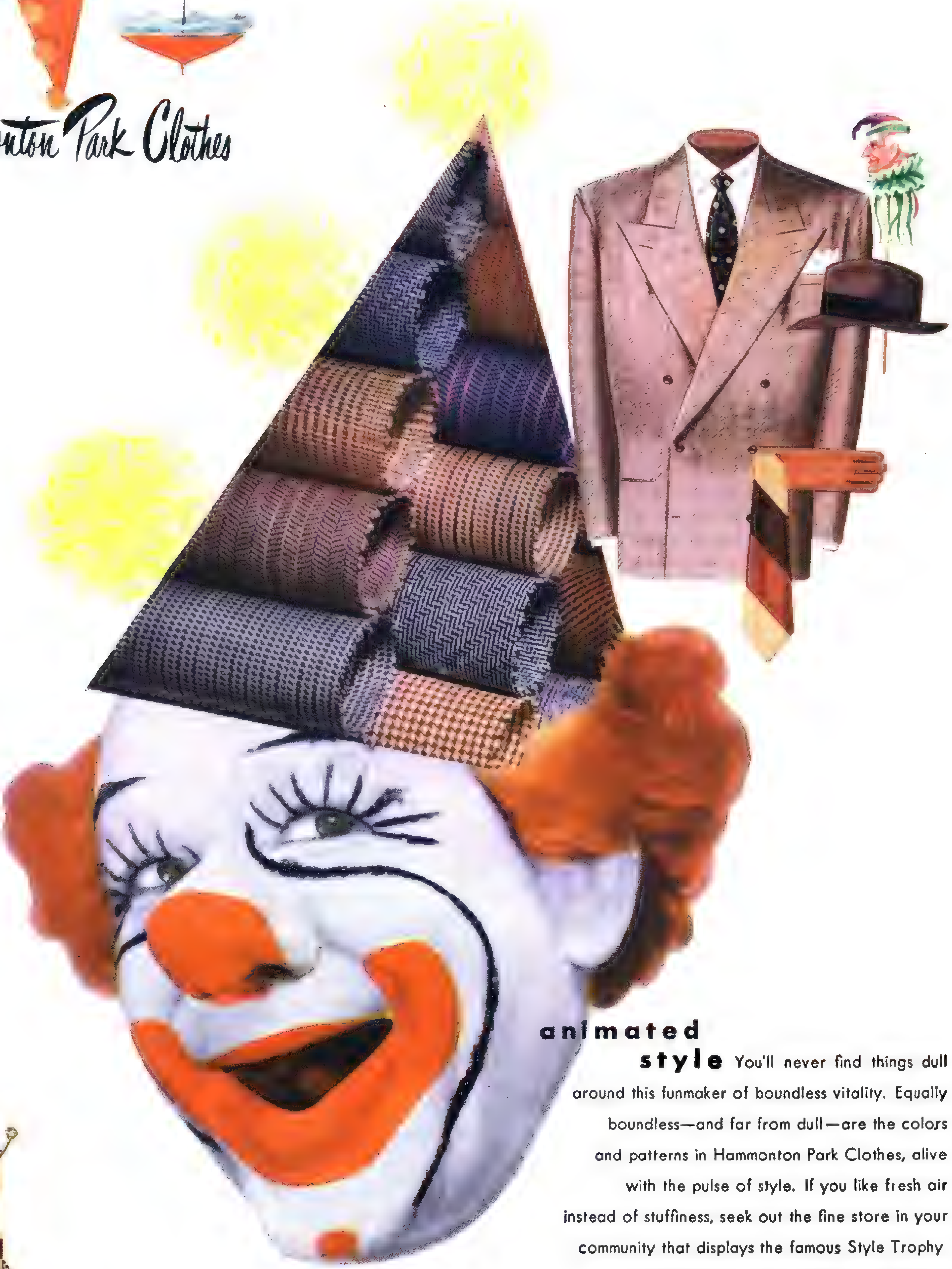

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Umfefe Swallowed the Sun

Continued from page 41

straight. "Ask the gentleman," he replied austerely, "whether he thinks his own religion is right."

"Certainly," said Dr. Ankley. "Why?"

Dr. Ankley was a little taken aback. "Why because—because everyone says it is, I guess," he said lamely. (His grandfather groaned in heaven at that.)

Karumi snorted. "Everyone here says that our religion is right," he said. "The Doctor is here now, not at home. Our religion has been handed down from father to son for generations. The tenets of our faith were given us originally by the Great Batu himself. I hope," he added, "you don't mean to imply Batu is a liar?"

"No, no, of course not," Dr. Ankley protested, pulling himself out just in time. "Well, then, suppose on Thursday—two days from now—the sun actually disappears in the middle of the morning?"

"Then I must agree your advance information is amazingly accurate," said Karumi. "It will mean that you have succeeded in learning from Batu himself that Umfefe plans to eat the sun."

"Hmm. Suppose the sun comes out again after three minutes?"

"That will mean our measures have been well taken," Karumi said. "Naturally, the moment the sun vanishes we will begin our ceremony."

"Damn the ceremony," Dr. Ankley shouted. "*Don't* begin your ceremony. Let it go. And you'll see whether I'm right or not. There will be an eclipse, and you can't alter it even one bit!"

Karumi was a little shocked by the Englishman's lack of control (all foreigners who spoke English were Englishmen as far as he was concerned). "I'm afraid I can't take that chance," he said. "Suppose we were to do as you say and Umfefe swallowed the sun after all? We should perish for lack of warmth and light. Why, that would be failing in our obligation to the whole world—including the good gentleman's own country." Chief Karumi rose to his feet. "If the Doctor is—I hesitate to say 'foolish' but there is no other word—enough to believe that the earth is spinning around like a possessed thing, I and my people at least shall keep our heads." And on this sober note he withdrew.

Unfortunately, he had not counted on the younger and wilder element in the village.

Just as he was settling down for the night the witch doctor, Afadigumu, stamped outside his hut.

"Karumi," said the witch doctor. "I must talk to you."

The Chief got up grumpily and went outside. It was a perfect night, brilliant and full of stars, but Karumi had a slight headache and a dismal taste in his mouth from the beer. He squatted down with his back against the doorpost and, without looking at Afadigumu, said, "What is it now?"

The witch doctor clasped his hands around his shins. He had a thin, feral face, handsome and crafty. "These Englishmen and their insane notions," he said. "They have upset the whole village."

"Good Lord, don't I know it?"

"Some of the young men are acting like a bunch of uncircumcised children. Muttering that there is no Umfefe and that the Englishmen know more than we do about the ways of the world."

Karumi raised an eyebrow. "Heresy?" he said.

"Worse than that. Better face it, Karumi. It can become rebellion."

The Chief stirred uncomfortably. "Why does it always happen to me?" he mumbled. "If I could just talk to my ancestors. . . "

"No luck?"

"I have been trying to place myself in a trance state since suppertime. I can't seem to reach anyone, not even my Uncle Omori. He usually clamors to talk to me. The ghosts must be unusually busy tonight." He sighed heavily and stretched his legs out in front of him. "Tell me, Afadigumu, do you think it's just barely possible that the English have something?"

The witch doctor jerked upright in alarm. "Karumi!" he said. "Great Heavens, what's got into you, man? Next you'll be saying there aren't any ancestral spirits."

"Oh, come," Karumi said.

"Just pull yourself together. This idea strikes at the very root of religion and society. We must squelch it at once. Think of the harm it might do our young people. Corrupting their morals . . ."

"I don't quite see that."

"Then you're in a bad way," snapped Afadigumu. "What you need is a good incantation." He

Continued on page 128

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Umfefe Swallowed the Sun

Continued from page 127

pointed at Karumi's head with two fingers, dipped into his medicine pouch and brought out a pinch of dried leaves. He sprinkled them over the chief, muttering magical sentences: "It's human nature, and you can't change human nature. The king can do no wrong. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. It's all in the mind. Status quo. Might is right.

"Feel better now?" he asked.

"Much better, thanks," Karumi said, passing a hand over his forehead.

"What we face," Afadigumu went on, after a pause, "is the influence of materialism. We may as well be realistic about it. Suppose Umfefe begins to eat the sun on Thursday, at the exact time when Dr. Ankley claims he will. Score one for the doctor. The tribe will go into ritual mourning. Then suppose the sun comes out again. Eh?"

"We'll take the credit," said Karumi.

"But so will Dr. Ankley, for he will claim he predicted it. What the young men are clamoring for is a decisive move. Don't you see? They are saying the Englishman can *prove* he's right. Perhaps we have nothing to do with the matter at all."

Karumi rubbed his back languidly against the door post. "Yes," he said, "that's what's so insidious about materialism. They have that array of instruments, fantastic scientific apparatus and so on . . . they'll insist on empirical proof."

"Faith," said Afadigumu sententiously, "can move mountains."

"That's the trouble. Can it?"

"To question is to doubt. To doubt is to disbelieve. My dear Karumi, you see how urgent the matter is: you yourself have been affected by it."

The chief belched thoughtfully. "Well," he said finally, "I must sleep on it. Tomorrow we will have a discussion with the elders. Perhaps I can get in touch with my father's ghost. We'll see."

He got to his feet. Afadigumu bowed politely. "Live forever, chief," he said.

"Good heavens," said Karumi sourly. "What for?"

At the conference the following day he was in a more somber mood than ever. Young men were standing about the compound in ominous knots, whispering among themselves, and at least half the village was over in the exposition's quarters eying the long barrels of the telescopic cameras which pointed like artillery at the sky. Dr. Ankley, with a blackboard, was drawing diagrams for an open-mouthed and admiring audience.

Karumi sat down in the dark, circular House of the Gods, and took a pinch of snuff. To the greetings of the elders he made no answer. Only when Afadigumu entered did he condescend to speak.

"Last night," he said, "I succeeded in placing myself in a small trance. Unfortunately, the only ghost I managed to reach was my cousin, Masumba. A notorious half-wit."

He looked about moodily. A few of the old men shook their heads; one or two were asleep. Afadigumu said, "What was his suggestion?"

"He said, 'Let Umfefe eat the sun.'"

The elders clicked their tongues. But Afadigumu closed his eyes, threw back his head, and chuckled in a bloodcurdling way. "It's not a bad idea," he said.

"What!" Karumi barked. "It's a perfectly nonsensical idea. We'd make our point, but we'd have to live in total darkness for the rest of our lives."

Afadigumu said, "That's true. We can keep torches burning, however. The alternative, unfortunately, is the end of our faith, the collapse of the state, and—I'm afraid—the end of a hitherto long and prosperous reign for you."

"You aren't serious about all this, are you?" Karumi asked him.

"Perfectly. Haven't you seen the crowds over at the expedition's camp. Do you know what the young men are already singing?"

"What?"

"The world is round, the world moves," sang Afadigumu in a quavering, nasal voice. "The moon is round, the moon moves."

Karumi stood up. He looked every inch a king, the plumes of his headdress almost touching the roof, mantled with dignity and crowned with authority, so that the elders fell on their faces in awe.

"I shall try once more," he said, "to settle this affair sensibly."

"And if you don't succeed?" Afadigumu asked.

"Then we shall see."

He stalked out into the sunlight. Its benign warmth soothed him, its lazy golden touch comforted and calmed his unrest. Just then a potbellied little boy toddled past, waving a stick and squeaking in a monotone, "The moon's shadow makes an ec'ipse!"

Karumi scowled. He went at once to the tents of the expedition, and it turned him cold with rage to see how few of his people even glanced up as he passed, so engrossed were they in examining

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the gleaming panels of the instruments, and in fingering the cool, smooth metal of meters, cameras and spectographs. Dr. Ankley came to meet him.

"Well, well," the scientist said, through his interpreter, "this is indeed an honor. What would the Chief like to look at first?"

"I don't wish to look at anything. I have only one thing to say. I ask, respectfully but firmly, that this whole affair be called off."

Dr. Ankley's mouth fell open. He had been almost certain that Karumi's arrival meant capitulation, and he was already congratulating himself when the bombshell burst. "Call it off?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"Just that. This moon-shadow nonsense has gone far enough. My village is being disrupted. I cannot permit it to continue. You must pack up and go."

Dr. Ankley turned livid, and his little blue eyes behind their hornrimmed glasses sparkled balefully. "Why, you blockhead," he began. Then, hastily, he said to the interpreter, "Never mind that. Ask the chief to come with me."

He went to his tent, followed by the interpreter and Karumi and a crowd of villagers. In a moment or two he emerged, carrying half a dozen photographs, which he held out to Karumi.

"Here," he said, "are photos of the last eclipse taken in 1947. Look closely. You can see the converging shadow of the moon cutting across the sun. Now look at this one. See? The flaming circumference is the sun's corona. That's totality. The dark circular patch over the sun is the moon. Now tell me, do you see any sign of a demon anywhere in these pictures?"

EXTRA
DARING ROBBERY!!

Karumi looked calmly at the photographs. "Very pretty," he said. "But they prove nothing. Umfefe's body is invisible. What you see here is the round shadow of his head as he eats the sun." He handed back the photos, and added, "You cannot alter the nature of the world with your theories. You had better go before you do irreparable damage."

Dr. Ankley sat down on a box and crossed his legs. The fighting blood of a hundred MacDonalds and MacGregors, van Ankers, and van der Booms boiled in his veins. "I'm sorry," he said. "I have no intention of going. The eclipse will take place no matter what you want. It will be a normal eclipse. It will last exactly one minute and thirty seconds. At the end of that time the sun will be shining again. I don't wish to seem disrespectful, but for all I care you can go jump in the lake."

He shut his mouth with a snap. Karumi turned without a word and went away. Behind him he could feel the eyes of his people boring into his back and he knew that they were murmuring louder and louder.

On Thursday, at 0940 hours, a strange and frightening dimness was perceptible, as the tiniest speck of darkness began gnawing at the side of the solar disk. The scientists, who had been ready for hours, began work in earnest. There was something startling and a little solemn about their work; it was composed of a feverish intensity and very little actual movement. Cosmic ray counters stammered and clucked, meters hummed, cameras buzzed quietly, small lights flashed on and off, and high in the air sounded the drone of the plane which had flown in to take photographs from high altitude.

In the compound of Karumi's folk the drums sounded, and above them a high thin wailing from the rows of women who squatted together with their heads covered by their arms. Karumi came out of the God-House and looked up, shading his eyes with his hand. Afadigumu, in full-dress regalia, waving an antelope tail anxiously, stood beside him.

"Well?" he said.

"It's beginning, all right."

The wailing rose around them. The drums quickened their beat: the little drums yammered, and the big basses growled their distress. Karumi turned.

All at once, ten of his young warriors got up very deliberately. They had not broken their assegais, and they went all together to the gate of the compound and walked through it without a sound. They headed for the expedition's camp.

Karumi did not shout after them; it would have been highly undignified. But Afadigumu spat at their retreating backs.

A half-dozen more followed. The women stopped their wailing and stared, round-eyed and startled. The old men, fingering the broken shafts of their spears, scratched themselves uneasily.

Karumi said, in a loud, clear, doom-laden voice, "Very well. So be it. Let the world perish in darkness."

He sat down before the God-House and Afadigumu, seeing how the wind blew, calmly removed his ceremonial mask and laid it on the ground.

"In any case," he said, "it will be colder in the good doctor's country than in ours."

Then, of course, since the ceremony was not completed, Umfefe ate the sun. ⧺

Continued from page 41

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Lemons in Our Yard

Hollywood's garden grows golden bells, cockle shells and a worm called Chester

by HENRY STEIG

Chester Green stuck his pasty face into our office in the writers' building and gave a rusty laugh. "Gee, Nick, you're always here—always working!"

As my collaborator, Chester was supposed to be there too, all day, but during my first week on Superior's lot I'd seen him briefly each day at noon.

He advanced to the center of the room, hands in the pockets of his brilliant sport jacket. "Well, kid, how you doing?"

I handed him the typescript. He hoped to be made a director on the strength of it; otherwise he might not have bothered to come around at all. He read two pages and yawned. "Party last night—can't see so good this morning," he mumbled. "What happens to these jitterbugs, Nick? What's the gimmick?"

"The war ends before they get into it, remember?" I said. "They're all keyed up for the big show so they raise hell, till one of them gets into serious trouble. The others square things for him, and that brings out the good stuff in them."

"It don't sound funny. The whole situation, I mean."

I braced myself for our daily argument over the kind of story Mark Denzell, our executive producer wanted. "It's not supposed to be a farce," I said. "Denzell spoke about a postwar problem story concerning city kids."

"He said he wanted humor, too, and by that he means a riot. I know Mark!" Chester's wife was Denzell's niece, which gave him an insidious advantage.

"He also spoke about a 'simple, tender love story,' " I countered.

I read a couple of pages of dialogue to Chester. "Pretty groovy at that," he said tolerantly. "But I've had a couple of thoughts on it myself. There's this rich boy, see . . .?"

"What rich boy?"

"He's driving this big car and he meets the girl and she thinks he's only the chauffeur because he's messed up from fooling around with the motor. Thing is, he's a mechanical wonder, see? And from that we build him up for this invention."

"What invention, for God's sake?"

"Some new wrinkle in radar. Better yet—atomic energy *and* radar! He wants to give it to the government, but after all, he's only an unknown kid. Meantime, there's this bunch of fifth columnists after the invention. Funny gees, but dangerous. They got a secret hide-out where they keep the girl after they nab her. So the boy saves the girl and proves his invention by wiping out the spies in their underground fortress . . . It's murder, ain't it?"

"It moons me," I said.

"Well, give it some thought, kid. I'm going to see about this hangover," he said, and left.

As roving reporter for the New York *Courier* I had done some stories about adolescent city kids which had brought me to Superior through the efforts of Bucky Willard, Hollywood slave auctioneer. "For peanuts to start," he said. "Dough later." My wife had welcomed my chance of a job in movies. Lil felt newspaper work took me away too often. Tony and Alice needed me; it was time we had a real home. Two hundred a week was large peanuts to us, and what clinched it all was the question of Alice's health. She was a delicate child and New York winters had been hard on her.

With Bucky Willard's help we had leased a cottage in Laurel Canyon. It had a garden with fruit trees. One good-sized lemon tree actually bore fruit. "Think of it, Nick," she had said. "Lemons in our own back yard!"

"Handy for whiskey sours," I said. Everything looked fine—till I'd had a week collaborating with Chester Green, trying to develop some vague notion in the unavailable mind of that inarticulate god, Mark Denzell.

"If I'd had any idea of what I was in for," I told Lil, "you'd never have got me out here."

"Think of the thrill of seeing 'Nicholas Banning' on the screen."

Lil kidded me into better spirits, which carried me through the harrowing sessions with Chester. At the end of the second week, when he felt we had enough to show Denzell, the story was hardly as I had planned it. "It's pure murder, kid," Chester said.

Denzell was a small chubby man with a head like a honeydew melon on which someone had idly sketched hair and features. As I read the piece, he chuckled encouragingly. But afterward he seemed grave. "You know, Banning, kids can be very funny," he said.

Going out, Chester explained: "Mark laughs very easy. Don't mean a thing unless he falls off the chair. I let you stray a little too far from my slant on the situation." Next day he brought the bad news. "We got to start all over, and I hope you listen to me this time."

Two weeks later we had fabricated a wild chase on water.

"There's more belly laughs on water than on land," Chester had ruled.

Again Denzell was reluctantly amused. His comment was: "Kids can be very tragic."

"Muffed it again," Chester reported a day later. "Could there be such a thing as a tragedy with a happy ending?"

"You've got it, Chester!" I cried. "That must be exactly what Denzell wants!" I laughed like a maniac.

With Chester coaching me, I spent a week on a third piece. I was twiddling my thumbs in my office when Bucky came to relay the studio's week-before-option notice: I was being released.

"They're putting Griffin Gallet on," Bucky said.

Gallet was a high-salaried writer. "And what about Chester?"

"He stays on the story with Gallet," Bucky said. "Look, Nick, you're paid for next week, but there's no sense coming here."

"I'd feel funny, taking dough for nothing," I said.

"Don't go sentimental on me, Nick. Maybe you can knock out an original. Might get a nice lump of dough for it, and it would help get you into another studio . . . What are you grinning about?"

"I'm free of Chester!" I said. When Bucky left I took out my first notes and went to work. At the end of the week I had a story I liked. Chester would get the main credit, of course, but I was past concern about that.

Denzell's secretary said she'd submit my typescript, but couldn't promise he'd read it. Anyhow, I had a clear conscience.

Lil and I were sitting in the garden under the lemon tree. The kids were playing hide-and-seek and we could hear their laughter farther down the canyon.

"The first real home we've ever had," Lil cried.

"I don't like leaving it either," I said. "Good thing, though, that I've got the *Courier* to go back to."

Lil let out a long, sad sigh. And, like a reproach, a lemon fell from the tree and hit me on the head.

The balmy days ran out all too fast. A day came when we had little more left than our fare to New York, and it seemed we'd have to clear out. Subletting would be easy; a last-minute word to the real-estate man would do it. But Lil told a gabby neighbor we'd probably move out soon. Then the homeseekers came, and our living room was suddenly full of urgent strangers. They were waving hundred-dollar bills in my face when the phone rang. It was Bucky Willard.

"What a mousy guy you are," he said, "not telling me anything about that last treatment you did!"

"What's that? What are you giving me?"

"You're hot at Superior, Nicky boy! Four C's a week, a six-month guarantee, and fancy options!" These were the details: Gallet had not come through with anything Denzell liked. In a stew, the producer had found my last piece and went overboard for it.

"Gallet flopped? An expert movie writer like him?" I asked. Then the answer hit me. "Oh—I almost forgot—Chester Green was collaborating with Gallet! No wonder he didn't come through! But what happens to Chester?"

"He stays on, I suppose. It's still the same assignment."

"Then count me out, Bucky boy." I like money as much as the next guy, but all I could think of at the moment was Chester.

"Don't be a cokey character!" Bucky said. "Mark Denzell's sold on you—you realize what that means? Four C's is only a start."

"Yes, I know—peanuts," I said and looked into the living room. My family had an orphans-of-the-storm look about them that made me feel like a worm.

"Listen," he was saying, "Denzell's in a rush to get you started on the shooting script."

"Okay, I'm sold," I said and went to break the news to Lil. A strange scene followed—my family hopping around for joy, and the homeseekers looking on curiously, as if at a play. We got rid of them finally and went out to celebrate.

Back in the writers' building next morning toward noon, I steeled myself for Chester's entrance. But he didn't appear at the office that day, or during the next two days. On the evening of the third day, Lil and I were sitting on our little terrace, when a big open car suddenly swerved to a stop near us. Out of it came Chester Green himself, looking snappier than ever with a brightly figured neckerchief, which was for him a new bit of elegance. "Going by to a party and thought I'd stop to say hello," he said.

"Nick's been missing you at the office, Mr. Green," Lil lied.

"Oh, yeah," said Chester. Then, grinning mysteriously, he whipped out a beret, put it on his head, and strutted about.

"Are we playing charades?" Lil asked.

Finally it dawned on me what he was trying to get across. The beret . . . the neckerchief . . . imagination easily supplied the missing megaphone. "You're a director!" I said with excessive glee. Chester didn't suspect for a moment that I could not be so happy for him alone.

"You guessed it, kid," he said.

We congratulated him. "Thanks," he said, "and the same to you, Nick. Glad to see you make a comeback with that story of ours, always knew you had the stuff . . . Well, I got to cut on out." Then he jumped into his car, waved, and went off down the road.

"So that's a director," Lil mused.

"Yes," I said, "and if you're a good girl, maybe you'll meet a producer someday."

"Meanwhile, how about a whiskey sour?" Lil said, and went to the back yard for lemons. ⧻

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Hell or High Water

A heck of a quiz that may do you a lot of good if you ever find yourself on a spot

by **P. G. FREDERICKS**

HAVE you ever promised that you'd get someplace in spite of Hell or High Water? That, my friends, is no promise to make lightly. If you want some idea of what you're up against, take a look at those two legendary obstacles as outlined below. If you can make a score on the questions, you can say (with the old riverboat man who originated the phrase) that you were able to come through in spite of both of them.

Take Hell, for example. Now everybody knows that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, but did you ever hear what it was roofed with?

a. Lost opportunities
b. Women
c. Careless planning

If you ever go along that road and come to hell, you'll find a gate at the entrance. According to the most famous authority on the region, there is a sign over that gate and it reads:

a. Through these doors pass the most beautiful women in the world
b. Abandon hope all ye who enter here
c. This way to the Egress

The King of Hell, of course, is Satan. Strangely, he is a former resident of Heaven. It all happened a number of years ago, but you may recall that when he left Heaven, he changed his name. It used to be:

a. Lucifer
b. Danica
c. Raffalo

While still in Heaven, Satan was a very well thought of Angel. Without a doubt, he would still be there today—if there hadn't been:

a. Disobedience
b. An illness
c. A revolt

Almost every religious group has its own version of Hell. The Hebrews had Gehenna, the Greeks had Tartarus—but who had Niflheim?

a. The Russians
b. The Visigoths
c. The Norsemen

Artists have always found Hell a practically irresistible subject. Obviously, they have to work without live models, but they go right ahead anyway. Some of the pictures they've turned out must have scared the artists themselves. By all odds, the scariest and most famous of these drawings are the ones by:

a. Doré
b. Rembrandt
c. Titian

The most famous mortal authority on Hell, however, was a writer. He took quite an extensive trip through the region and, what's more, returned to earth to write about it. The name of this remarkable voyager was:

a. Flaubert
b. Petronius
c. Dante

On his tour, he had the services of a guide who steered him clear of pitfalls, interceded for him with the local officialdom and buoyed up his nerve when he became faint from what he saw. The gentleman who performed these offices was:

a. Plutarch
b. Virgil
c. Achilles

As a good guide should, the writer's man had prepared a combination tourist's guidebook and road map on the subject. It is by far the shortest, most precise statement of its kind ever made—simply: Facilis Descensus Averno. These three words can be translated thus:

a. The descent to Hell is easy
b. Go until you can discern the Averno
c. Avoid the Faculty

Satan himself is in such bad repute that he's been called almost every name in the book at one time or another. Old Horny, The Foul Fiend, and Beelzebub are some of the favorites. Two of the names below are also favorites—the third, however, has nothing to do with the case.

a. Old Nick
b. Mr. Scratch
c. Old Vishnu

At least three times in recent years, Satan has appeared in movies. Since he is a man who can change his disguise practically at will, he appeared once as a fat man, once as a middle-aged traveling salesman and once as a Negro. Below are the men who played the part. Do you recall the name of the movies in which they appeared as Satan?

a. Laird Cregar
b. Walter Huston
c. Rex Ingram

And as a parting thought on Hell, it's well to remember that horrifying as it is, one of the wisest of men once observed that even "Hell hath no fury like:

a. A woman scorned."
b. A mother robbed."
c. Two women."

High Water is a form of trouble which knows neither time nor nationality. It's been going on since time began—raging along the Atlantic coast, roaring down the Mississippi Valley, or destroying whole towns along the Hwang-Ho (or Yellow) River in China.

The most famous case of High Water, though, was the one involving Noah. The High Water marks set then have never been bettered, even though it happened a long, long time ago—about:

a. 2000 years
b. 6000 years
c. 10,000 years

As you no doubt recall, Noah received a divine warning that there would be an all-consuming flood. He was instructed to build an Ark to save himself, and actual computations based on the dimensions of the Ark given in the Bible indicate that it was not one of your little sailboats. It weighed:

a. 20,000 tons
b. 5000 tons
c. 1000 tons

Then, as Noah had been warned, it started to rain. It rained for forty days and forty nights, and everything that was not aboard the Ark was destroyed. However, Noah rode out the storm . . . which was a remarkable feat for a man of his age. According to the Bible, he was:

a. Seventy years old
b. One hundred years old
c. Six hundred years old

Even after it stopped raining he had to wait several more months before the waters receded. He sent out a dove to investigate and he knew things were getting dry when one day the dove returned with:

a. Some mud
b. An olive leaf
c. Three pebbles

Having seen Noah through the storm and safe into port, you might take just a look at some recent cases of High Water. The most damaging flood in the entire history of the United States—it caused some three hundred million dollar's property damage—occurred in:

a. The Mississippi Valley in 1927
b. New England in 1936
c. Galveston, Texas, in 1915

The world's most damaging flood in recent years, though, came in 1887. Nine hundred thousand lives were lost. It happened in:

a. Russia
b. China
c. Bengal

Just for the record, however, one of the most famous cases of death by drowning was not the result of High Water. If you recall, the sinking of the Titanic was not a direct result of the ship being swamped. The disaster was caused by:

a. Leaks in the hull
b. Collision with an iceberg
c. The vessel breaking in two

The Titanic was on her maiden voyage when disaster struck the supposedly unsinkable ship. So swiftly did it happen that out of 2208 persons aboard, it was possible to save only:

a. 550
b. 705
c. 367

Probably the most famous flood in the United States was the Johnstown flood. When you speak of *the* Johnstown Flood, though—that was the one in 1889. The Johnstown citizenry want it understood that they've had several others since. The worst of the recent floods came in the year:

a. 1936
b. 1910
c. 1924

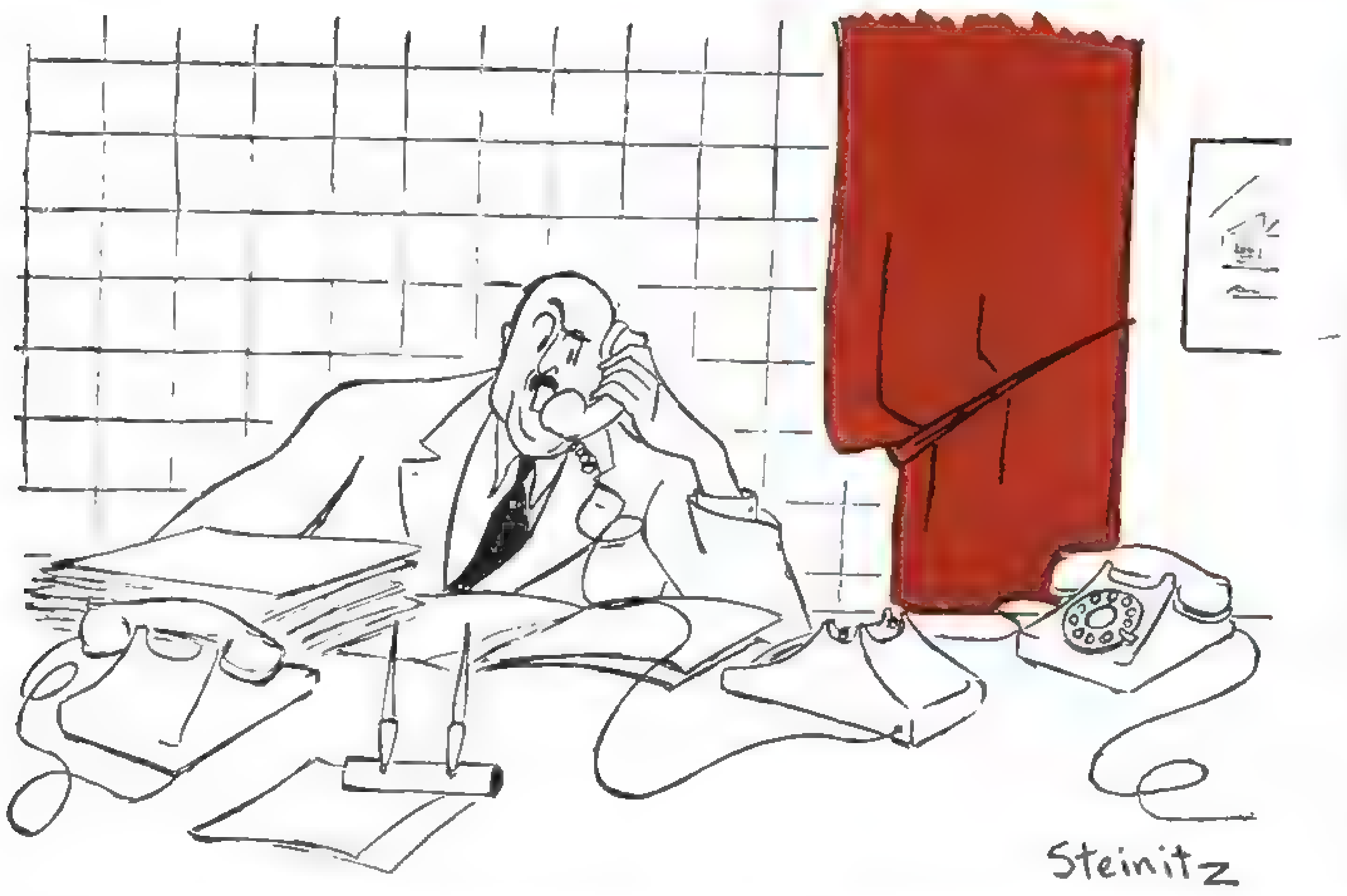
As a final thought on the subject of High Water—when all the returns are in there seems no doubt that floods have wreaked their most consistent and extensive havoc along the Hwang-Ho (or Yellow) River in China. Hwang-Ho floods have drowned so many Chinese and destroyed so much property that the river has become known as:

a. China's Sorrow
b. The Mother of Woe
c. The Man Eater

And if you've come through all this, you've come through Hell and High Water—literally. Next time you say you can do it, you'll know what you're letting yourself in for. Have a care, gentlemen, it's a job. #

Answers

Hell:
a, b, a, c, c, a, c, b, a, c, *Heaven Can Wait, All That Money Can Buy, Cabin in the Sky*, a.
High Water:
b, a, c, b, a, b, b, b, a, a.



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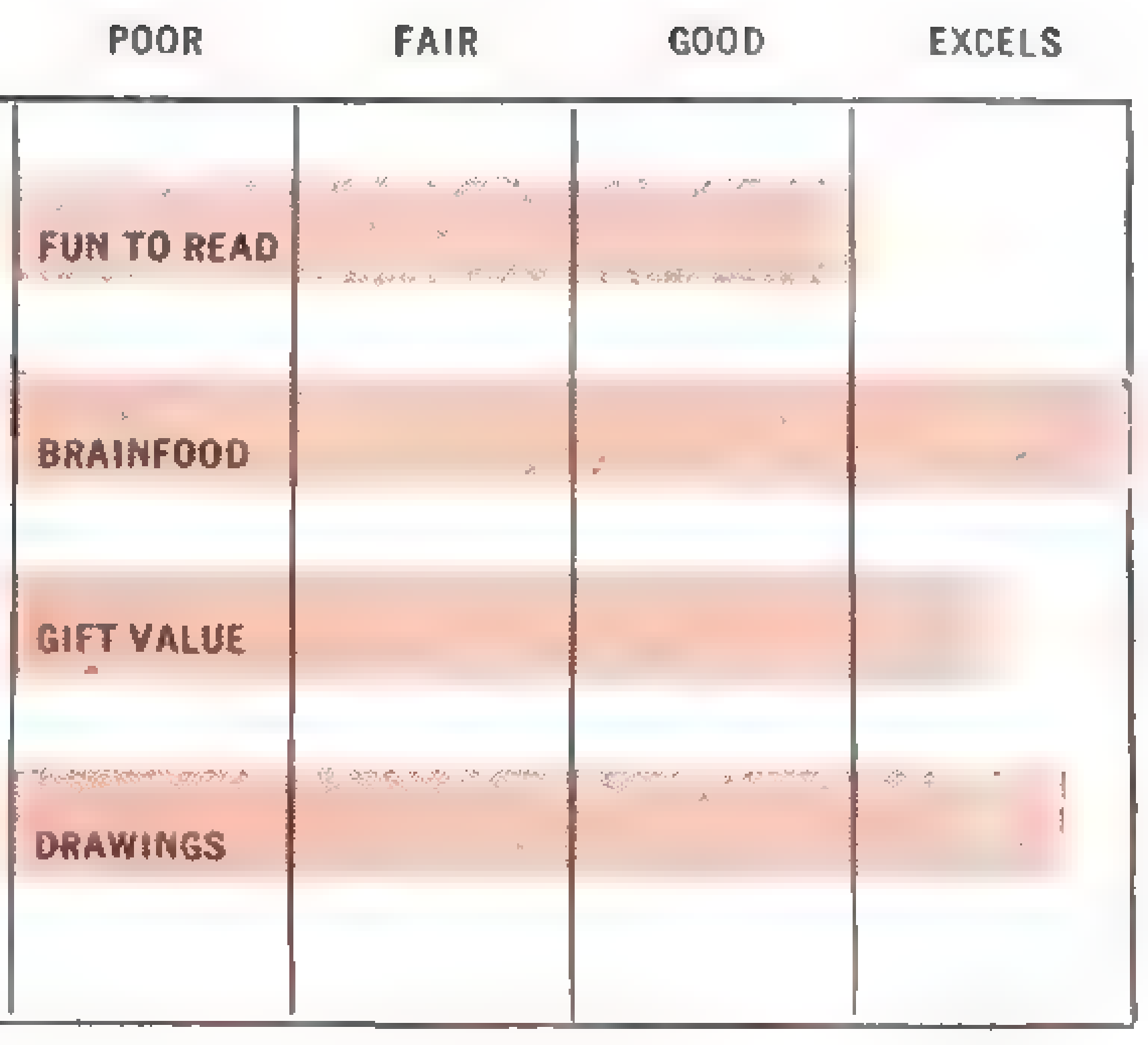
Book Briefs

If you prefer your ideas to come in pictures, not words, the new crop of cartoon books will fill the bill

What Am I Doing Here

by Abner Dean
(*Simon & Schuster*, $2.75)

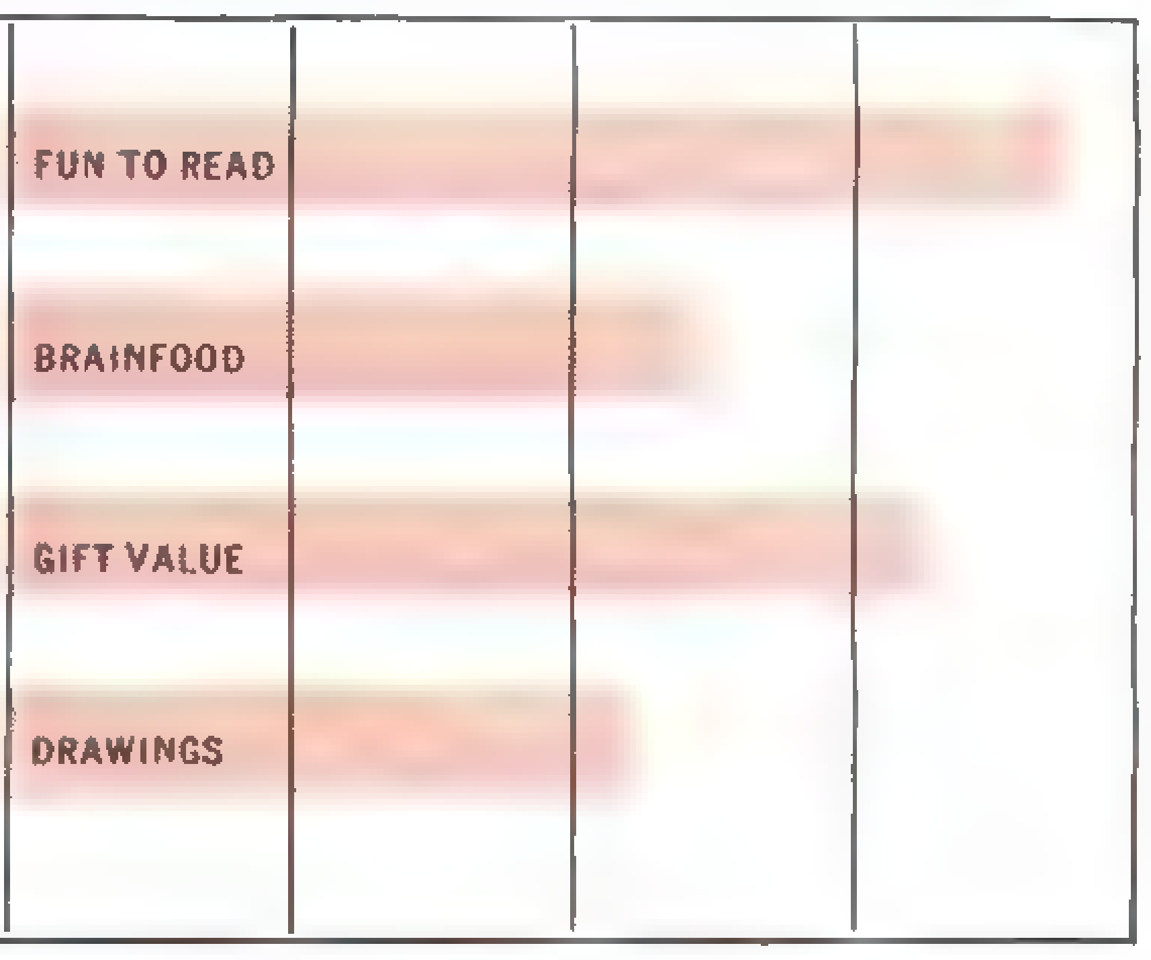
A volume of drawings of people in disturbing or ludicrous metropolitan situations. Type of humor: satirical, philosophical. Characters: all nude, all bedeviled by the ups and downs of city living. Text: Introduction by Clifton Fadiman.



Dahl's Brave New World

by Francis Dahl
(*Atlantic—Little Brown*, $2.50)

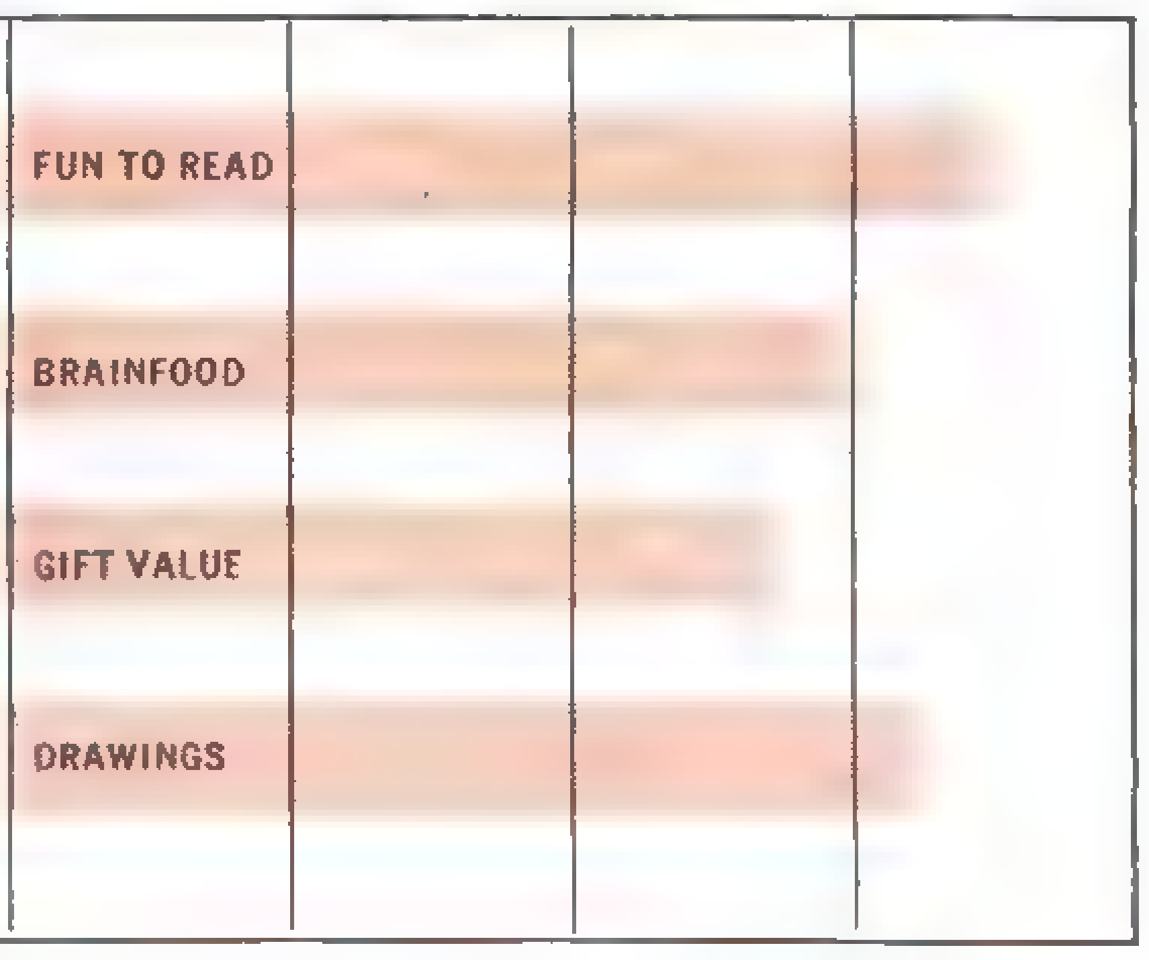
Cartoons poking good-natured fun at all the will-o'-the-wisps we hoped would make our life easier. Type of humor: slapstick. Characters: conservative, middle class. Text: abundant and appropriately humorous.



The Last Lath

by Alan Dunn
(*Architectural Record*, $2.50)

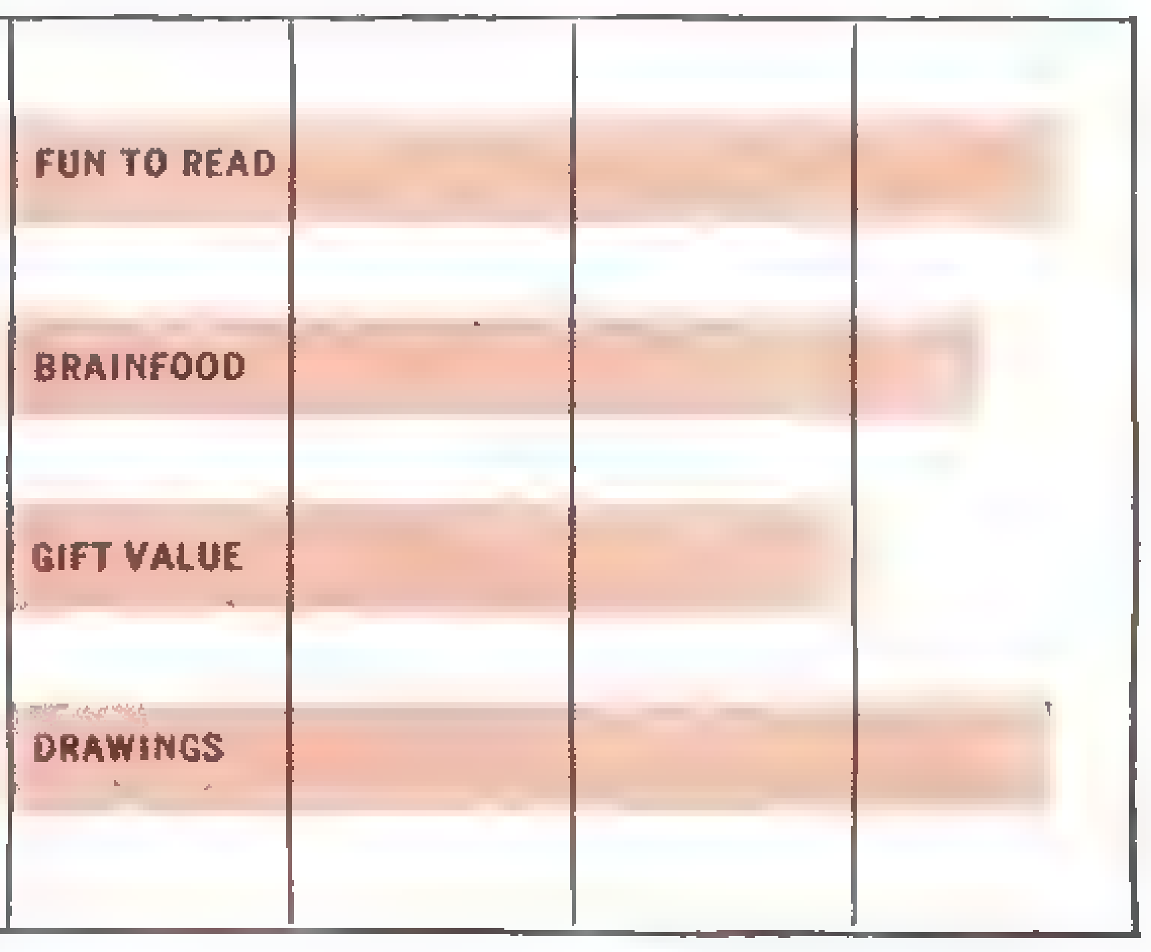
Drawings are mainly concerned with home-building problems and the ridiculous situations that are likely to arise: Type of humor: sophisticated. Characters: distracted, innocent home buyers, builders. Text: Introductory only.



Stars Off Gard

by Alex Gard
(*Scribners*, $3.00)

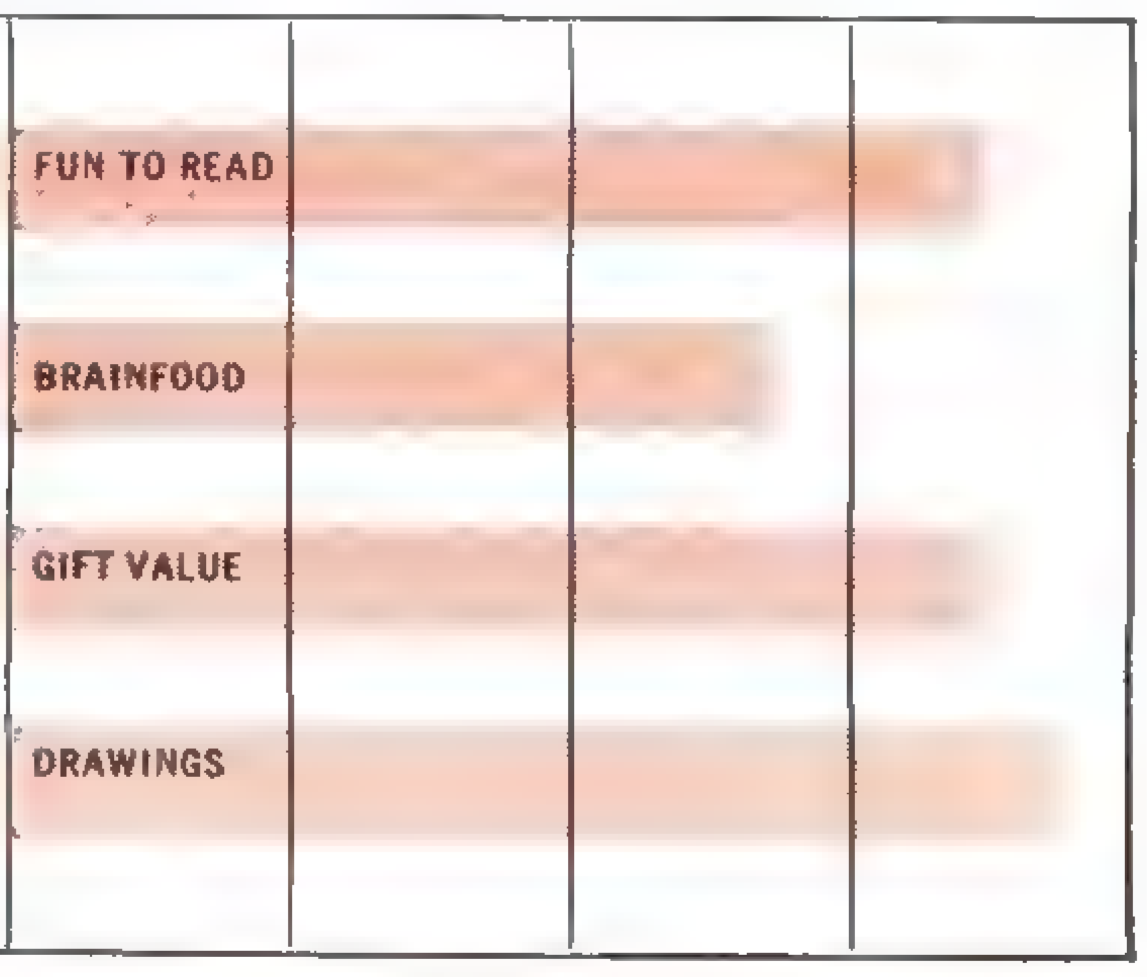
Hollywood and its stars and its affectations all get a going over in these caricatures of people and places. Type of humor: savage. Characters: all well-known persons. Text: Introduction by author.



Addams and Evil

by Charles Addams
(*Simon & Schuster*, $2.75)

A collection of cartoons concerning spooks and terror and villainies. Type of humor: macabre, sinister. Characters: mostly evil. Text: Introduction by Wolcott Gibbs.



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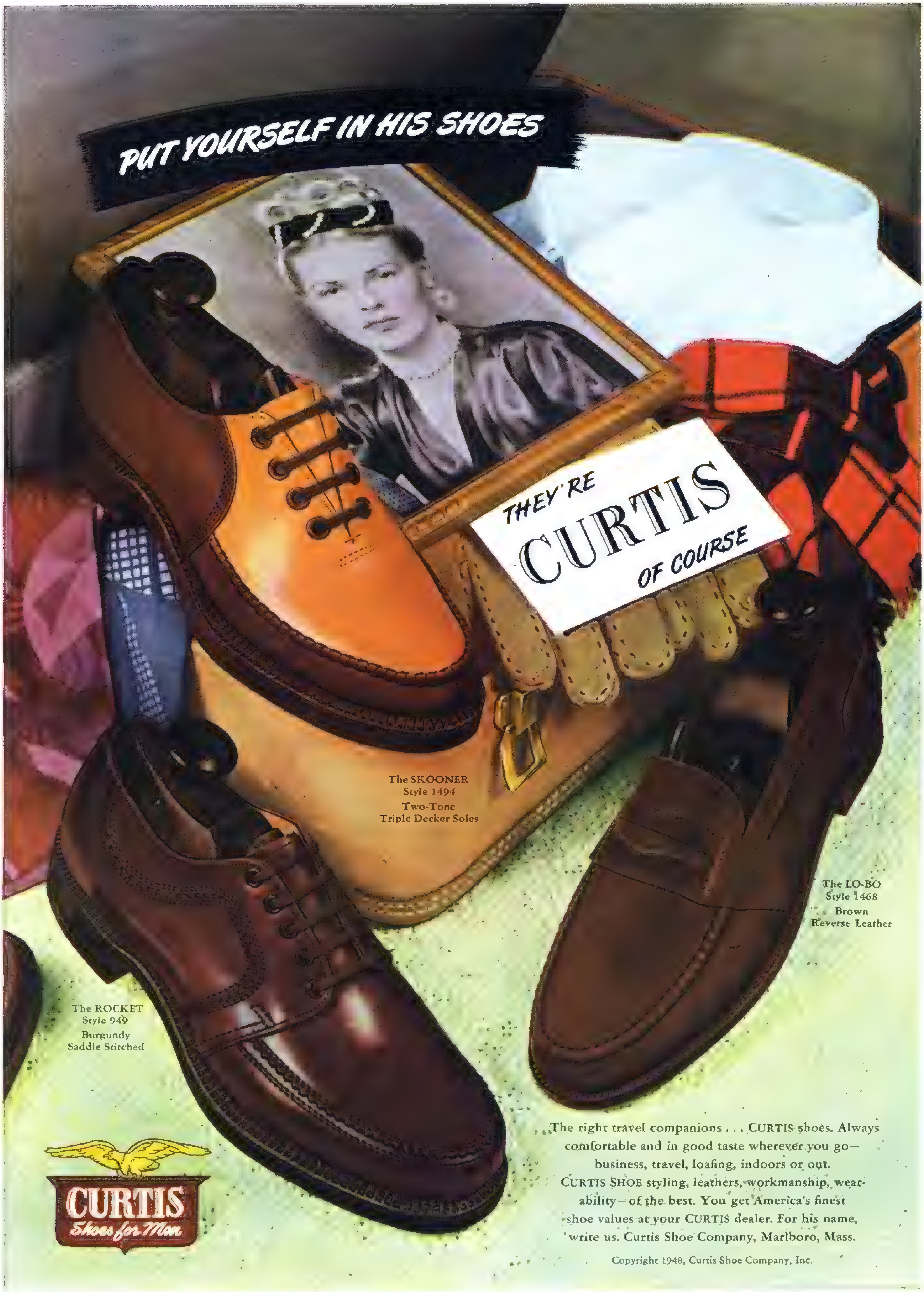
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.)

DRAWING BY MERRILL HAMBLE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The Fräulein Wins the Peace

Continued from page 39

majority of friendships are hit-and-run. Sometimes the approach is polite. More often it consists of a piercing whistle. Many attempts to snare dates off the sidewalk are chilled snappily. A pretty brunette in a stylish grey coat seemingly had misunderstood one of the many gaudy Army posters warning against venereal disease. She flashed her eyes at a Yank on the make and hissed: "You think I am one of those 'VD walks the streets,' don't you?" Sticking her tongue out, she stalked on.

However the number of those who will say "Ja" is more than ample. They come from all walks of life—rich, poor, educated, crude, Nazi, non-Nazi, office workers, dancers, single or married. Most have lost their clothes in the rain of bombs. Their homes are patched up, small and smelly. Even women of excellent background have slipped into a life which would have shocked them in normal times. The newspaper *Frankfurter Rundschau* recently deplored the rise in the VD rate among the daughters of Frankfurt's best families.

Conspicuous among German women is the abundance of youngsters, whom their fellow Teutons scornfully called "Offiziers-Matratzen" (Officers mattresses). There was a time when throwing herself at a German man was advertised as a patriotic deed in the service of Hitler. During the war thousands of girls were shipped to Germany's fighting front. Officially they were telephone operators. From the collars of their uniforms blazed shiny lightning rod insignia, earning them the dashing nickname "Blitzmaedels" (lightning girls). But all Germany knew they were a government-sponsored pool of call girls.

Wilma Bolle had been a "Blitzmaedel." Wilma was shapely, but not very bright. At nineteen she said "Good-by" to both her mother and a seamstress' job in Braunschweig, to follow the Luftwaffe into Czechoslovakia. In a Prague writhing under the lash of the incredibly cruel Reinhard Heydrich, Wilma moved into a sumptuous flat. The original owners had vanished. She ordered a dressmaker to create a gorgeous wardrobe for her. The silks and satins were, so she boasted, "requisitioned" by one of her pilot boy friends at the point of a pistol. Wilma lived like a queen, catering to Nazi combat fliers on leave. Then the fortunes of war turned against Hitler. In a surge of uncontrollable anger against their tormentors, Czech patriots rose to free their country. The door to Wilma's cozy love nest was broken down. The screaming little tart was thrown out into the street, and made a tortuous pilgrimage back to Nuremberg.

Today Fräulein Bolle hangs around the entrance to the "Stork Club," a hepcat center for G.I.s. She waits for pick-ups. Only two things make her moan: her dresses were taken from her in Prague. And someone slapped her and called her a "German pig." That the owners of her residence may have died in a gas chamber, that her glittering life was built on the agony of a decent, honest nation, touches her not. She shrugs her shoulders and wails: "My beautiful dresses. And I am not a 'German pig'!"

Wilma carries a pass issued by the U. S. Counter Intelligence Corps. Without it Wilma and her kind could not get into American dance halls.

One afternoon two Fräuleins met before the door of the CIC office to get their identification cards. Said one to the other: *"Grell, kommscht auch um dei Schlatte-Pass?"* (Greta, do you, too, come to get your *Schlatte*-pass?) The question showed what these girls think of themselves. "*Schlatte*" is South German slang for "prostitute."

Two years of occupation have taught the girls and their families many things about the gullible soldier from America. They know that he cares little for Army discipline; that he does not know—nor care—why he is in Germany; that he is prone to get homesick. These factors are skillfully exploited. The daughter has little trouble bringing a newly found "Ami" to the house. The stranger is received with a studied subservience, which flatters his ego. He is given motherly attention. The Germans know he will pay for this ersatz home life by bringing luxuries, such as soap, candy, canned goods and smokes. The shrewder families use G. I. Joe for a funnel to pour their whitewash of Germany into the United States. The war had been over only a few months when military censors discovered a fast-blooming sympathy for Germany in the soldier mail leaving for home.

When occupation soldiers are around, the Germans are politeness personified. Clicking heels, bowing at the waist, they "Yes-sir" the Yanks to death. When they are among themselves most Germans bare their true feeling for us. These are choked with venom. A list of invectives, collected in cities as widely spread as Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich, Regensburg, Stuttgart and Manheim, reads like this: "The Americans are childish, incompetent, drunkards, incapable of running Germany, gypsies, gangster-minded, out to plunder the nation and definitely lacking in culture."

The Ronnie Bar on the Kurfuersten-Damm is one of the ritziest spots in the British sector of Berlin. One night it was crowded with Yank and British soldiers, German racketeers, ladies of the evening and stray wives on the make. Two Fräuleins, seated at a tiny table, discussed an encounter with two Americans during the previous night. One, a blonde in a fetching peek-a-boo blouse, said:

Continued on page 140

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The Fräulein Wins the Peace

Continued from page 139

"You know, Erika, that was my first American. He had a heart of gold. Gave me anything I wanted. But, honestly, phew! He had manners like a pig!"

Erika giggled: "I told you so! My poppa used to live in Chicago. But he came back to Germany a couple of years ago. He always said they are like children with too much money!"

At this moment two Yanks came over to ask for a dance. The two critics were in their arms in three seconds flat.

The ideas the Fräuleins plant among the Americans are threefold. They try to split the Allies. They try to promote pity for the poor "misunderstood" Germans. They also try to spread pure Nazi ideologies, which remain strong.

Many combat men will recall that Germans boldly approached them with the question: "When are you Americans going to fight the Russians? We want to help you." This, while the U. S. and Soviet armies were still engaged in finishing the war against Hitler. This line of talk has grown in volume in the American sector. Today many Yanks are convinced that "we can use the Germans against the Russians."

How well German families indoctrinate their former enemies was demonstrated by an Alabama captain returning home on a Victory ship. He popped off: "Ah used to hate the Jerries. But Ah'm going to tell mah kid they're the only people we ought to hook up with." He called the French lazy and dirty and full—as he put it—"of nigger blood." Shades of Dr. Joseph Goebbels who invented the label "Negroid" race for the French. The captain censored Roosevelt for declaring war on Germany. Someone told him it was Hitler who declared war on America. He protested: "No! Impossible! Mah girl's father told me. He's a college professor. He wouldn't lie to me!"

On the deck of the ship a surly Pfc, stripped to the waist, sunned himself. He aired the opinion that "this here Hitler had something. He had to kick them Jews out. The place wuz crawlin' with them." Someone told him the ratio of Jews in Germany had been only 1:125. He sneered: "That's a crock. My girl's brother told me the truth. The way he said, this here Hitler knows what he's doin'. We ought to have a guy like that in the States, too."

Dr. Sterling Brown, advisor on religious affairs to AMG, declared in a recent interview with the Associated Press that there is as much anti-Semitism among the German people today as there was under Hitler. He added: "It is spreading into the ranks of our soldiers."

How efficient the Germans are in spreading this hate philosophy was demonstrated. At Ansbach, in the American Zone, a group of G.I.s and displaced Jewish persons were involved in a brawl. Lt. General Clarence R. Heubner placed the blame where it belonged by stating that "eleven American soldiers took it upon themselves to work over a group of displaced persons."

At the breakfast table in the ornate cafeteria of the huge I.G. Farben building in Frankfurt, seat of our Supreme Command, a lieutenant pointed to a grey-haired major approaching his table. "That's my CO coming, Joe. Is he mad. His wife is getting in from the States today. Now he'll have to give his German tomato the ozone . . . Good morning, sir! I have arranged for a car to the airport, sir. Here are the keys to your flat. Anything else, sir? Yes-sir! . . . Bye-bye chump! You ought to hear him talk these days, Joe. He thinks Hitler had the right idea: there must be one ruling class and the rest of the rabble has to toe the line. Of course, he has to be in the ruling class. Yesterday he said something about white supremacy."

"A Kluxer, eh?"

"Kluxer nothing. This guy is a conservative lawyer from Maryland. He was all right till this—er—housekeeper of his got her hooks into him. Her old man used to be a Nazi general. Today he's convinced that the Aryan race is better than the others. He thinks he is born to rule. He's gone brass-happy. Enjoys ordering people around."

Author Albert L. Mayer reported: "Many G.I.s with whom I spoke thought Hitler was not far wrong in his destruction of civil rights. Some officers are openly pro-German. 'We fought the wrong people' is a comment frequently heard."

One aggravating factor in the situation is the distance between the United States and the Continent. Staying away from home amid the local enemy influences for extended periods lowers the G.I.s' "sales resistance."

Other occupying powers wrestle with the problem in various ways. Recently the British Government ordered Tommy Atkins to stay away from German girls. No reason for this blunt order was given. However, thousands of British wives had stormed the War Office with letters because 5000 English soldiers had declared they intended to marry German girls. Some even planned to shed their British spouses for the purpose. The government gave the "Cease flirt" order. Now the not-so-merry wives of Windsor are waiting. Those who read the papers were depressed by the opinion which Mr. Thomas Bates, formerly of the Allied Control Commission in Berlin, expressed in an article published in a London daily. "The chances of a British husband being as good as lost the moment he sets foot in Germany," wrote Mr. Bates, "is about 75 to 25. The German girls have been trained to love home life more than British women." There was little cheer in that.

The Archdeacon of Brighton, the Reverend James H. L. Morrell, added this morsel of gloomy news: "The German girls are attractive to our soldiers because there is no equality nonsense about the sexes in Germany. There the man is definitely the head of the house."

French women have little fear of losing their men to the "Boche." They are traditional homebodies. Besides, the bloody record of the German army in France will never be forgotten. Premier Lieutenant Jean Boubonnec of Normandy, stationed in Karlsruhe, South Germany, remarked: "My home town, Caen, is smashed ten times worse than Karlsruhe. One cannot feel sorry for these people. One makes love—oui! After that one departs—and forgets!"

The love life of the automaton known as the "Mujik" is hard to penetrate. In Berlin, where they mingle with Americans in fashionable cafés, Russians dined and danced with Fräuleins. They were quiet and dignified. What happened at their homes is their secret. The German girls seemed to enjoy their company, but refused to talk about them.

But at the moment the Russians are in the same fix as the British. Their Supreme Command withdrew permission to mingle with German girls. The reason for this veto was not given.

The sexual and ideological success of German women with the Yanks dates back to a lurid decision which Hitler made during his early years of political struggle. The dictator had spent his youth in the smelly, steaming slums of Vienna, where everything went. Upon rising to prominence he noticed that there were social taboos about sex, which placed an uncomfortable restraint upon his new, more dignified associates. Possessed by a very low opinion of human nature, Hitler decided to use sex as a tactical weapon by removing the taboos.

When they came to power the Nazis worked the broad-minded German attitude toward sex for all it was worth. Nudist clubs multiplied. Illicit affairs were encouraged, illegitimate babies legalized. Nightly orgies during the annual Nazi conventions in Nuremberg still are a nightmare to the more sober folks. The official stimulation of the national libido has many amusing consequences. There was the disgusted milk dealer in Nuremberg: he recalls how the women knocked at his door long after closing time to fetch their milk. When he reprimanded them they sighed: "Ach, we saw the Fuehrer today. What a man! How wonderful would it be to have him be the father of my child!"

To such inflamed spirits the impetuous G.I. Joe has many pleasing features. G.I. Jane is a different story. She is a thorn in the side of the Fräulein. Most Yankee lasses maintain a sterner attitude towards the natives than their male counterparts. Their bearing—at least in public—is beyond reproach.

Unavoidably there are the occasional giddy types, who provide material for the gossip which harrassed German women need to brace their morale.

The fine dresses and neat grooming of the American wives arouse the envy of the dour, scrounging fraus. They are unwilling to admit that their silence in the face of Hitler's bloody excesses led Germany to her present misery. Frequently German women watch American girls come from the PX loaded with goods. Their faces display transparent mixtures of jealousy, hatred and contempt.

Out of this vengeful, oppressive atmosphere flee the young German girls into the arms of our soldiers. Many G.I.s, brought up under strict codes, find them crassly immoral. Few know that an early erotic education makes many girls act in this manner. Hunger for luxuries intensifies their fervor, as does a secret delight in snatching men from the sleek, well-stockinged American women.

While the Nazis bred babies on the assembly line, Allied bombs destroyed the homes in which the children were to grow up. Germany's population has grown by four million. The "living space," which Hitler had promised, failed to materialize.

The Germans wail constantly about their missing comforts. Their daughters impart their tale of woe to the romantic, muddle-brained Yank, who is a sucker for a hard-luck story.

His predecessors, the combat boys, liked the buxom girls, whom they found in burning Germany, as much as he does. But they never forgot the foul fighting of the Wehrmacht soldier. Nor the stench of the prison camps holding half-starved buddies.

The young occupation soldier, sailing from the States directly to Germany, lacks these haunting experiences. He never saw the misery of France and Norway. He sees only German ruins and quickly grows sympathetic.

The Army has tried to awaken the G.I. to his important job through an educational program. But sitting in a classroom and listening to a none too enthusiastic shavetail reading a lecture is not G.I. Joe's dish. He finds it easier to believe a smiling girl who tells him between kisses that the world had Germany all wrong.

To protect this country against the wholesale importation of un-American ideas by thoughtless Yanks, the men must be put through a mental DDT treatment after their return to these shores. The German chestnuts must be uprooted from their minds and exposed for what they are by experts in the field.

Whatever the Fräulein has, Miss America has, too. Besides she speaks English. More than that: she talks American. #

Continued from page 39

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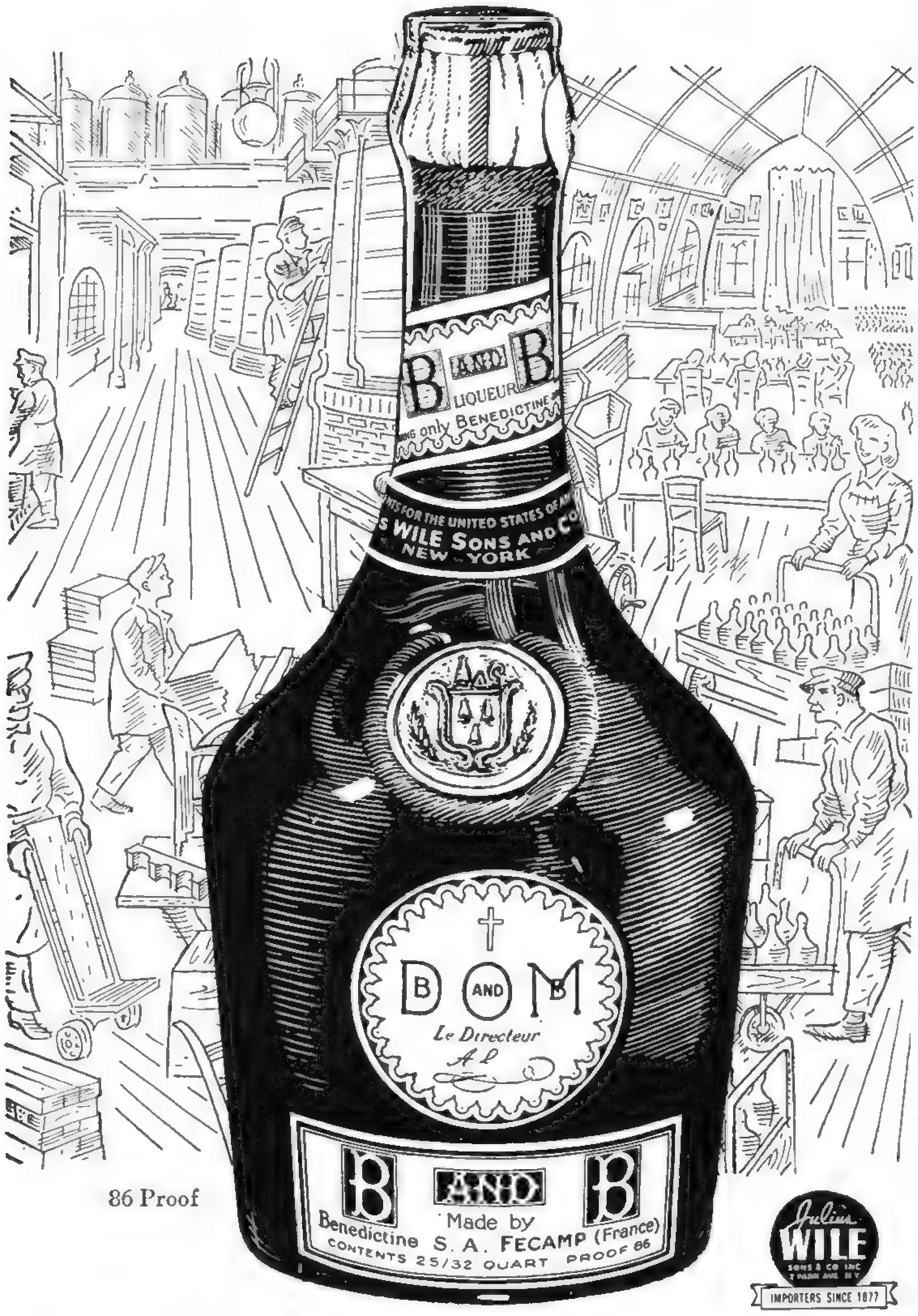

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The Greatest Bullfight Ever

Continued from page 62

never want to fight again. I'm going to go to bed for ten years when the season is over. How was the fight yesterday?" he continued wearily while putting on his frilled shirt. "I haven't seen the papers as yet."

"Cañitas turned in the best fight of the season," I said.

Carlos stopped tying his tie. "Are you joking?"

"No," I said. "He got inspired—fought as he's never fought before—cut ears, tail and a hoof." I cleared my throat. "But—uh—you'll come up to the house for the ceremony *anyway*, won't you?"

Arruza regarded me quietly and said: "I'll be there, *chiquillo*."

I made the error of taking two women to the last fight. Carlos was first on the program, and when he got to his knees and let the bull pass by him four times so close that it removed part of his embroidered jacket, the girl on my right passed out; the other girl was just about to faint too, but she was too busy reviving her friend. Carlos did every pass in the book plus two of his own invention, and the girls couldn't stand any more; they left just about the time he dropped the bull with one thrust. The crowd went wild, and the *presidente* signaled with his handkerchief for the *banderillero* to cut one ear, two ears, two ears and tail, two ears, tail and hoof, and Arruza circled the ring, triumphantly holding his prizes aloft.

It was a wonderful fight, but we all knew Cañitas had been just a bit more graceful, more daring, more suicidal, the day before.

After Arruza came Parrita and Andaluz, both good bullfighters, but people were still limp from the first fight and didn't pay much attention to them. When Arruza came out and stood waiting for his second bull people applauded wildly, but we really didn't expect him to do anything more; it's rare when a bullfighter puts up a good performance on both bulls.

The bull was a monstrous creature, and Arruza studied it from behind the fence for a few moments. Then he stepped out shakily into the ring and stood there swaying and putting his hand up to his feverish head and pressing his hot temples with his fingers, but as the bull drew near he collected himself, let the cape unfurl in front of the animal's nose and passed it by in a series of classic *verónicas* that drew great "*Oles!*" from the crowd. Then in a few moments they were yelling "No! No!" as he passed the bull in the graceful butterfly pass, letting it come so close each time it seemed he would be caught and spitted on one of the huge needlelike horns.

Came time for the *banderillas*, and Carlos placed the three pairs of barbed sticks superbly, running at an angle at the bull as it charged and sticking them in the withers with his arms high and finally spinning to one side to let the bull hurtle by. Then he begged permission from the *presidente* to risk his life in still another pair. It was granted and Carlos picked an impossible way to place them: with his back against the fence, he incited the bull, "Uh-huh Toro! Uh-huh-huh!" and stood there calmly watching it bear down on him. When the enraged animal was two feet away, Carlos raised his arms, dropped the *banderillas* in place, ducked to the side, the left horn grazing his chest as the bull crashed into the fence.

The trumpet blew for the death; with the scarlet rag and the curved sword in his hand, Carlos dedicated the bull, facing the crowd with exhausted, unseeing eyes. Then he went out for the last round.

His first pass with the *muleta* was the "Pass of the Dead One," so called because so many bullfighters have been killed doing it. Carlos called the bull from twenty feet away, and as it *whooshed* by he remained absolutely motionless and straight, letting the bull choose whether he was going to crash into the cloth or into his legs. Still motionless, he let the bull wheel and charge three times. Then Arruza decided to try a pass of his invention—the "*Arrucina*." The *muleta* is held behind the back so that only a tiny portion of the deceptive cloth shows, leaving the entire body open as a target for the bull.

When he put the *muleta* in back and people realized what he was going to do they screamed "No! No!" again, but the bull had already charged and somehow the horns missed Carlos by centimeters. But when he tried it again from the other side, the right horn went around Arruza's leg and the bull hurled him high into the air. He somehow spun around on the horn so that when his body slapped the ground he was stretched out under the bull, the length of his body between the animal's front legs, and his head between the wicked horns. People hid their eyes, yet before the needle points could find the inert form, Carlos had reached up and locked his arms around the bull's neck in an iron grip. The bewildered bull spun around and around. Finally he gave his neck a mighty snap, flung the man from him like a rag doll to the ground ten feet away, but before he could charge, Arruza's men were between them and had attracted the bull's attention. Arruza lurched drunkenly to his feet and stood there swaying, bruised and dazed, his uniform in ribbons, but miraculously not wounded. He picked up his sword and the rag.

"*Fuera!*" he yelled at his *banderilleros*. "Get out of the ring."

The amazed men retreated several feet behind him.

Arruza whirled on them and snarled: "*Fuera* I said! Leave me alone with him!"

When they had all left the ring,

the matador calmly turned to the bull, who was pawing the ground and studying him ten feet away; got to his knees and inched forward toward the animal. The bull shifted his feet and the crowd gasped, sure that he would charge. But he didn't; it was as though he were hypnotized and cowed by the enormous brute courage of this man-thing on its knees and Arruza kept coming, staring fixedly at the bull until he arrived in its very face.

Then, with the muzzle of the bull almost touching him, he leaned forward and rested his elbow on the bull's forehead!

He turned around and stared up at the crowd with the bull's nose against his back. We were afraid to scream for fear the noise would make the bull charge, but when he faced the bull again and, still on his knees, made it pass by four times, spinning in against the shoulder each time, a great roar burst from our throats. And then suddenly Carlos rose to his feet, and hurling himself on top of the horns, he sank the sword in between the shoulders to the hilt, the bull reeling and its hulk crashing over backwards to the sand.

Delirium took over the plaza, and the *presidente* waved his handkerchief for one ear, again for two ears, again for the tail, again for a hoof—*and still again for another hoof, for the first time in bullfighting's long history!*

So Arruza got the medal and we had the party, but our honored guest left early. He had to hurry to Valencia for a fight the following day. #

America's No. 1 Composer

Continued from page 57

ish weddings he was taken to, Aaron listened open-eared and wide-eyed to ragtime bands. When he was fifteen he sneaked off to his first concert, a recital by Ignace Paderewski in the Brooklyn Academy. He rushed home to tell his family of the extraordinary things he had heard. The Coplands were too busy playing poker to pay attention and Aaron was annoyed that he should have been born into so insensitive a family.

A correspondence course in harmony only perplexed him, so he studied composition with a Manhattan pedagogue named Rubin Goldmark. A conservative, Goldmark actively discouraged his pupil from what he called "commerce with the moderns." But the forbidden fruit had its allure for a healthy boy. "No one ever told me about modern music," said Copland. "Some instinct led me logically from Chopin's waltzes to Haydn's sonatinas to Beethoven's sonatas to Wagner's operas and from there to Hugo Wolf's songs, to Debussy preludes and to Scriabin's piano poems. It all seems surprisingly orderly."

On Saturday nights Aaron clerked in Copland's Store, and one summer he beat the piano in a trio at a Milford, Pennsylvania, resort hotel.

By the summer he was twenty, Copland had earned enough to go to Paris, the fountainhead of modern music. Stravinsky was there, experimenting in provocative new harmonies, and the younger Darius Milhaud and his Group of Six were raising cacophonous cain. A concert without a police squad was a dismal failure. The Left Bank was draped in its lushest purple.

His first summer abroad Copland studied composition at the American Academy which Walter Damrosch had set up in the Fontainebleau Palace. One day he looked in on a class in harmony, a subject he had long finished with. He was struck by the zeal of the plump little woman who was lecturing on the harmonies of *Boris Godounoff*. "I immediately suspected that I had found my teacher," he said, and asked the unknown woman to become his private tutor in composition.

For thirty-three-year-old Nadia Boulanger, for Aaron Copland and for American music, the alliance was epochal. The American pupil and the French teacher were in perfect pitch. Copland propagandized the merits of his teacher so vehemently that Roy Harris, Walter Piston, Virgil Thomson, Marc Blitzstein, and Roger Sessions all scuttled off to Paris and Boulanger. Today she is the most famous pedagogue of composition in the world. It has become a platitude to say that American music was invented in Paris in 1921 by Nadia Boulanger.

Copland's most ambitious project in Paris was music for a necrophilic ballet called *Grohg*. It was never produced, but Boulanger had Copland play the music for two Russian friends named Serge. Their last names were Koussevitzky and Prokofiev. Koussevitzky, an enthusiast even in those days, liked the music. Prokofiev merely grunted: "Too much basso ostinato" (obstinate bass).

Prokofiev couldn't discourage Boulanger. When Walter Damrosch invited her to appear with him as an organ soloist in America, she commissioned Copland to write her an organ concerto. She played it the first time in January, 1925, in New York's old Aeolean Hall, Mr. Damrosch conducting. The great organ belched and coughed. When it finished Damrosch decided to throw in his sponge with the horrified audience. From the podium he prognosticated, "If a young man at the age of twenty-three can write a symphony like that, in five years he will be ready to commit murder."

Damrosch should have been able to see that one with a manner so gentle as Copland's could never achieve homicide. Yet there was something quite startling in the way young Copland planned his career and moved in a straight line towards his goal. A well-mannered composer was expected to

Continued on page 144

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America's No. 1 Composer

Continued from page 143

await in a celestial vacuum for inspiration to strike. But Aaron Copland was a practical poet. To gain attention he decided to be an *enfant terrible*.

He made a clanking start with his jazzy *Music for the Theatre*, composed the Summer of 1925 at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire. A year later in Boston Serge Koussevitsky introduced the raucous *Jazz Concerto*, with Copland himself playing the piano solo.

"That concerto," threw Boston into a Brahmin tizzy, and the controversy raged for weeks. To admit that you liked it was to get yourself invited out of polite Beacon Hill society. A letter in the *Transcript* called Koussevitzky "a cynical foreigner seeking only to satirize American music . . . by the production of such a musical monstrosity." A radio critic who wrote weekly dispatches on the still somewhat primitive "wireless" had the final word. Said he: "It came to the radio audience as perhaps the weirdest fantasy yet heard in the guise of music. Not that it was wholly Mr. Copland's fault. No instrumental combination could seriously have intended the potpourri of whatnot that came through our loud-speaker. The microphone was inside the piano. It must have been."

When Leonard Bernstein revived the concerto in 1946, a New York critic described it as "a ghost of raccoon-coated F. Scott Fitzgerald heroes, of bathtub gin, of flaming youth . . ." All of which drew a sad observation from Composer Copland: "They didn't listen to the music either in the twenties or now. Then it was wild and woolly radicalism. Now it's dull stuff from the jazz age."

The concerto taught Copland that the spirit of bobbed-hair jazz was much too limited for long-haired composing. It was time to change. Using the dissonant experiments of Stravinsky and Bartók as a springboard he created a bleak puritanical style which musicologists already refer to as "Copland's second period." Appropriately, it was music for the great depression—hungry, lean and cold. In lithic pieces like the *Short Symphony* and *Piano Variations*, the stony angles and planes seem to be riveted together by a musical-construction engineer on a public-works project. Copland believes this music "represents me at my best." But for the cash customers it was too stark and unpretty. Performances were rare and for six years Copland's financial harvests as lean as his music.

One of the reasons there were so few performances was that American composers had no champion in the press. In Europe famous critics like Jean Cocteau set themselves up as evangelists of young composers and plugged their works. American critics would have nothing to do with modernism. The job of high priest was there for someone. Copland stepped in.

He arranged the Yaddo Festival of Contemporary Music at Saratoga Springs, New York (Oscar Levant wrote a piano sonatina), and joined with Composer Roger Sessions to sponsor the Copland-Sessions concert series of American music. For three seasons on wintery Sunday nights esoteric New Yorkers listened to esoteric stuff. On choice dates they heard Henry Cowell play a piece called *Aeolian Harp* with his head in the guts of the piano, plucking at the strings with his hands, Harpo Marx fashion, or beating out his *Advertisement* with his elbows and fists. After three years the concert entrepreneurs went broke.

For the Practical Poet, it was time for another change. As the son of a merchant, Copland had learned the law of supply and demand. If the public wouldn't buy the product he offered, he must give the public a product it wanted. Copland began to shop for raw materials. He found what he was looking for in Mexico City.

In a sprawling and raucous dance hall called El Salón México Aaron Copland, Photographer Victor Kraft and Ballet Critic Edwin Denby listened nightly to Mexico's folk melodies played on gourds and guitars. Three years later at the Belles Artes concert hall, the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico premiered Copland's symphonic fantasy *El Salón México*. The Mexicans recognized the familiar themes and gave the U. S. composer a rousing Latin ovation. Within three seasons *El Salón México* was played by almost every major symphony orchestra in the U. S., and on records cut by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony it was one of the first big-selling symphonic albums by an American composer.

The lean years were over and Copland knew he was on the right beam: "I decided that the more accessible music was connected with folk songs. It is easily understood by the masses." At this time something happened to show how completely the die had been cast. The Columbia Broadcasting System commissioned Copland to write a piece which was performed on the air under the somewhat noncommittal title, *Music for Radio*. Listeners, invited to rename the sentimental and nostalgic piece, voted for *Saga of the Prairie*.

After such a start, Aaron Copland of Brooklyn found himself the definitive composer of outdoor Americana. This, even though he had never heard a cowboy song except *Home on the Range*, and his acquaintance with cowboys was through Western movies.

Ballet impresario Lincoln Kirstein gave Copland some money, a book of cowboy songs and told him to write a ballet on *Billy the Kid* for Eugene Loring. The ballet didn't fare too well critically, but the music did. Agnes de Mille ordered *Rodeo* and made a hit of it. Homespun film scores for *Of Mice and Men*, *Our Town*, *North Star* and the documentaries, *The City* and *The Cummington Story* made movie audiences conscious of the Copland name on screen-music credits.

Copland used *Camptown Races* and an old ballad called *Springfield Mountain* in his *Lincoln Portrait*, a Shaker tune called *It's a Gift to be Simple* in the ballet *Appalachian Spring*. Critics praised the last for its successful capture of the shimmering western Pennsylvania landscape and it won the Pulitzer Prize. Said Copland: "I didn't even know the name of the piece until the day before Martha Graham performed it. I was thinking when I wrote of Martha's primness, not of any landscape."

With the help of folk music, Copland's aim to be a peoples' composer was pretty well accomplished by 1944. The time was ripe to write his symphony.

Copland has divulged few hints as to the program of the Third, but it seems to be an ode on the whole history of mankind. The first movement is an agrarian pastoral with soft and peaceful summer landscapes. In the hammering scherzo which follows, the landscape shifts to a bustling metropolis or even a thunderous battlefield. The third mystical movement seems to contemplate the divine nature of man, and the final movement is a turbulent blaring forth of the brasses, a neurotic expression of man's hopelessness. Then, as magically as in Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, the despair breaks and after a bit of nervous rustling the symphony comes to an end with a hymnlike marching tune full of courage, vision and nobility, like a shaft of sunlight bursting through the storming thunderheads. With great triumphant chords Copland strikes a note of optimism when it is most needed in a pessimistic world. A slightly cynical Boston critic described the climactic fanfare as "Shostakovich in the Appalachians."

Like most composers, Copland is a bad conductor who likes to conduct his own scores. Once he took the Boston Symphony through one of his pieces just before Koussevitzky conducted it through one of Koussevitzky's own Bach transcriptions. Afterwards, composer and conductor met in the green room.

"How do you like my Bach?" Koussevitzky asked.

Copland replied, "You tell me how you like my conducting and I'll tell you how I liked your Bach."

"So bad it cannot be," Koussevitzky snapped.

Though Koussevitzky advised him against it, Copland went to Mexico last summer to conduct his Symphony. For weeks in his New York studio he flailed his arms and snapped his fingers, trying to memorize the score. Several times he almost abandoned the idea. "At least," he comforted himself, "it's going to be across the border."

Copland is a restless wanderer. From Mexico he went to Tanglewood and when that closed he embarked on a good-will State Department safari to South America.

In New York, the David Diamonds, the Oscar Levants and the Marc Blitzsteins no longer visit his loft studio as often as they used to. Most of them are too busy being successful. Up the four flights trudge a new generation of composers in their twenties. They come to see the dean about a scholarship at Tanglewood, or a grant of money to finish an opera or a ballet. Some bring their scores for criticism. All go away encouraged and a little wiser. Says the dean: "They are delicate young plants. They need prizes, they must be nurtured and they must be coddled." The fact that a lot of them compose in the style of Copland doesn't disturb the master. Says he: "It's a brand-new note in American music. My generation copied Schoenberg and Stravinsky. These boys copy Roy Harris, Roger Sessions, Walter Piston and Copland. If they start where we leave off, they'll go a lot farther towards a solid American tradition.

"My influence?" The dean shrugs off the question. "I'm around. That's enough." #

Continued from page 57

Irwin Caplan

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The Blondes in the Black Silk Pajamas

Continued from page 45

cases waiting, you know." Witnesses who like to embellish their accounts with G-man details are impatiently admonished to "Hurry up and get to the bedroom." The second or corroborating witness, who in many cases isn't necessary, is often restricted to answering "Yes" to two questions:

"Have you heard the testimony of the preceding witness?"

"If you were asked the same questions, would your answers be the same?"

Obviously, the judges, like the other participants, have their tongues in their cheeks during these conveyor-belt proceedings. One judge—the late Justice Bonynge of the New York Supreme Court—once declared that "A certain amount of naïveté is an essential adjunct to the judicial office . . . Does not the Supreme Court grind out thousands of divorces annually upon the stereotyped sin of the same big blonde attired in the same black silk pajamas? Is not access to the chamber of love quite uniformly obtained by announcing that it is a maid bringing towels or a messenger boy with an urgent telegram?"

But, in fairness to the judiciary, it should be stated that the law and the higher courts have set the pattern of proof—a man and a woman alone in a bedroom. And when the evidence is cut to the pattern, the trial judge must grant the divorce, unless he has legal evidence that the case is collusive. A mere moral certainty that collusion exists is not sufficient.

Ironically, it is only in the legitimate divorce cases—those in which the adultery is bona fide and committed without the plaintiff's consent—that any difficulties are encountered.

Actually the evidence in noncollusive cases often refuses to jell into the standard mold. And every now and then a divorce-seeker with an honest-to-goodness case is denied relief because the judge decided that the evidence was deficient in some respect.

That's what happened in one case that was tried while I was in court one day. The testimony showed there was no collusion. The husband, who was being sued, admitted his misconduct. He had left his wife four years before, he testified, because he fell in love with another woman. He had lived with this woman, was still living with her, and she had borne him a child. He wanted to marry this woman, he said, and legitimatize the child, and had induced his wife to sue him for divorce. The wife's lawyer produced the birth certificate of the child, which bore the names of both parents.

The confession of the husband wasn't sufficient in and of itself to justify a divorce, said the judge. It required corroboration—and he was legally correct. But how about the birth certificate—irrefutable proof? That he refused to accept as evidence on the ground that to do so would stigmatize the child as illegitimate. Absurd, of course. The birth certificate already characterized the child's birth. The court record, which, in these cases, isn't available to the public, could do no further harm. And the main purpose of the divorce was to enable the defendant to remove the stigma.

But the height of legal assininity, according to one lawyer, was achieved in an uncontested divorce case which for reference purposes, we'll call Doe versus Doe. This lawyer represented Mrs. Doe, who, after being separated from her husband for six years, discovered that he had been living quite openly with another woman in a suburb of New York. The couple occupied a cottage there and were known to their neighbors as Mr. and Mrs. Doe. In fact, their photograph under that name had appeared in the rotogravure section of the local newspaper on the occasion of some community function in which they had participated. The real Mrs. Doe had obtained a copy of the newspaper and it was introduced into evidence at the trial after Mr. Doe's identity as the plaintiff's husband had been clearly established by other photographs—he wasn't present—and by witnesses who had known him when he had lived with his wife.

The wife's lawyer, who felt he could safely dispense with the usual raid, then called as a witness a man who lived in the cottage adjoining the one occupied by the defendant and his mistress. This witness, who had been subpoenaed to attend, was obviously a reputable person and it was quite evident that the whole thing was extremely distasteful to him. Under constant prodding by the lawyer, he testified: that he knew Mr. Doe; that Mr. Doe was the same person whose likeness appeared in the newspaper and other photographs; that Mr. and "Mrs." Doe lived in the next cottage; that the witness and his wife had frequently visited them there and had entertained them in return; that nobody except Mr. and "Mrs." Doe lived in their cottage; and that the "Mrs." Doe he knew was not the plaintiff in the case, whom he had never met before.

When the witness finished and the lawyer announced that he had concluded his proof, the judge recalled the witness and asked, "How many rooms are there in Mr. Doe's cottage?"

"Six, I believe. His house is just like mine."

"And how many of these are bedrooms?"

"Three."

"Counselor," said the judge, turning to the lawyer, "I can't grant the divorce on this evidence. After all, the defendant and this woman might have occupied different bedrooms."

Judicial naïveté, indeed. ⧺

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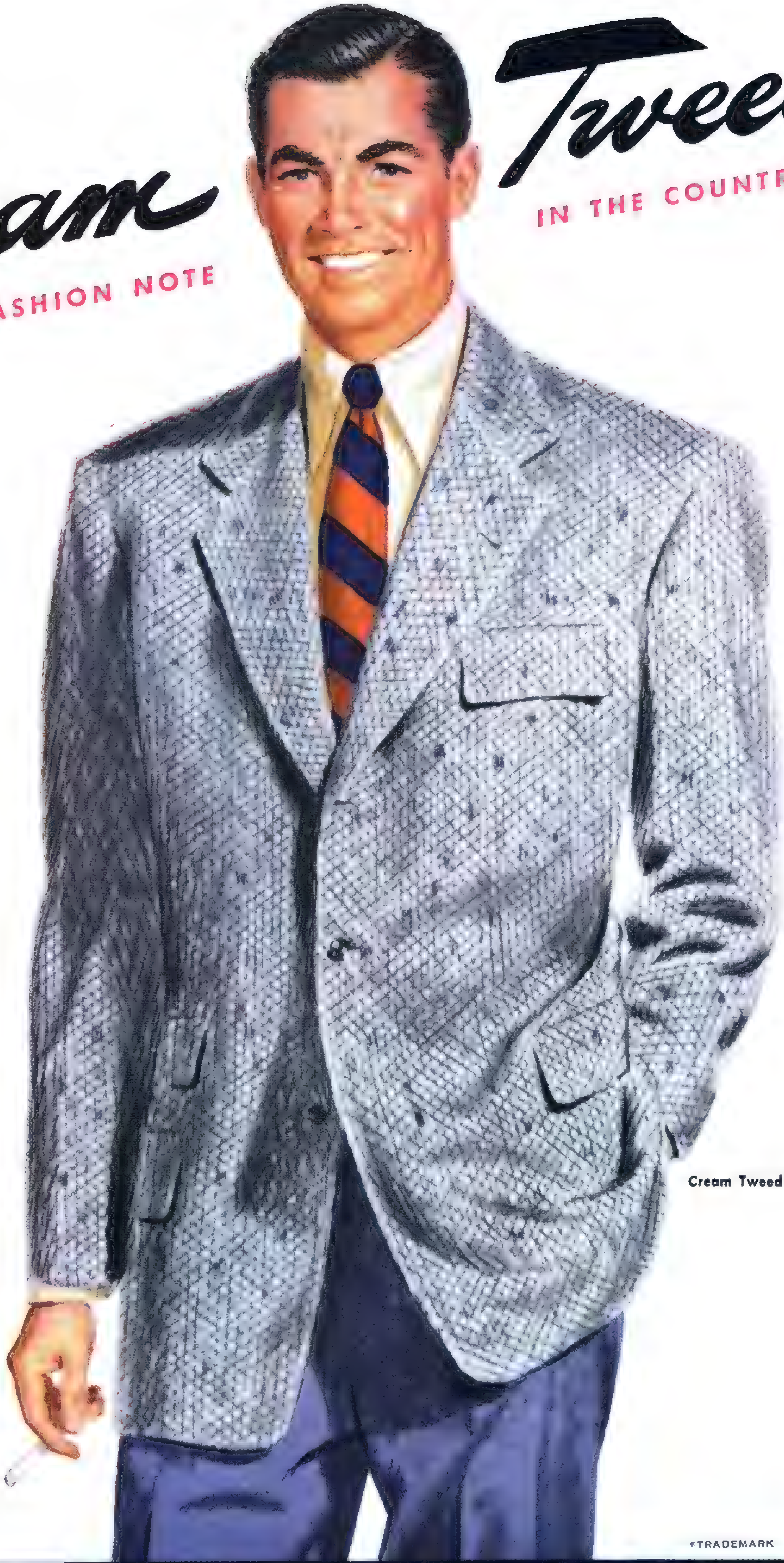

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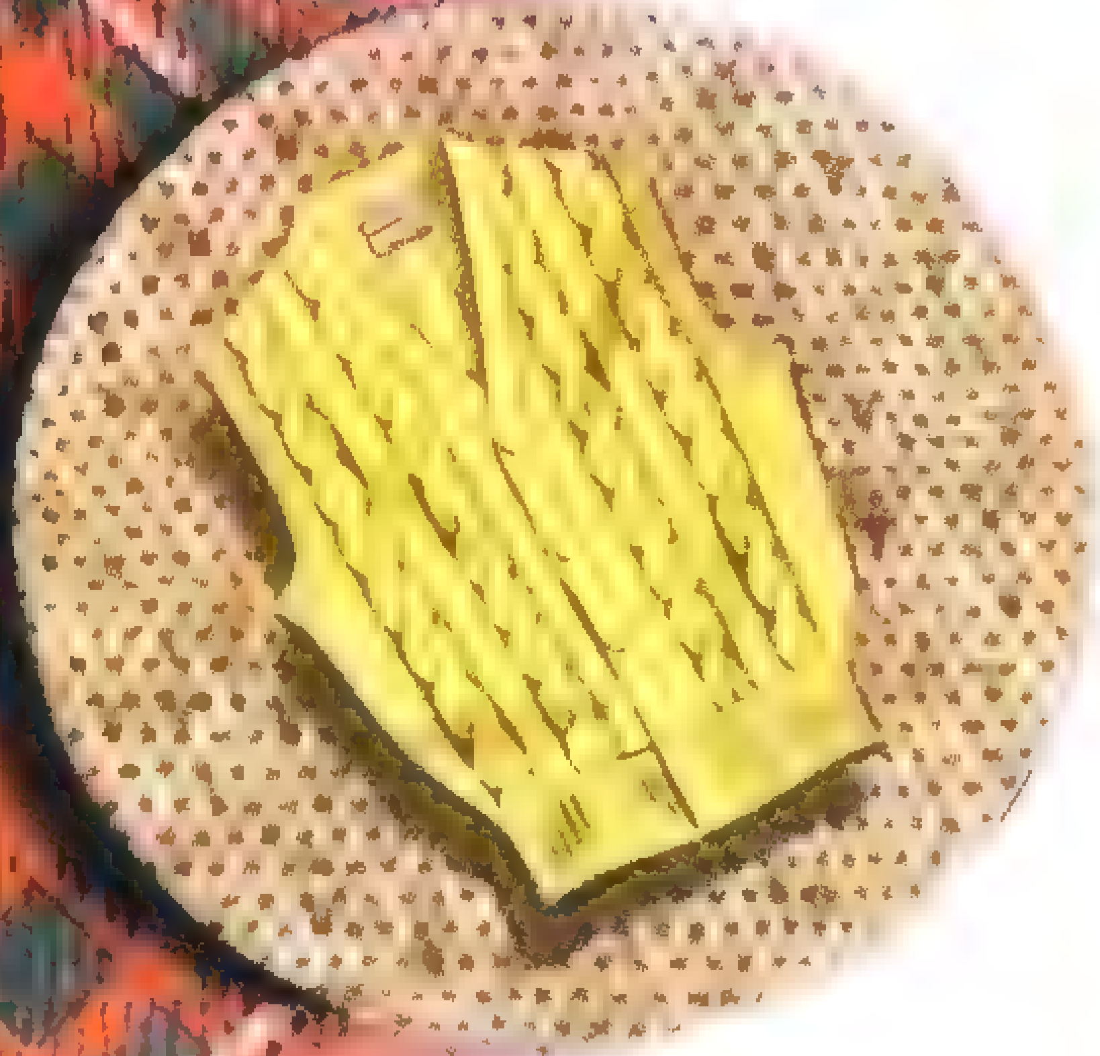

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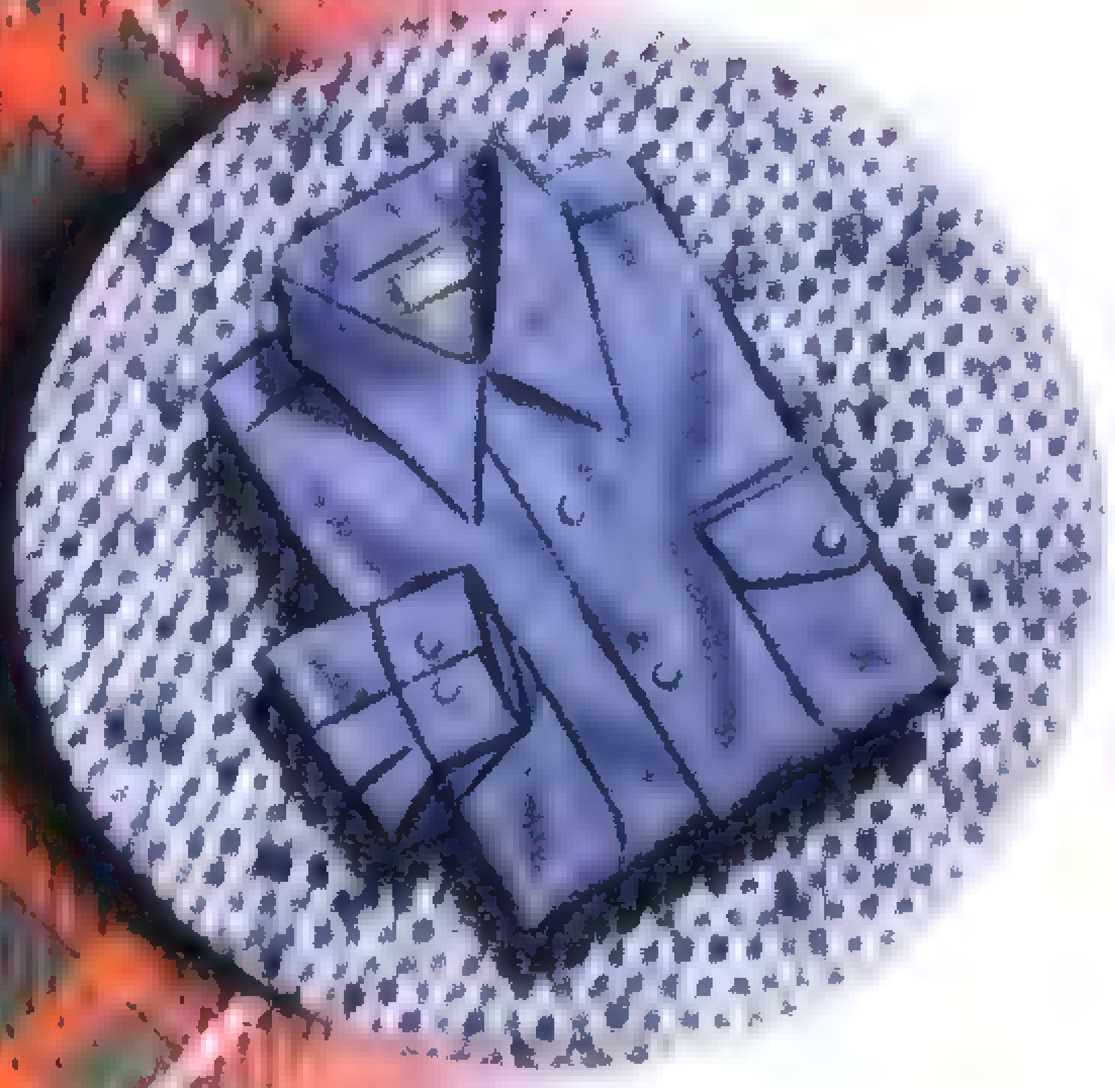

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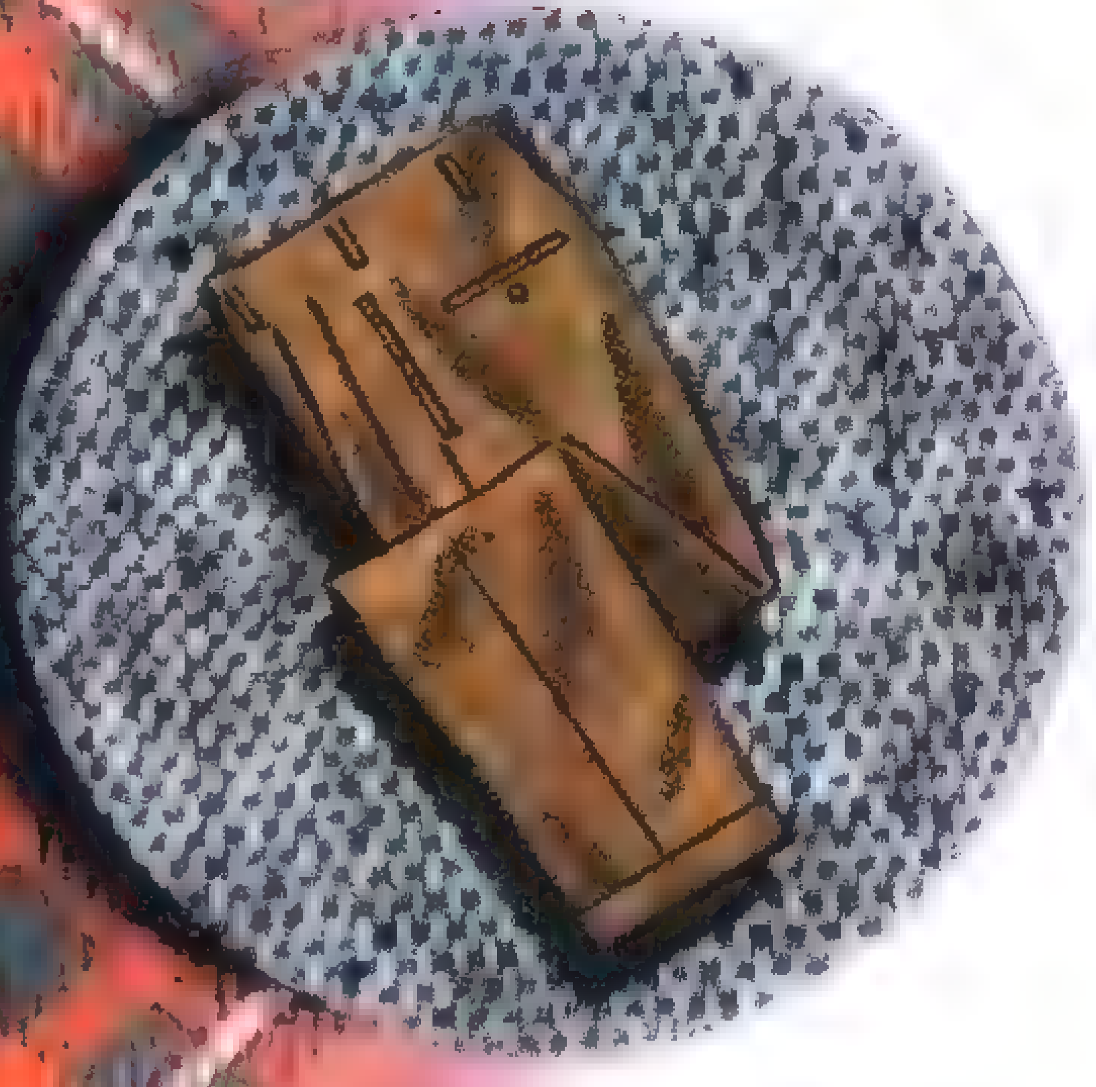

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The Chocolate Brown Gloves

Continued from page 67

about twenty minutes when I heard the sounds of distant activity in the house. It sounded almost ghostlike coming up to me from below. For a moment I was afraid. It passed, however, and with its passing I was once more my usual confident, competent self.

In time the house settled down. I could hear nothing but the sound of the infernal wind in the trees. Gently I opened the door and peeked out. The hall was now lit by a small night bulb. I hadn't expected that. However, I wasn't unhappy about it because it showed me that the hall was deserted. Quickly I slipped down, quietly closing the door behind me.

I stood a second outside her door—listening. All was quiet. I tried the knob. The feel of silk on polished metal was most unusual. The door was not locked.

I suddenly jerked open the door, but quietly, and stepped confidently into her bedroom. I felt certain that she would not cry out when she saw me, even if she should be awake. She was that kind. She might expect a scene, perhaps even histrionic tears and threats, but certainly not what I had in store for her.

We were both surprised—she at seeing me and I because she was not in bed or preparing for bed, but was sitting fully dressed before a mirror, rearranging her hair.

"Please, no more, it's all over now," she said in a voice filled with exasperated condescension.

"Yes—it is all over," is what I said. Perfect, absolutely perfect, I thought.

She had just grown limp and was becoming a heavy weight in my hands when the door suddenly opened behind me. I dropped her and whirled. Her sister stood in the doorway, her eyes wide, her hands held to her cheeks. I knew that her mind was starting to say scream. She was looking at the thing that had once been my wife that lay on the floor. Almost casually I picked up a heavy cloissoné cigarette box from the vanity table and suddenly hurled it at her. Fortunately, for I am in reality not much of an athlete—have never been in fact—it struck her on her neck and felled her gasping for air on the rug. With the exception of the dull sound the box had made hitting her neck there still had been no noise, nothing anyway that would arouse the neighbors. I knew the trees made an effective screen for the windows. The damned wind had grown in intensity. For a moment it seemed to fill the room—the house.

Long before the sister had once more become capable of any rational action I was across the room, had pulled her inside, closed the door and was battering away at her head and face with an antique powder box I snatched up. It had a Swiss music box concealed in the bottom. With the first blow it had started to tinkle out a gay minuet, but stopped in a moment.

When I had finished with the sister I went back to my wife and made certain—still using the musical powder box.

This rather disarranged my plans. Not seriously, but any deviation can be disconcerting at a time like that. My original plan was still good except that now I'd have to return drunker than I had planned to enable me to make enough noise to bring neighbors, since I couldn't count on the sister any more. I glanced around at the room checking up. I stopped short when I saw my reflection in the mirror. Ye gods, I thought, if the fellows at the club could only see me now. There I was, new Brooks Bros. grey flannel, wool socks pulled on over my shoes, brown gloves, and considerable blood spattered on me. There were even a few smudges on my face. Bad, I thought; remember to do your wrist the second you reach the car.

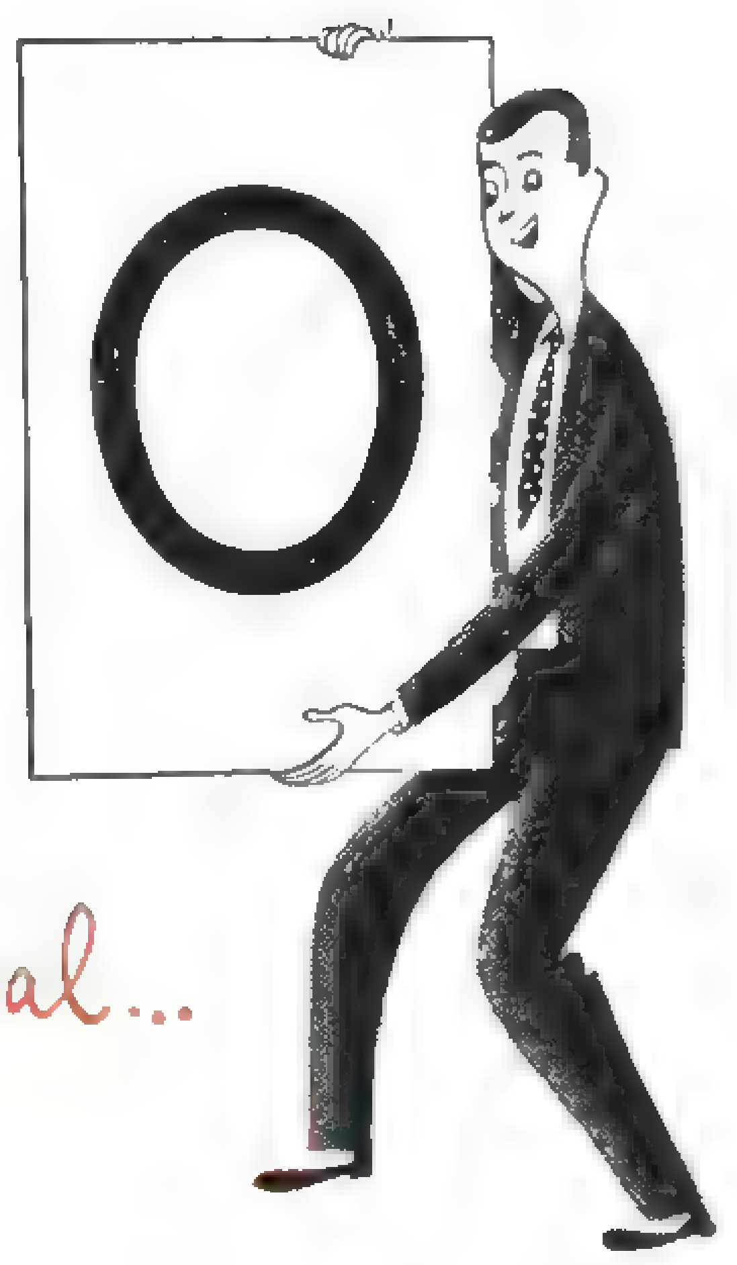
Leaving the light on in the bedroom, as I knew that sort of thing did not matter now, I ran out into the hall. The stairs and the lower hall were in darkness but that made little difference, I knew the place so well. Though I wanted to run I forced myself to slow down, to walk sedately down the steps. No time now for hysteria, I remember lecturing myself.

On the lower floor I paused a second to make certain I was completely oriented. Just then the lights came on in a great blinding crash. I whirled, my heart pounding.

Eight or ten people stood in an irregular semicircle in the large living room, all facing me and the hall. I remember each was holding a cocktail glass in his hand. When the lights had first clicked on a few had shouted "Surprise," but then their voices had dwindled into a stunned silence. They looked at me and I looked at them. No one spoke. This amusing tableau we held for at best ten seconds, when I turned and raced for the door. Only one person had presence of mind enough to throw his glass at me. It crashed against the wall close by my head. Then I was out and racing down the sidewalk.

That was two days ago. I do not believe I can hold out much longer. I realize that now I have little hope. They have too much organization, one might even go so far as to say civilization, on their side. In reality it is over. It wasn't bad, not at all—in fact I am still positive it would have worked but for the vagaries of the gods.

All that I truly regret is having made such an unholy show of myself. Imagine—the lights clicked on and there I stood with those simply horrible socks on over my shoes and wearing chocolate brown silk gloves. ‡‡



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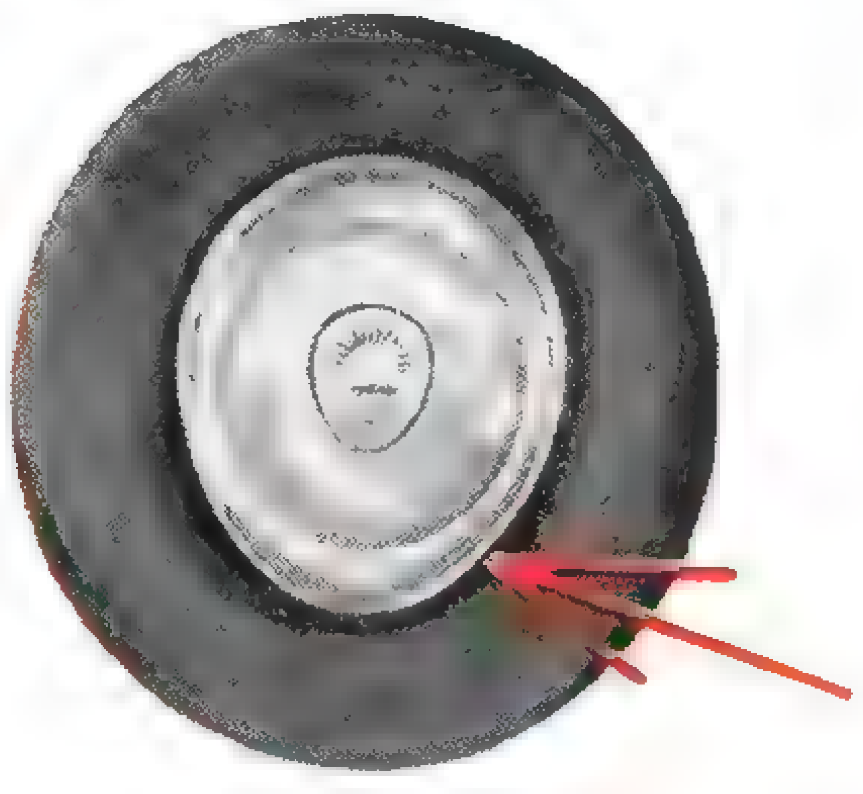

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Mr. McCarthy Goes to Boston

Continued from page 46

announced that Joe McCarthy has been hired to manage the Boston Red Sox, who finished second last season to the Yankees. It will be interesting to see how far this friendship goes because McCarthy is a guy who believes his knowledge of baseball is like his toothbrush. He doesn't permit anyone else to use it and that goes for newspapermen. McCarthy, who never played big-league baseball, managed the Chicago Cubs and the New York Yankees and won nine pennants in that time. The pattern of the play on the field is all that matters to him and this makes it difficult for a reporter who drops by for news of the club. Once, when I was traveling with the Yankees, I received a telegram from Ed Frayne, the late sports editor of the late New York *American*. It was Mr. Frayne's idea that I induce McCarthy to compare Joe Di Maggio with the great outfielders of the past. I went down to the bench and Joe, as he usually does before a ball game, was talking prize fights to a congregation of frustrated journalists. I interrupted his monologue by showing him Frayne's wire. McCarthy read it and handed it back to me.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Tell me about Di Maggio."

"Why the hell don't you let him play ball?" Joe asked.

"I'm not bothering him," I said. "All I want to know is if Di Maggio is a great ballplayer in your opinion."

"Let me worry about that," Joe said. "That's what I'm being paid for."

He arose and walked up the dugout steps and pretended he was interested in the infield practice. He stood there until I had abandoned the bench and started up to the press box.

McCarthy is an aloof man with the gruffness the truly shy use to protect themselves from intruders. If it were possible for Joe to make a living by playing out a season's schedule in privacy, I believe he would want it that way. The crowd does not excite or depress him. When Joe manages a club he does it alone and he will not stand for the front office making any decisions which govern the method of play. With baseball writers he is affable and good-natured as long as they are discussing the minor leagues, show business or prize fights. But as soon as the conversation turns to his ball club or the league in which it is, Joe escapes into a dour silence after covering his retreat with a calmly snide remark. He is obsessed with the curious belief that ballplayers are special people if they come up to the big leagues, and if you play for him he insists you behave with dignity at all times. There are no big guys on his ball club and talent will not excuse you if Joe believes you are a wrong fellow. You do it his way no matter how many games you win or what your batting average is. That is the way it has to be and this is the way it will be with Ted Williams. There are some who believe that Williams is a guy who has such natural talent that it is impossible for anyone to control him once he goes up to the plate with a bat in his hands. Some who claim they know insisted that he refused to hit to left field even when they were working the shift which only protected the right side of the diamond where his great power is. The scholars of the game insist he would hit four hundred every season if he broke up the shift by occasionally pushing a ball into left field. They declare that Joe Cronin, now up in the Red Sox front office, could not make him do it, but I'm certain McCarthy will if that is the plan he believes will win more ball games.

I like Williams. I have always found him friendly and easy to interview, which is all a sports writer can expect from an athlete. But he believes he is more valuable as a guy pulling the long ball than one who is pushing it to left field. It has always been his contention that he can drive it through them no matter how they arrange themselves to stop him and last season he proved he was right because he led the league in everything but popularity. There is no reason why he should be unpopular with the people of Boston, but he likes to argue with them and this is a hobby which McCarthy will discourage immediately. It is doubtful that Williams will quarrel with McCarthy because this is the most respected man in baseball. Ballplayers know you do it McCarthy's way or you don't play at all. Those who have played for him are not disturbed by the isolation he imposes on himself. They seldom talk of him with affection because his sternness would destroy that even if it existed. But they respect with him an unreasoning faith and they believe his secrecy is a mystical trait of genius. I have never heard a guy who worked for him doubt his judgment and they are awed by his solemn struggle for perfection and realize what he does is for the common good. When McCarthy left the Yankees, Di Maggio said: "There never was a day when someone on the Yankees didn't learn something from Joe."

There is no way a player can reach him and his only close friend with the Yankees was Johnny Schulte, the coach. If McCarthy had anything to say to a ballplayer he called him to his little office off the clubhouse and shut the door. Joe never offered advice. He commanded them to do what he thought would be best and he doesn't believe a ballplayer has the right to argue with a manager.

McCarthy is baffled by major leaguers with any interests outside baseball. In the clubhouse and on the bench he even disciplines their conversation and insists they talk about the sport out of which they get their living. No card playing is allowed in his clubhouse. One of his first acts as manager of the Yankees was to break up the bridge tables set up around the locker room. He does not permit sandwich eating in the clubhouse before a ball game, as most managers do. He insists that a man must devote all his time to baseball from the moment he comes into the clubhouse until he dresses and goes home after the game. One night in St. Petersburg McCarthy sauntered over to a group of players who were listening to a golf expert talking about a tournament he had covered. Joe paused only long enough to find out what they were discussing.

"Golf . . . golf . . . golf . . ." he shouted as he moved away. "Doesn't anyone talk baseball in this league any more?"

McCarthy concentrates on the game he is playing that day. He doesn't care where the club he is managing stands. He is angered by the loss of an exhibition game as much as he is a World Series game. Once the Yankees dropped a ball game after winning ten straight. Joe, frowning and peevish, ambled around the clubhouse and told the club what was wrong with it. Roy Johnson, an outfielder, whispered to the guy next to him: "This guy doesn't realize we can't win them all." McCarthy heard the remark. He telephoned Ed Barrow, the general manager of the Yankees, and demanded that Tommy Henrich, then with Newark, be brought up.

"I don't think Johnson is a Yankee," McCarthy told Barrow. "He doesn't have a winning attitude."

When McCarthy makes up his mind on a ballplayer he doesn't loiter. He traded Ben Chapman for Jake Powell, an inferior ballplayer, because the outfielder was a continual dissenter in clubhouse forums. Coming out of St. Louis after a pilgrimage of triumph through the Midwest in '36, Chapman sat in the diner and complained about the vision of official scorers. It was Chapman's contention he had been robbed of a hit because of the scorer's defective eyesight. McCarthy glared at Chapman as he went past him in the car.

"That's the end of Chapman," said the late Pat Malone, a right-handed relief pitcher. "When Joe gives you one of those looks—you're through."

Chapman was gone before the season's end. The shock of being traded from the world champions caused him to offer the off-the-record opinion that McCarthy was a stupid and biased manager. But this season Chapman, who now manages the Phillies, told me: "McCarthy's a great manager. You don't realize how great—until you're a manager yourself."

McCarthy despises clubhouse comedians and Joe Gallagher's frivolity offended him. He banished the big outfielder to the St. Louis Browns when he was convinced that it was impossible for Gallagher to be serious in the ball park.

"Know what the Browns need to win a pennant?" Gallagher asked the day he reported to the St. Louis club.

"What?" asked one of the Browns.

"Joe McCarthy," said Gallagher and for once he wasn't kidding.

All the comedians discovered McCarthy was an unpleasant audience.

One spring before the war Vito Tamulis, a left-handed pitcher who was built like a bull fiddle, played first base during hitting practice. He took the throws backwards, causing the gallery to titter and applaud. McCarthy, who was standing with his back to the field, turned and discovered what caused the laughter. He trotted out on the field, angry and grimacing.

"That's enough of that," he roared. "This is a big-league ball club, not a lot of clowns."

It wasn't long before Tamulis threw his shirts into the valise and journeyed to another club. Jimmy

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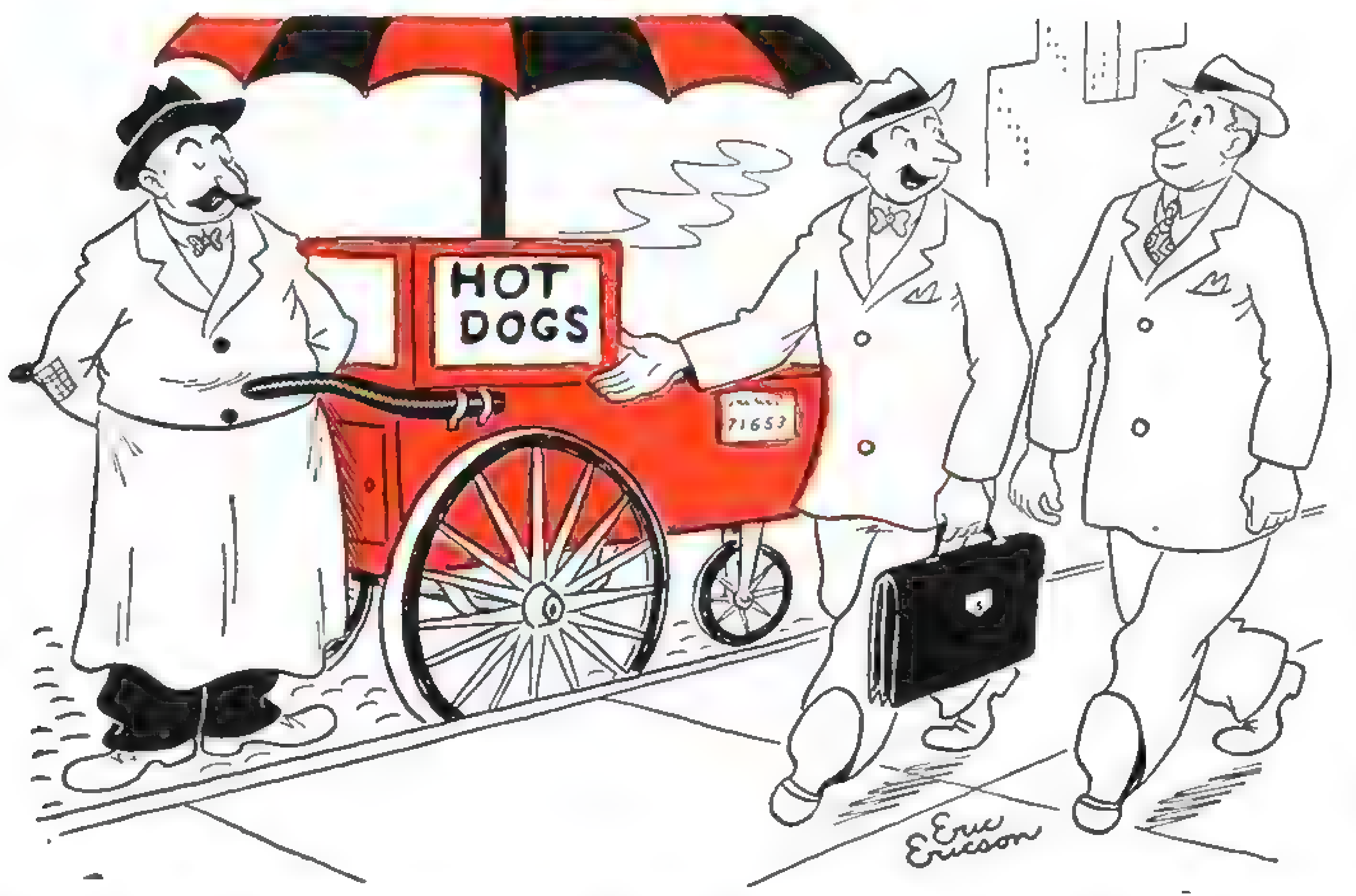

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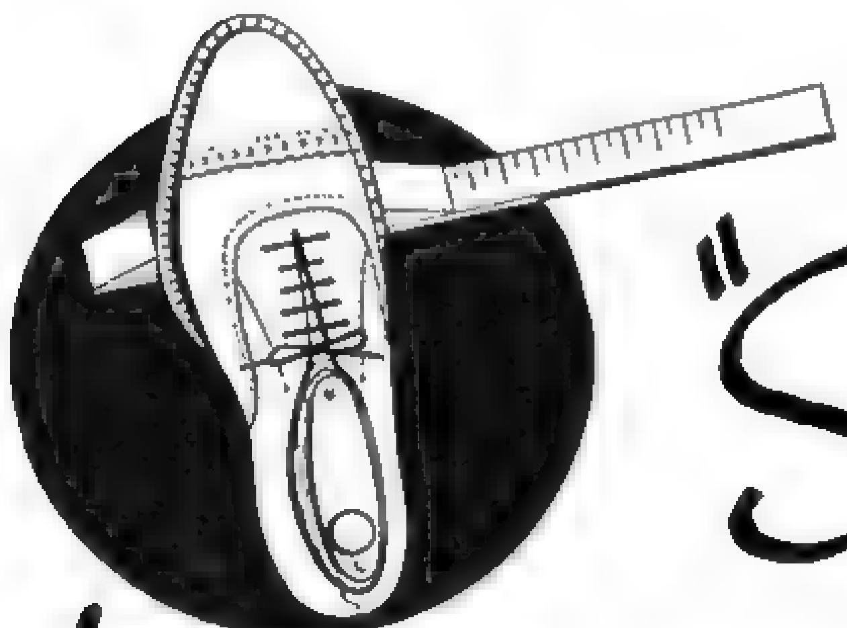

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Mr. McCarthy Goes to Boston

Continued from page 153

Tobin was never popular with McCarthy because he did sleight-of-hand tricks in the lobby of the hotel. I still remember the look of outrage when he came upon Tobin, up with the Yankees for a tryout, doing his little acts of magic under the lobby palms of a hotel in Florida.

"What are you—an actor?" he asked as though this were a criminal occupation. Mr. Tobin didn't last very long either.

On opening day of his last season with the Yankees I sat with Joe on the bench and remarked about the curious splendor of the Yankee stadium, the daytime night clubs, the gleam of aluminum paint and the grandeur of the ushers. It was no secret that McCarthy disliked Larry MacPhail's method of pretending that the game of baseball was a minor happening in the stadium and his noisy shows were the main attractions.

"All this," he said, contemptuously. "What good is it—if you don't win."

But McCarthy can be oddly gentle with his ball club if he figures they have gone as far as they can go. The same Red Sox he now manages beat Spud Chandler, who threw a three-hitter in '45, and Joe was slowly taking off his clothes when I came into his office.

"A tough one to lose," I remarked.

"We'll lose tougher ones than this," he said and the gum he was chewing crackled as he spoke. "So will they."

McCarthy has incredible patience with young guys and it is his policy to sit them down beside him on the bench and to point out to them the faults of guys playing the position they cover. He will wait until a big star on the other club makes an error and then turn quietly to the kid and say: "You know you can do better than that." Bill Wight, a young left-handed pitcher, was awed by McCarthy's aloof concern.

"Joe treats a recruit like he was a real star," Wight told me a week after he had reported to the Yankee training camp. "If he wants to bawl you out, he waits to get you alone."

Di Maggio, who was listening to the conversation, said: "Joe never showed up a ballplayer in his life."

But Joe did and then the Yankees knew he was through. Managing the Yankees under MacPhail irritated Joe and he could not tolerate any suggestion of interference. On the plane going West McCarthy bawled out Joe Page with the ball club and the newspaper correspondents listening with slack-jawed astonishment. It was the first time that Joe had ever showed up a ballplayer and it was the last Yankee, because he went home to Buffalo soon after that and insisted he was through with baseball. When Leo Durocher was suspended by Commissioner A. B. Chandler, Branch Rickey, the boss of the Brooklyn club, dispatched emissaries to McCarthy asking him to run the Brooklyn club. Joe refused and insisted he was finished with baseball. But all over the American League they knew he was waiting for the Boston job because Cronin expected to move up into an executive's job. Over in Brooklyn it would have been impossible for Joe to play the kind of baseball he likes because Rickey is a guy who actively participates in the management of his ball club. Up in Boston they promised McCarthy they would stay away from the clubhouse and that's all Joe asks.

If McCarthy was disliked around the league it was by envious managers such as Jimmy Dykes, certainly not by anyone who ever played ball for him. It was Dykes who appraised him as a push-button manager and there is some truth in that. As a big-league manager Joe has always worked for rich men. He started with Phil Wrigley on the Cubs, and journeyed to the Yankees, which were then owned by the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert, the brewer. Now he is employed by Tom Yawkey, who spent millions buying a big-league ball club which has had small success when compared to the money spent on players. When McCarthy needed a player, he could call on the vast Yankee farm system to bring one up to order and the people he worked for were not tight with a dollar if they thought a trade would help the team. But Joe's greatness as a manager lies in the way he handles men and the belief they have in him. McCarthy still thinks he did not get cheated when he gave up Chapman for Powell because Jake was his type of ballplayer. Powell hustled and did not annoy the other guys and Joe is only interested in his ball club functioning as a whole. The Yankees won the pennant in '36 and had a day off. The Giants, whom they were going to play, were finishing up over in Brooklyn.

"Are you going over to see Carl Hubbell pitch?" a reporter asked Powell.

"Let Hubbell come over here and see me hit," Powell replied and that was why he was McCarthy's kind.

McCarthy dislikes ballplayers who do not wear ties and Williams doesn't use one. He goes around the American League in a sports shirt and in some hotels eats in his room because they insist a guy wear a tie in the dining room.

"Do you think McCarthy will make Williams wear a tie?" I asked one of the Yankees.

"Williams will wear a full-dress suit if Joe wants him to," the guy said. "Joe is the boss and he'll quit the job before he lets a ballplayer get a decision over him."

I think so, too. ⌗

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Hang on to Those Vices!

Continued from page 50

woman who is continually beset from morning to night by petty irritations, disappointments and frustrations, the blessed relief of tobacco is well worth all the disastrous physical effects blamed on it—*even if they were real.* Mankind's universal craving for something to sooth his jangling nerves actually represents a pressing psychologic need.

Several years ago America's foremost medical statistician, delving into relation of tobacco to longevity, came up with the finding that nonsmokers lived longer than smokers. However, his conclusion that smoking shortened life was unjustified. Life span is influenced by many factors, but certainly physical and mental calm play an important role. It is a general law of biology that the more active and nervous an animal, the shorter its life. Aggressiveness is the foe of longevity. Even the dopiest turtle knows that he must stick his neck out if he wants to get anyplace in this world. Being a turtle, he prefers to let the world come to him and, consequently, outlives the jittery canary by many years.

What kind of man smokes habitually? The kind who urgently needs relief from excessive mental activity and nervous strain. The very one who burns his candle at both ends, thus living his life faster than his more stolid, better adjusted neighbor in any case. Smoking, therefore, does not cause a short lifespan: but the tendency to die young and the need for a stabilizer both characterize the impetuous personality type.

Tobacco can do harm in certain diseases, such as stomach ulcers and some vascular disturbances, but it is extremely doubtful that its moderate use hurts the normal human being in any way. A world without tobacco would be a jumpier, more petulant and sicker world than it is today.

In 1946 adult Americans smoked more than 3000 cigarettes apiece, and paid $2,900,000,000 for the privilege. If it helped to keep them from getting in each other's hair, it was money well spent. No other freely available drug can smooth over the countless trivial irritations of the day with such slight and transient effects on our nervous systems. If we could see what makes our minds tick as easily as we can peer into the back of a watch, we might even conclude that, in the last analysis, tobacco is the most valuable product sold in drugstores.

Not long ago a young Detroiter, having decided that he was drinking too much, appealed for help to an influential friend, himself a reformed alcoholic. For a year the young man did very well under his friend's guidance; but then a crisis presented itself. His redheaded fiancée phoned him to announce her marriage to another man. He felt that a few drinks might help him over the sudden shock of redheadlessness: but his adviser counseled "No." Instead, the unhappy young man was slapped on the back, taken to dinner, to theatres, gymnasiums and ball games for a week. At the end of that time, possibly because the Tigers were in a slump, his craving for escape from his black thoughts became so urgent that he decided to take a trip to Chicago for a change.

Here he repeated the Detroit routine, but the White Sox were no more able to help him than the Tigers had been. Finally, alone in his hotel, his anguish became so unbearable that he called room service, and ordered a bottle of whiskey. But ah! He had reckoned without the righteous zeal of his influential friend. Before he had even left Detroit, his adviser had enlisted the aid of the Chicago hotel manager, and this worthy had instructed all the hotel's restaurants and bars to notify him if his wavering guest should try to get a drink.

Thus it came about that the manager himself, complete with morning coat, responded to the telephone order, bearing a bottle of whiskey—and lots of good advice. Needless to say, the bottle was never opened. As a result of this conspiracy, he never did get his drink . . . all he got was a "nervous breakdown" the next day, requiring three months' hospitalization!

This catastrophe was by no means due to the lack of alcohol; but the escape provided by a binge *might* possibly have prevented it.

Despite popular belief to the contrary, alcohol is not a stimulant, but a relaxer. After a drink or two you feel like skipping rope with a telephone cord because the alcohol has relaxed certain mental and emotional brakes which were causing friction. Modern life, with all its cares, worries, frustrations and inhibitions, is like a car driven with the brakes on. A drink gives you the same relief (and sometimes the same gliding motion) that releasing the brakes gives your car.

Next to the atom bomb, mental disease is the most important problem the world faces today. In New York State 90,000 people enter mental hospitals every year—an annual toll of about one person in 155. Unless New Yorkers are crazier than the rest of their countrymen, this indicates that 900,000 Americans are more than a little queer, for those of us who are only slightly odd never get to a mental hospital.

Yale scientists recently discovered how to produce mental disease in animals, so they could study it. They found that frustration could provoke typical neuroses in the most eminently sane of all God's creatures, the perfectly adjusted house cat. First, cats were taught to operate a complex mechanism

Continued on page 156.

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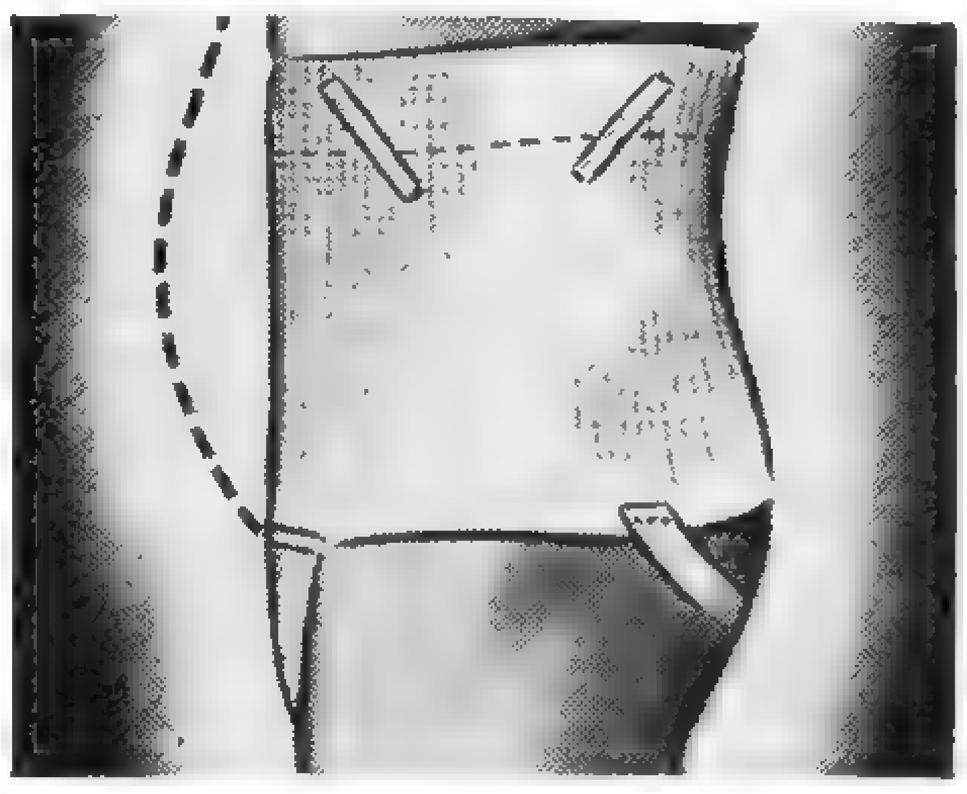

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Hang on to Those Vices!

Continued from page 155

in order to obtain food. When their habit patterns had been firmly established by long repetition, the experimenters suddenly altered the mechanism so that, in place of food, the cats got an electric shock or a blast of cold air in their noses for their pains. Result—frustration and neurosis. In further experiments, they found that the neurosis could be prevented, or effectively treated after it had developed, by allowing the cats to become mildly inebriated.

And people's nerves are no more stable than cats'. A great British psychiatrist, Sir James Purves-Stewart, has said, "Every one of us is a potential neurotic or psychotic, with an inborn vulnerable temperament . . ." Mental crackups originate not so much in minor irritations nor even in the swift tempo of modern life (although they are partly to blame), but in anxieties and frustrations inevitable in a highly competitive society, which tries to crush our primitive emotions—reactions of love, hate, fear, and sex into the strait jacket of respectable behavior.

If you take a poke at your business or social enemy, you may land in jail or get a black eye; but if you restrain yourself, you don't escape injury altogether—for the frustration may give you a mental shiner instead. And government does its best to drive us all crazy with restrictions. We already have more laws and regulations restraining our natural conduct than anyone can read in a lifetime; and forty-nine legislatures and innumerable municipal councils are crazily working overtime piling up more.

But legal restrictions represent only a fraction of the burden that the American nervous system must bear. Figures recently released by the American Society of Piano Technicians show that there are millions of out-of-tune pianos in the United States, to name just one; and there is absolutely no hope for relief—there are only 3000 piano tuners, and their average age is 55 years! The blatant noise of these millions of Spike Jones pianos is bad enough, but what really tears us down is the repression of that impulse to make with the ax.

One of the first things people learned as they emerged from savagery into civilization was how to make liquor. And the higher civilization rises, the more alcohol is used. The parallelism between its consumption and the progress of civilization is so close that there must be some connection between the two. We have no evidence that mankind drank alcoholic liquors in the days preceding agriculture, when he roamed the plains and forests gathering food.

He didn't start to drink until he settled down and began to raise food. Of course, he may not have had sufficient grain or fruit out of which to make alcohol until he cultivated them, but it is also true that until the advent of civilization he didn't need it. As long as he was free to roam the world at will, to see new faces and new places, as long as his problems were physical and could be solved with a spear or a club, he had no need or taste for alcohol. But as soon as he tied himself down to a plot of ground in a little community, his conflicts became mental.

Present-day human beings, like their cave-man ancestors, are still best adapted to settling problems by physical means. As soon as man began to use his brain on a big scale, mental upsets, frustrations and anxieties began to plague him. As soon as he was forced to restrain himself from doing what he wanted to his neighbor—or more important, to his neighbor's wife—the ugly offspring of his inhibitions began to leer out at him from his own psyche.

Denied physical escape, he had to find some way to reconcile poor reality with the splendor of his dreams. Alcohol was the answer. He embraced it with gusto, and will continue to do so until the atom bomb blows us all back into savagery or until some better drug is found to take its place. Sixty million Americans—nearly two-thirds of the adult population—drink alcoholic beverages; all but a small fraction of them with moderation.

One of the lasting benefits of the Crusades, that mass insanity which swept the civilized world a few hundred years ago, was that the Crusaders learned the art of distillation from the Arabs and brought it home with them. As soon as distilled spirits became freely available in Europe, there were no more Crusades.

But what about the other side of the picture? What about the barflies who can take it or leave it alone—but always take it? The man who must continually run away from his responsibilities (family, business, or social) by indulging in the excessive or habitual use of alcohol is a sick man in the first place. The normal, happy human being never drinks to excess, not by virtue of self-control, but because he doesn't want to. A couple of drinks relax his inhibitions and lighten his cares. Only the neurotic needs escape so deeply that he drinks himself into unconsciousness. These sick people cannot drink moderately, not because of a craving for alcohol, but because of a craving for escape. That alcohol speeds them on their downward path to dereliction is undeniable. It is no cure for anything, any more than aspirin is; but its moderate use by the average man often prevents minor emotional disturbances from setting the stage for the entrance of a full-fledged mental ill.

Dr. Arthur P. Noyes, a great authority on mental diseases, sums it up by saying, "The alcoholist is, before he touches a drop, an abnormal person." His alcoholism is not the cause, but the effect, of his illness. Sugar acts like a poison to the diabetic; but the cause of diabetes is disease of the pancreas, which makes it impossible for the sufferer to utilize sugar. Alcohol is no more the cause of "alcoholism" than sugar is the cause of diabetes. Just like tobacco, in certain diseased conditions, alcohol, even in moderate quantities, is injurious; but, like tobacco, to the normal person *it does no harm.*

But what about the alcoholic diseases we hear so much about? Delirium tremens is now considered to be due possibly to deficiency of Vitamin B_1. Alcohol has nothing to do with it except that a man on a prolonged binge may not eat enough food to supply his requirement of this substance. (All Ray Milland really needed in *The Lost Weekend* was a shave and a few vitamin pills.) Cirrhosis of the liver, formerly classed as an alcoholic disease, is caused not by what he drinks, but by the deficient diet which the drunk eats.

But there are other vices than tobacco and alcohol that we should think twice about before suppressing. Even swearing helps relieve tension; but to be really effective a cuss word must be new enough or bad enough to comfort the swearer by mildly shocking himself or somebody else. As soon as it becomes accepted by polite society, an oath loses its healing properties. "Damn" now has no more therapeutic value than "piffle." However, a few of the good old four-letter words are still potent, especially if uttered in the presence of sweet little girls or dear old ladies.

A friend of mine, a very successful New York surgeon and a man of the highest intellectual attainments, is a racing addict. Every moment possible outside the operating room and his office is spent in the passionate study of racing forms. Every week end and holiday he can steal from his practice is spent at the race track. He manages to average a loss of about $50 a week on the ponies, but he feels that it is money well spent.

All of us have the urge to take a chance; and most of us can indulge it. But a surgeon who takes chances soon has no patients—no living ones, at any rate. Gambling on the races gives this man the outlet he needs and makes it possible for him always to play it safe in the operating room. Many of his patients probably owe their lives and health to the bookies and the horses that keep him on an even psychologic keel.

This is an extreme case, but poker playing, betting and even crap-shooting ease the lot of many people caught in the rat race of a humdrum existence. Both gambling and drinking have helped many men wreck their lives, but they were only the instruments of the destruction. The real cause lay in their own maladjusted personalities, which would probably have blown their tops eventually anyway. Although our vices cannot cure insanity nor even prevent it in most of those tottering on the verge of a psychosis, they do ease the strain of living in a cramped and uncertain world.

Under the apt title, *Paradise Lost,* Commander J. L. McCartney of the Navy Medical Corps recently reported the results of a comprehensive study of the natives of the Marshall Islands, where a bountiful Nature supplies all the necessities of life. Although of average intelligence these happy people are only just beginning to learn that sex is wrong and that everybody should strive to have more to eat and live in a better home than his neighbor. But as yet they have not traveled far enough down the path of civilization to get into real trouble. *Psychoses are unknown in the Marshall Islands.* But give them time; it won't be long until they are crazy as we are—and will urgently need to import all our vices from cigarettes to craps. However, it is difficult to see how they will ever acquire an obscene vocabulary. There can be no epithets to hurl at your enemy if you feel an equality with the animals and you don't consider any of the body functions vulgar or coarse.

Perhaps someday man will become so well-adjusted to his civilized environment that he will cease to fume at trivial annoyances or crave to rebel against society's restrictions; then he won't need "relaxers" to give him a proper perspective on his troubles. But as long as he is nine-tenths cave man and only one-tenth Milquetoast, some means of escape from reality is a psychologic necessity.

Don't swear off any vice lightly; but take an inventory first and decide, or let your doctor decide, whether it's hurting you or not, for it may be just what you need. From the standpoint of mental hygiene, it is quite possible that your bad habit is good for you. For psychiatrists are beginning to find out that halos fit angels better than men. #

Continued from page 50

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Murder Needs a Murderer

Continued from page 83

drunk in the booth in front of us, his head pillowed on a tattooed forearm, was snoring.

"Okay," he said, sitting down. "What's the verdict?"

"It's a deal," I told him. "Whatta you want me to do?"

"Kill my brother tonight," he said. "I'll be here with a crowd. I'll have an alibi. I'll stay until the place closes and that's late. Kill him by midnight. I'll step outside for five minutes only at twelve-thirty and pay you then. A thousand bucks."

"And how will you know that I've killed him? Maybe I'll just tell you that I did."

"Easy," he answered quickly. "My brother is a light sleeper. He wanders about the house at all hours. I'll call home at twelve-fifteen. If he doesn't answer I'll know he's finished. He does a lot of business by phone. He'd answer it any time of the night. And he wouldn't stay out any later than nine for fifty thousand."

"Okay," I said. "Tonight. But I'll have to have half in advance. The other half when I meet you tonight at twelve-thirty in the alley back of this place."

He squawked, but he paid.

So, at exactly twelve-thirty that night, after giving the fat little man in the little house the business, I parked my car near the honky-tonk and walked back toward the alley. It was plenty dark. I kept in the shadows.

"Is that you?" I heard him ask.

"I don't talk to nobody I can't see," I growled. "If you wanta talk to me let me see your face."

I took a pocket flash and sprayed his face—for just one second. Then it was dark again. "Satisfied?" he asked scornfully.

"Yep. You can flash a light on me for a second if you want to."

"I can see in the dark. No need for that. Guess you did what you agreed to. I called there fifteen minutes ago. No answer."

"He couldn't answer. I gave him a couple where they did the most good. There was a guy watching from a parked car. I figure that was you. You wouldn't pay off on an unanswered phone call."

"Right," he said and laughed. "I was watching. But I've got witnesses who'll swear I never left that building until twelve-thirty."

"Very interesting," I said. "Now for that five hundred."

He handed me a roll of bills. I reached for my pocket flash. "I'll count them and then I'll be going."

"It's not safe," he pleaded.

I snapped the flash, and counted the bills slowly under the fingering glare of the torch.

"Okay?" he asked scornfully.

I nodded.

"Then get out of town in a hurry. I never want to see you again. Remember, I've got an alibi. You haven't."

"Not so fast." It was a new voice. Two men closed in on us. Powerful lights beamed upon us as though we were on a stage.

The two men came closer. One had tattooed forearms—the drunk who had been sleeping in the booth.

"Sam Frisbie," the tattooed man said, "you're under arrest—"

Frisbie collapsed like a punctured balloon. "Not me," he screamed, poking a pudgy finger at me. "That's the man."

There was plenty of light now. I could see his fat face going to pieces as terror crawled over it.

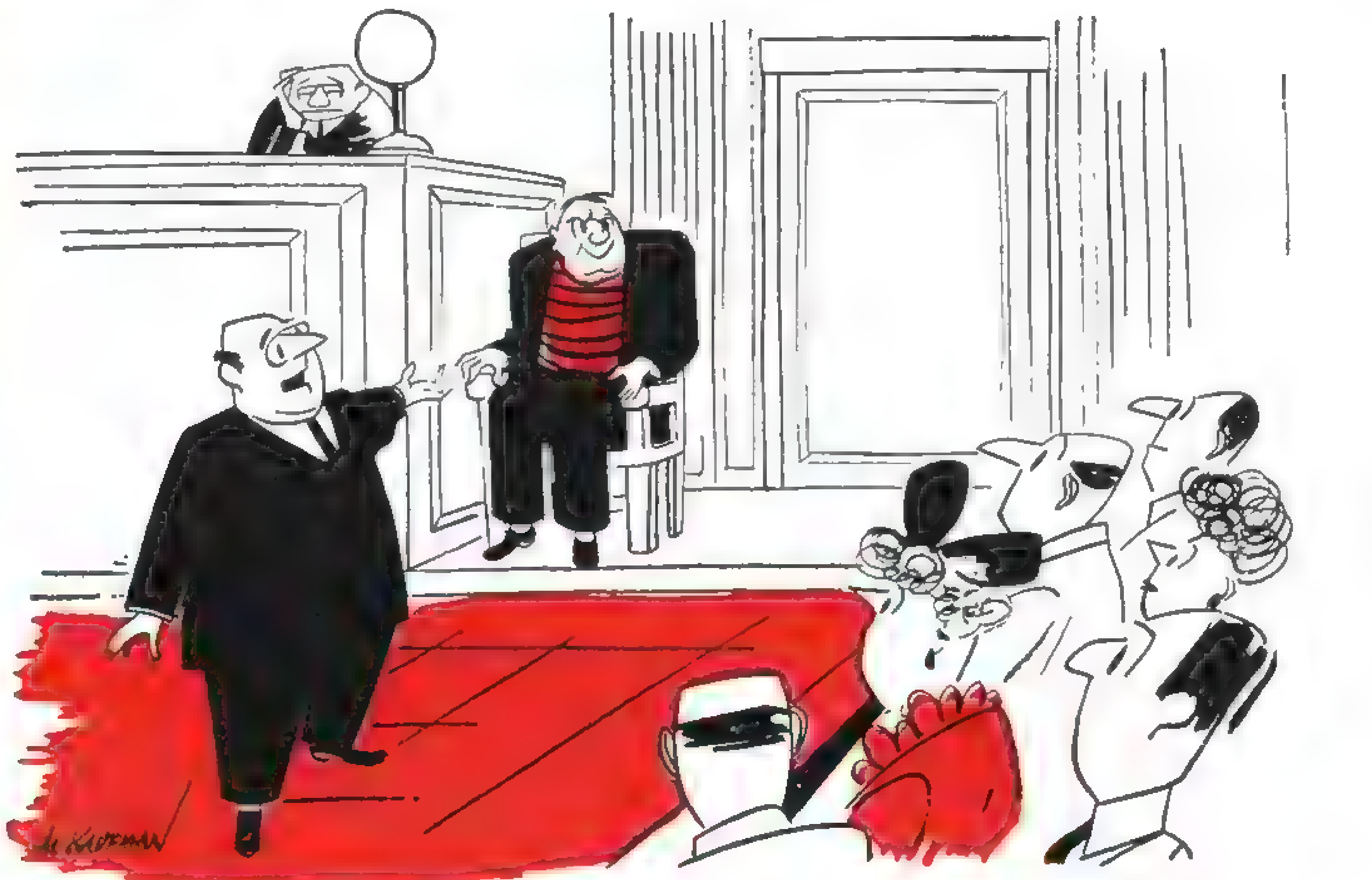
"You're wrong, Frisbie," I told him. "The guy with the naked blonde on his forearm heard our talk. I saw to that. He saw you give me the five hundred. He has it as evidence. And both of these guys heard us and saw you give me the five hundred tonight."

"My brother," he quavered. "You killed him. I saw you do it."

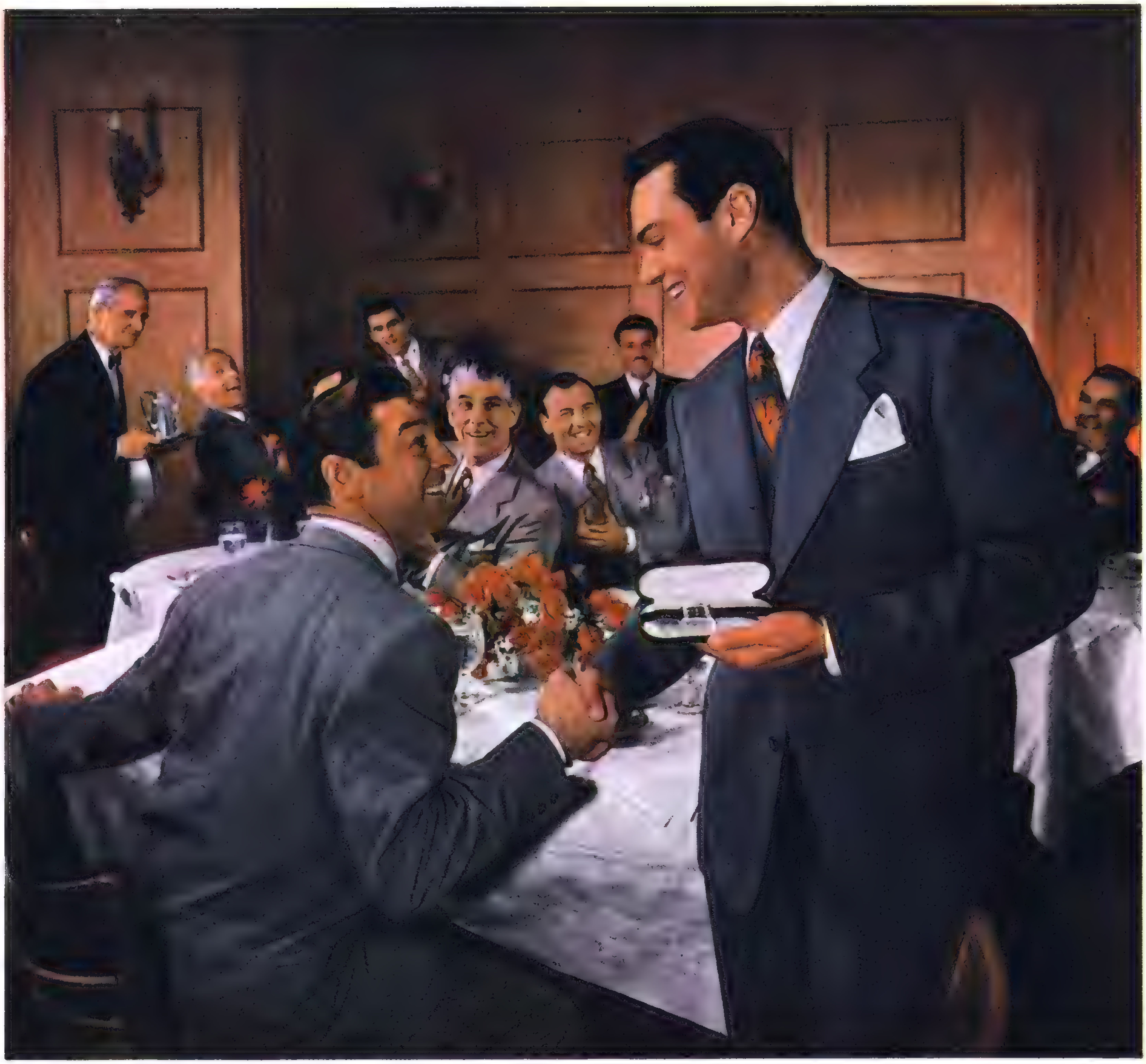
"Oh, they tipped him off. I fired a couple of blanks at his middle. That's why I didn't aim at his head. Sometimes the paper from a blank will hurt a man's face. You're a dead duck, Frisbie."

His mouth opened. "Why did you do it?" he screamed. "Who—"

"I asked you if you had been here before the war. They give a serviceman his old job, you know. You're the first man I ever heard of, Frisbie, who asked a plain-clothes man to do his killing." ⌗



"And there he sits, ladies and gentlemen—this poor little man, hounded by the police, reformers, his parole board . . ."



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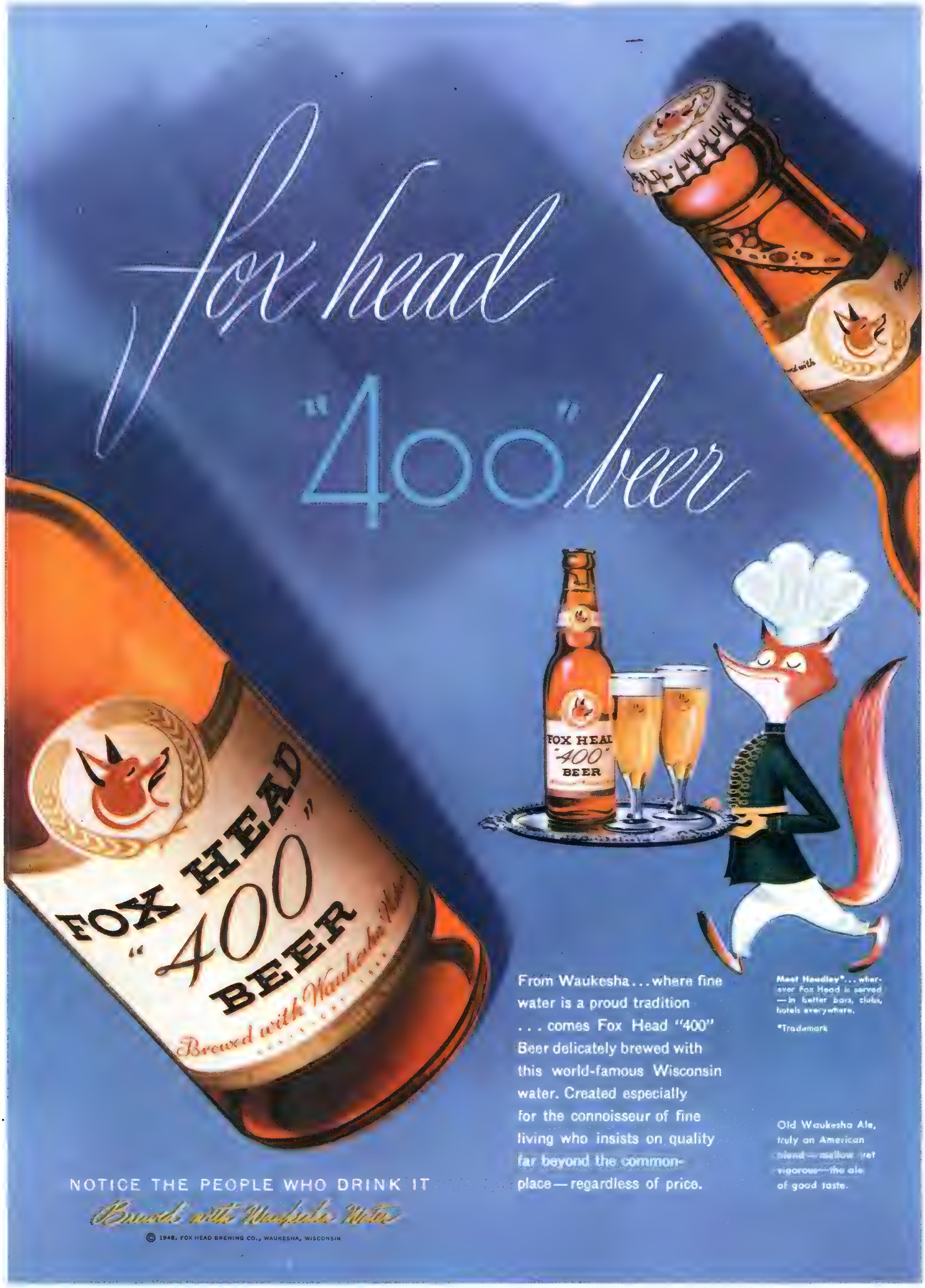
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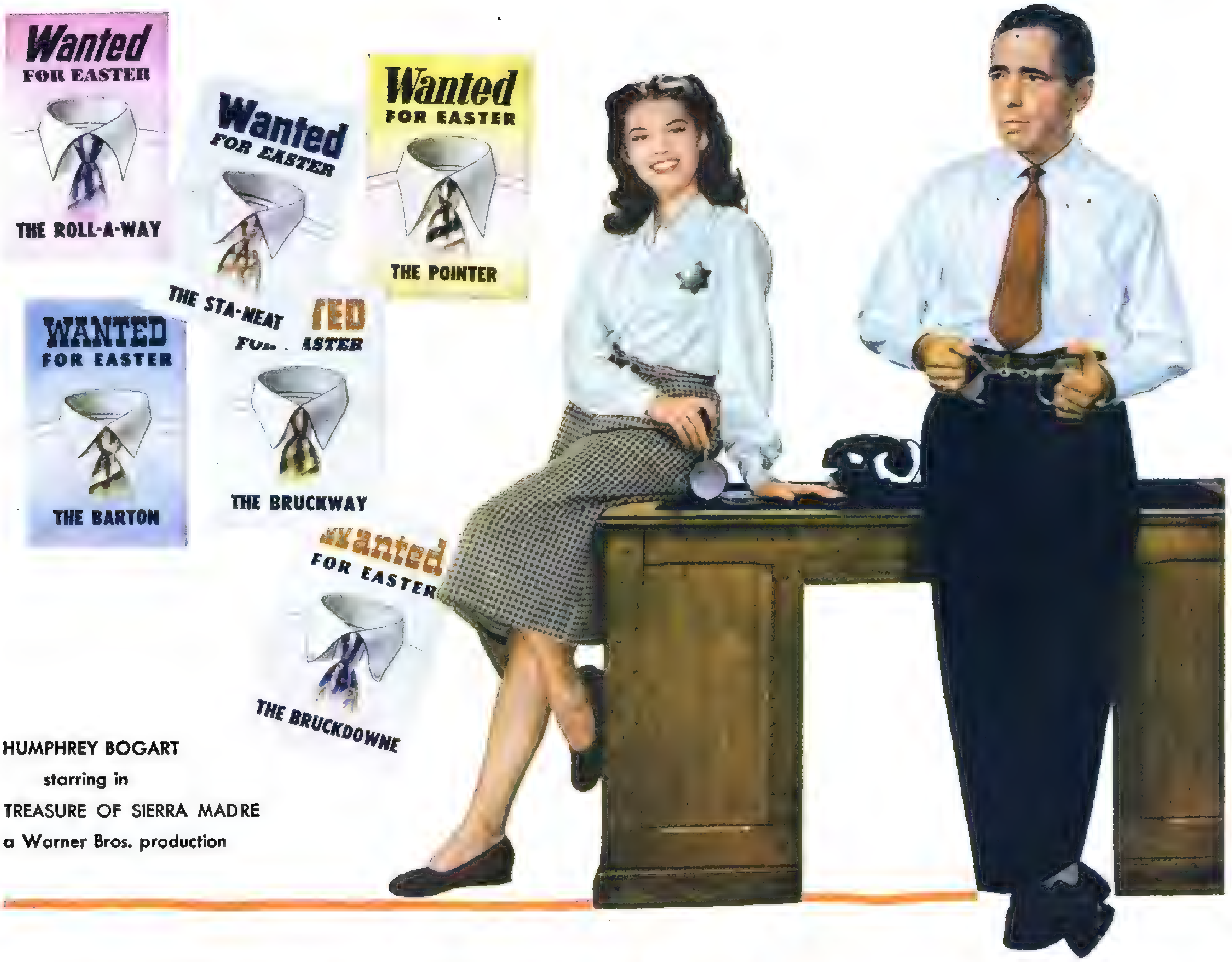
Wanted FOR EASTER
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Wanted FOR EASTER
THE STA-NEAT
Wanted FOR EASTER
THE POINTER
WANTED FOR EASTER
THE BARTON
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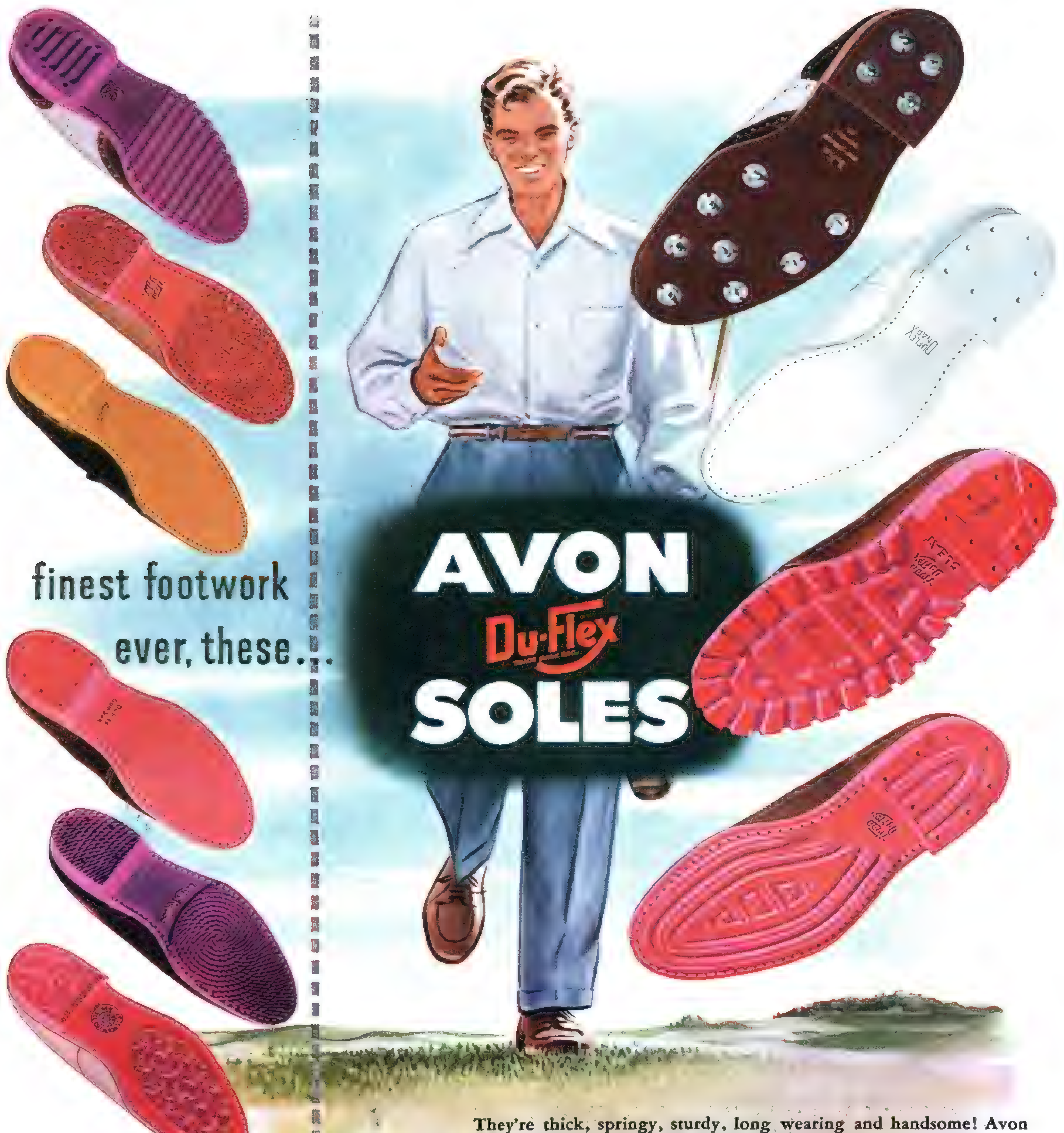
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The Unforgettable Casey

Continued from page 69

and well-being flooding his soul, Casey emerged from the small building whose single perforated seat cringed against the wall away from the doorless and sun-drenched entrance.

Casey began a luxurious stretch, but froze halfway.

A few hundred yards away, in a neighboring field, Brother Brady had thrown down his hoe, and Casey thought he had been attacked by a swarm of bees.

But only for a second. Brother Brady might be a damn fool, but even *he* wouldn't stand there with his head thrown back and waving his arms, trying to fight back at bees. Not Brother Brady; *he'd* run like hell.

Casey lowered his arms and, intrigued, began walking toward the gesticulating figure. He forgot he and Brother Brady weren't speaking. (One of Casey's sows unaccountably had gotten into Brother Brady's corn patch the week before, although there were no holes in or *under* the fence.)

Brother Brady spotted Casey's approach in the midst of a particularly impassioned phrase and stood rigid for a second with arm and index finger still pointed aloft. Then he took out across the field at a remarkable clip. Crimson-faced, he made a mental note hereafter to do his preachin' practice in the privacy of his shack before a mirror. If Casey had sneaked up on him doin' that—

Watching the abrupt flight, Old Casey's frown deepened as he turned back toward the house.

Casey still was preoccupied that afternoon as he stood at the quiet bar of Bill Alnutt's Club Royale —quiet, that is, except for the subdued rattle of poker chips and monosyllabic grunts of the players. The bartender mentioned Brother Brady's name and Casey looked up quickly. Then he slapped his leg and let out a whoop that caused the glasses to jump on the shelves and Hod Balis to completely fumble an intricate maneuver from the bottom of the deck.

Still roaring, Casey tottered out wiping his eyes. All heads followed him in astonishment. In the diversion, Hod Balis hastily retrieved the dropped card. Casey's bellow receded in the distance. The men exchanged significant glances. One remarked that Old Casey had been livin' alone a helluva time. All nodded soberly. Balis opened with three kings.

Sunday morning, Brother Brady almost was wishing he'd never seen a church. There was a knot in his stomach and ague in his knees. His mouth was dry. Again and again he furtively ascertained the security of his fly. He wished he'd remembered to go to the toilet. But it was too late now. All he could do was pray: "Oh Lord, give me strength."

Numbly he heard his name announced. By pushing upward on the bench he somehow arose on the second attempt. His eyes were glassy. His legs had no feeling as he placed one before the other. His gaze was fixed upon the pulpit as a possibility for support. Just as he placed one foot on the first of the three steps to the platform, he felt his heart freeze. A loud gasp had gone up from the congregation behind him.

In his panic, Brother Brady could think of only two explanations: either his shirttail was out, or his pants seat had split.

A shy man, he leaped to the pulpit as both hands instinctively flew to the seat of his pants to ascertain the damage.

And in that only possible pose he hadn't tried *sometime* during the week, Brother Brady was transfixed. The cause of the gasp was apparent.

Striding down the aisle was Casey, who plumped himself down into a front seat, stretched out his legs, and crossed his arms.

The text of Brother Brady's remarks that morning have been lost, perhaps mercifully, behind Time's veil. But well remembered is the final word of encouragement he received as he finally managed to clear his throat to talk.

That encouragement was Casey's: "All right, you old sonovabitch, now preach us a hell-roarin' sermon."

Casey had been known to cast an election ballot but once. He held the country was going to hell no matter who run it, so why bother? As the town grew, the ladies gradually became a civic force. A considerable number of them determinedly forced a special city election to vote out saloons. Casey felt he no longer could remain aloof.

In defiance of rules, the ladies were lobbying right at the polls. Two of them gushed up to Casey, and asked: "Mr. Casey, *you* don't think we should have saloons in our town, do you?"

Casey drew himself up to full height and delivered a statesmanlike reply: "Goddamit, *o'course* I think we should have saloons. And I'll tell you ladies another thing this town needs is a couple of first-class whorehouses."

When the saloons went, something of Casey went with them. Not that a man still couldn't get a drink if he was of a mind. And Casey, up to his dying day, occasionally was of a mind. But, to Casey, the saloons represented one more vanished freedom.

The Society against which he always had rebelled was hemming Casey in. Also closing in were the years. The time and the youth were past when a man could pick up and go where he goddam pleased. Although his eye still had its fire, and his tongue its acid, Casey knew he no longer walked as straight and fast as before.

There also were signs that Casey had mellowed. When Ed Billings was crushed by a log, the church took up a collection to help his

Continued on page 164

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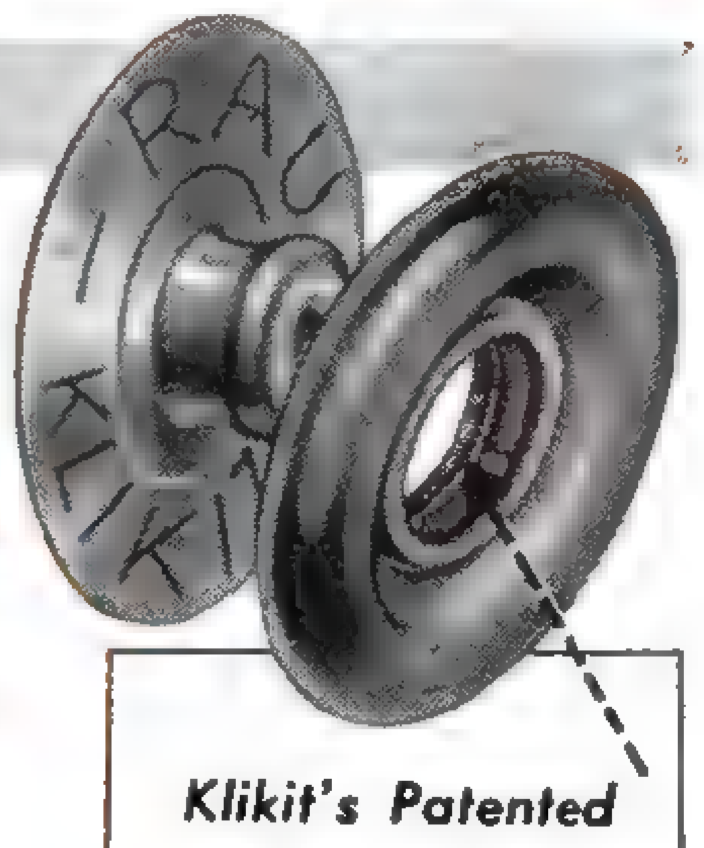

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The Unforgettable Casey

Continued from page 163

penniless widow and orphans.

One evening, Casey came to Reverend Hammond's door and shoved some bills in his hand with the explanation: "Fer Ed Billings' brats." Then he turned and started to walk away, but stopped and turned back, and said: "That oldest kid's a bobtailed howler—meanest kid in town; you Christians'll have a time puttin' the bit on *him*!" And chuckling evilly, Casey strode into the night.

The dazed Reverend uncrumpled the bills, and counted—$200.

Still more surprising to the town was Doc Olsen's claim that Casey had saved Brother Brady's life. But this was a statement that neither Brother Brady nor Casey ever would admit.

Brother Brady was convinced he was ready to expire. And, in all fairness, he was a very sick man. Doc Olsen, dog-tired, was sitting by the bed trying to change his patient's mental outlook. The door opened and there stood Casey, who gruffly apologized: "Can't see the bastard die without the pleasure of watchin' it."

Brother Brady's eyes flew open. There was something about the very sight of Casey that filled him with bitter and unchristian resentment. He croaked: "Get that heathen out of here."

Casey ignored the command and calmly dropped into a chair, remarking: "They all get a little ornery before the end, eh, Doc?"

Doc Olsen was about to make a strong reply. But he checked himself as Brother Brady's voice shot up in pitch and also in strength. "I said git out!"

To which Casey remarked disgustedly: "For God's sake, shut up and die dignified like a man orta."

Brother Brady sputtered in weak outrage. Doc Olsen, hiding a grin, excused himself and went into the next room. A few minutes later, he took a peek. Brother Brady was fuming helplessly beneath old Casey's insults—but he *was* showing some life.

As the Doc later would put it: "Love does remarkable things, but never underestimate the therapeutic powers of a good, healthy hate."

Brother Brady was aghast when Casey magnanimously offered to watch after him so the Doc could see other patients.

But Brother Brady was even less comfortable around women, so the Doc clinched it by saying: "Well, maybe I could get a woman out here to bathe you and fetch the pan."

That settled it. Casey stayed.

Later, in his more rational moments, Brother Brady would admit that Casey had been an amazingly gentle nurse and had taken good care of him. "But that foul tongue of his"—and Brother Brady would get mad all over again at the memory of indignities.

For his part, Casey never tired of describing Brother Brady in postures and circumstances which, if not dignified, were highly picturesque.

And once he was heard to remark: "Hell, I had to do something to save him—he's the best hater I got."

For no logical reason, Casey's death came as a shock. The town had known for a long time about that blood pressure. But there was something about Casey that had seemed indestructible.

They found him lying in his own front yard. Only at the very last did he regain consciousness. He opened his eyes and, though too weak to talk, he bade farewell in his own way.

Slowly he moved his hand to his face. He placed thumb on nose, extended his fingers, and gave one feeble wag. A little over an hour later, he died smiling.

The town often had speculated to whom or what Casey would leave his very modest estate. Had he left his farm as a refuge for cobras, we would not have been surprised.

It never occurred to us that he'd leave it to a relative, just like anyone else. But that's what he did. His farm and money went to a niece that only Lawyer Wilson had known he possessed.

This niece scotched Casey's carefully laid plans for his own funeral, plans for a bang-up party on the ancient keg of licker with Casey laid out in state in his own parlor.

As she said: "If he didn't live like a Christian I'm gonna see to it he's at least *buried* like one!"

So, for the second time, Casey entered a church.

To everyone's surprise there were many people and many flowers. In a small town where even the dogs and horses are recognized personalities, the death of a character like Casey leaves an irreplaceable gap.

And though we grasped it only vaguely I think we all realized that with Casey went a certain spirit and courage that our valley never would know again. I think we knew that with Casey passed an era that never would return—one for which, indeed, there was no longer a place. It was an era of sturdy individuality in which every man protected his own, whether that "own" was property, or independence; convictions, or name. It was an era of many faults—but also one of several virtues which we would do well to retain.

The minister must have sensed some of this, because, considering the subject, everyone agreed he did right remarkable in finding some nice things to say about a fellow like Casey.

After the funeral, Casey's friends met for the last time at his house. His casket wasn't there, but the whiskey keg was. And when he had prophesied that the whiskey would be mellow, he was very, very right. ###

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Hate Is Closest to Love

Continued from page 43

me into taking her to the dance.

It was a typical country-club dance, liquor and money. Tracy and I sat at the bar, she had Scotch and I drank cola. When Tracy finished her drink she suggested we dance.

"You shouldn't have wired Rusty," I said. "I can't dance."

"You're fooling."

"No, I'm not. I can't dance."

She spent the rest of the evening dancing with the stag line. I spent it talking liquor with the club manager. After the dance she suggested we stop for hamburgers. And we did. On the way home she sat close to me. I pulled up in front of her house and started to get out.

"Wait, Tim," she said, "I want to talk to you."

"It's late," I said.

"I don't know why you dislike me."

"Look, Tracy," I said, "be a nice girl and get out and go in. It's late and I'm tired."

"You're a fool, Tim," she told me, but she went in.

That wasn't the end of it. Every time Rusty had to go out of town she worked the same deal on me so I had to take her out. But she didn't bother with wires, she had Rusty give me instructions before he left.

"Look, Timmy," he'd say, "be a good guy and take Tracy out while I'm gone."

"But, Rusty, I've got things to do."

"Be a sport, kid. What's a couple of evenings."

So I'd do it and so it happened. I'd taken her to a party at a country estate about twenty miles out of town and on the way back, at three in the morning, a tire blew and before I could stop the car we were in a ditch, stuck. There wasn't anything but farm land within three miles of us and she couldn't walk far in her high heels. I couldn't leave her while I went for help so there was nothing to do but wait and hope a car would come along.

She settled down in the seat, her coat wrapped around her and her body touching mine.

"You're stuck with me now, Tim," she said.

"Someone will come along," I said.

"Not for a long, long time," she said. "I know it."

"Then we'll wait," I said.

There was a moon and stars and the faint scent of her perfume and then her lips close to my ear and a tickling breath and the words, "Love me, love me," and then she was in my arms and I was kissing her. It was bound to happen. And finally she said: "I've waited so long, Tim, so long."

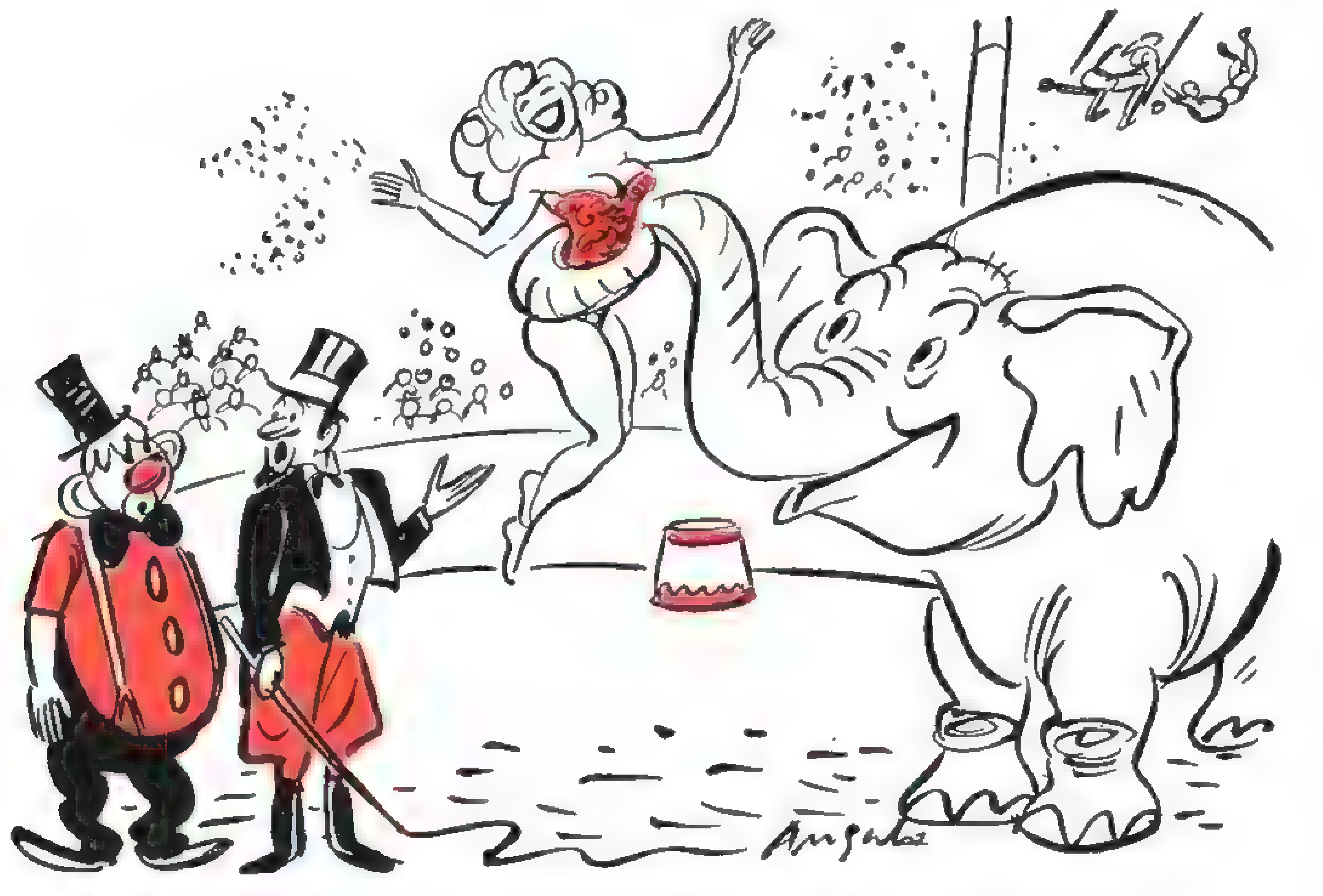
I didn't argue; I forgot the big redheaded guy with the twisted grin. We arrived home on the back of a hay wagon at six in the morning, gay and happy as a couple of kids, and it wasn't until I woke up at noon that the thought of Rusty sobered me. I decided to get away.

Rusty was due in that night and by five I was driving out of town with my bags in the back of the car and a note waiting for Rusty at the penthouse. The note simply said I was off on a vacation and I'd be back in a couple of weeks.

I spent almost three weeks at a mountain cabin, cooking my own food and hiking along the trails so I'd be tired enough to sleep at night. I didn't see a newspaper or hear a radio for the whole time. I decided to go back because I knew that no matter how long I stayed away I wouldn't get it solved. And when I got back it had happened.

I got the story from our warehouse manager. Two weeks before, Rusty had been driving home from a party at the country club and had run down a fifteen-year-old kid. He hadn't stopped. It was about three in the morning when the kid was picked up by another car, but by that time he'd lost too much blood and he died on the way to the hospital. Rusty walked into headquarters at five in the morning, admitted hitting the kid and offered his car with its smashed fender and light

Continued on page 166



"I took her in my arms last night and all she said was 'phooey'".

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Hate Is Closest to Love

Continued from page 165

as evidence. He claimed that he had lost his head and had driven on. He was put in jail charged with manslaughter and he'd pleaded guilty at his hearing. He was waiting sentence now.

I went to our lawyer.

"He won't see me again, Tim."

"What'd he say?" I asked.

"He told me he'd hit the boy and he was guilty, that there wasn't anything to do about it. The police established that it was his car, some of the glass or something. Rusty's had me do everything I could for the family, but he won't let me do anything else for him."

"Couldn't he beat a trial?"

"He pleaded guilty, Tim, there isn't anything to do now. I think he would have had a good chance at a trial; we'd establish poor visibility or something, but he wouldn't hear of it."

I went to the jail and talked to Rusty.

"It's just one of those things, Timmy," he said, "just a tough break."

"You would have had a chance at a trial," I said.

"I know what I'm doing, Tim."

"I wonder," I said.

"Just let it lie the way it is."

"You weren't alone at that party. Where was Tracy?"

"Why, she left the party quite early. Better let it alone, Tim."

I went to see Tracy. "What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, Tim, I don't want to talk about it. I can't."

"I want to know what happened," I said.

"We . . . we quarreled, Tim. We quarreled and I left."

The next day Rusty went before the judge and got sentenced. I was in the courtroom and saw him take it just like he took everything. Just like they had it in the papers the next day, pictures of a big guy with a twisted grin.

I couldn't let it lay. I went out to the country club and talked to the parking attendant. He didn't know anything; he went off duty at midnight. I didn't get anyplace with anybody. They took Rusty to the state prison and I learned the rules: visit once a month, one letter a week. Then I went to see Tracy.

"One letter a week," I said. "You'd better write most of them; I can go see him and you can't."

"All right, Tim."

"I'll come and see you," I said, "before I go to visit him and you can tell me your news."

"And what about us?"

"That's all done," I told her. "He's not ever going to know."

"But he knew. I told him that night. I told him I was in love with you and I'd been all along and that the only reason I'd gone with him at all was to hear about you and maybe see you sometimes. And he laughed. That's why I left, he sat there and laughed at me."

"He laughed?"

"He laughed and said, 'Tim thinks your old man is after the brewery and all the time you've been after him!' "

"You took his car," I told her, "you took it because it was the only way you had to get home. You took it didn't you?"

"Tim, I don't want to talk. Tim, please, please."

"Tell me what happened. Tell me," I insisted.

"I took the car and drove away, I didn't see the boy, Tim. I didn't see him and afterwards I was scared."

"What happened?"

"I went back to the club and I waited until Rusty came out and I told him about it. He drove me to where it happened, but the boy was gone."

"Why didn't you tell all this," I shouted. "Why did you let him take it?"

"He made me, Tim. He took me home and made me promise to keep quiet about it. I didn't know what he was going to do. 'Keep out of it for Tim's sake,' he told me. Tim, he wanted us to be happy."

"Happy? You think we could? I ought to kill you." I slapped her across the mouth as hard as I could and walked out of the room. It was over; whatever I'd felt for her was buried beneath a dull hate at what she'd done to Rusty. They say love and hate are as close as minutes.

Well, that was a long time ago. 1936. The year of *Live Alone and Like It*, and *The Big Money*. The year Italy annexed Ethiopia and Germany marched into the Rhineland and we shrugged our shoulders and labeled the Spanish affair a "comic-opera war" and went back to collecting puny possessions. That year they put Rusty away. 1936. Remember it?

Rusty gets out tomorrow and Tracy will be at the gate to meet him. He'll walk out whistling almost tunelessly through his teeth:

Jimmie crack corn, but I don't care . . .

And he'll take Tracy in his arms. She'll have the license and they'll drive right to the church and get married and while they're on the honeymoon she'll tell him about me. Sort of get him used to the idea so he won't get sick when he sees this hook I'm wearing instead of the arm I left on the Normandy beachhead. #

Continued from page 43

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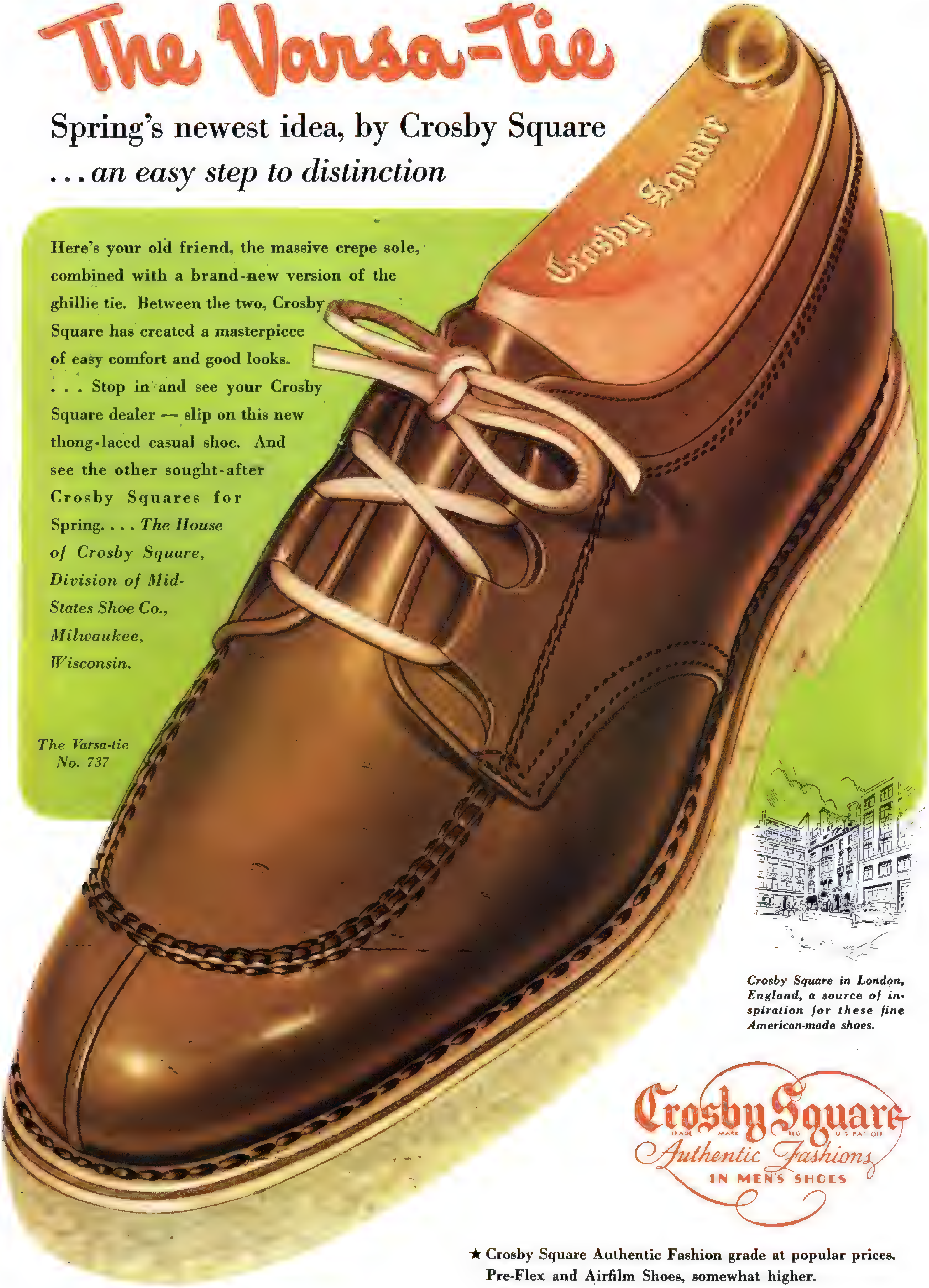

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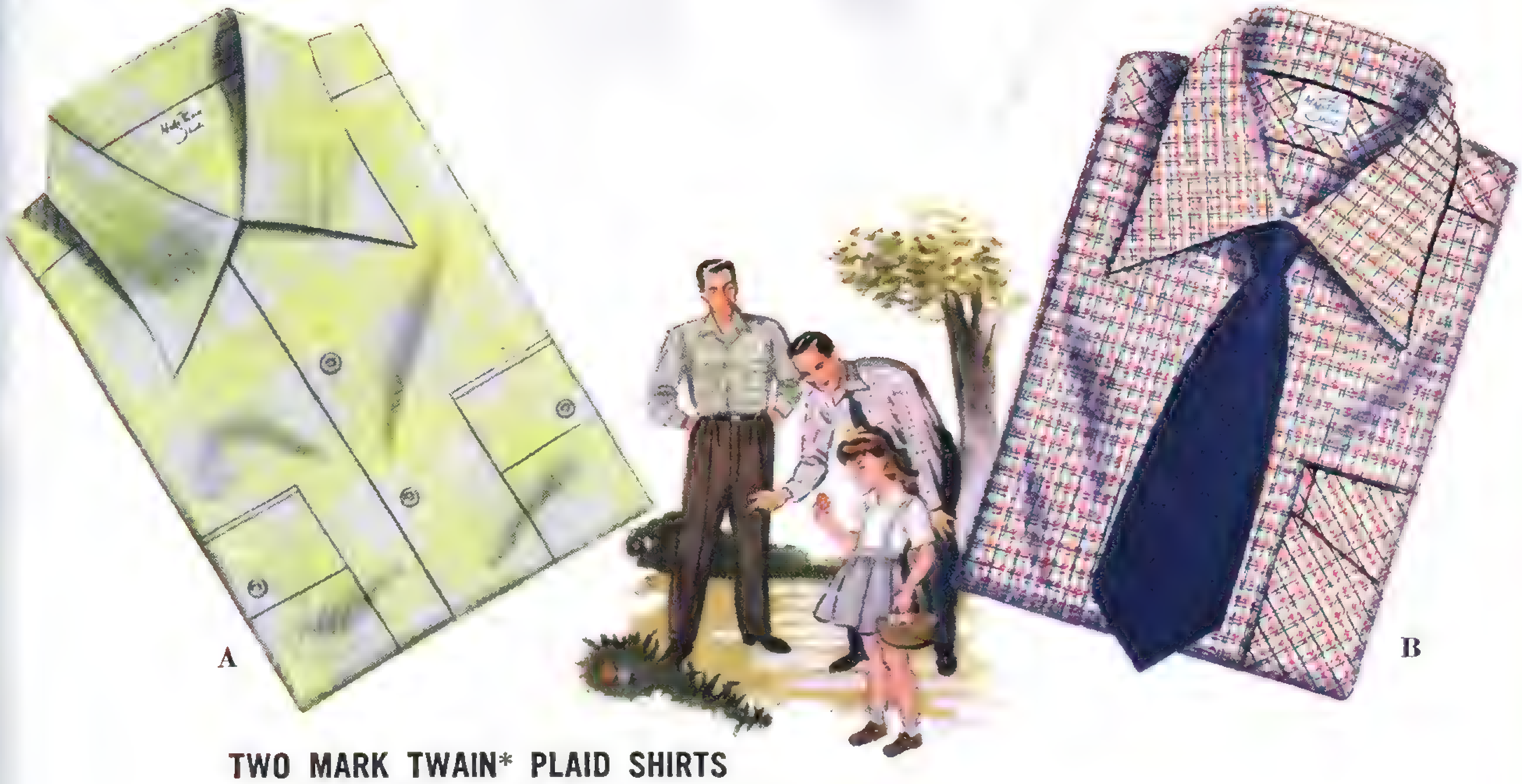

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Manufacturers of MARK TWAIN SHIRTS for Men and TOM SAWYER Apparel for Real Boys

The Man Who Beat the Races

Continued from page 76

seldom bothered. Cassidy was one of the latter.

To protect themselves from chiselers the bookmakers refused to accept any bets after post time. Thus, even if a player did know the winner before the bookie, he couldn't get a bet down. At least, that was the theory.

Willie had circled the reservoir in Central Park twice before the flash came. Then back to Cassidy's pseudo bookstore he raced. "Hire me as a runner and I'll cut you in on anything hot."

"Okay," Cassidy said. "I'll give you twenty live ones to start and pay you five per cent, hot or cold." Meaning he would furnish a list of twenty prospective bettors for Willie to visit daily. The collected bets would be given to Cassidy. Willie got five per cent whether the bettors won or lost.

Willie soon doubled his list of bettors. He had an extra phone installed in his hotel room. Then he cut in Johnny Palmer, ex-electrician, who worked in a Newark horseroom.

The following day, when Willie had finished his rounds, he hastened to his room, called Palmer on one phone, Cassidy on the other. To the bookmaker he started giving the list of the day's betting and kept making mistakes which had to be corrected.

Suddenly Palmer whispered three words into the second phone and hung up. "Paramedes—Belmont—First." Without interrupting the rhythm of his singsong recital Weeping Willie reported: "One hundred on the nose. Paramedes. First at Belmont. Johnny Palmer." And Cassidy marked down a heavy wager on a horse which had already won.

The racket was foolproof. On his betting chart Cassidy would mark down the time Willie called. Suppose it was 2:40, and the first race at Belmont was off at 2:42. It never occurred to the bookie that he accepted the bet at 2:45, after the race was over.

For a month Johnny Palmer, under many aliases, collected daily. But Cassidy was a businessman who kept accurate records. When for thirty consecutive days he lost money on Weeping Willie's clients, he dropped the runner.

The Weeper didn't care much. He and Palmer had accumulated a bankroll of almost $5000 and Willie thought it was time they aimed for something bigger.

Joe Hall, Brooklyn betting commissioner, was by all odds the biggest of the city's bookmakers. A hefty bribe to Hall's head bookkeeper and Willie had a job as runner.

Once again Willie worked on the level for a week while he prepared a new swindle. Hall's runners were required to report in person, in an office over a downtown restaurant. Willie hunted up one of his poker suckers, a ham actor named Edwin Cortes, and brought him into the firm. The next time Willie made his report to the boss he got into an argument over the previous day's payoff. When the whistled strains of *Yankee Doodle* came through the open window, Willie ended the quarrel by admitting that Hall was right. He pulled out the list of bets for the day and passed it over. Among those betting slips was one for $1000 on a horse which had just crossed the finish line.

Like all of Weeping Willie's swindles, this one was both simple and subtle. Just before Willie went up to report to Hall, Cortes stationed himself in the corner drugstore and called Palmer. Once he knew the winner, he walked past the building whistling a prearranged tune.

Willie had six sets of betting slips in various pockets, all alike except for the thousand-dollar wager credited to Johnny Palmer. Each set contained the name of a different horse. When the whistled signal told Willie the winner, he pulled out the list containing that name and passed it over.

For awhile Hall was nicked for plenty, then he too gave Willie the air. After a half-dozen more bookmakers had been clipped, the Weeper was getting a bad name.

Then Willie contemplated a new swindle—the most elaborate in smart-money annals. He explained it to his aides this way: "The real dough is always riding on the big-time races. Bet a C-note on a bunch of selling platers and the bookie looks fish-eyed. Bet five grand on the Derby, he don't bat an eye. Hereafter we stick to the class races."

"How ya gonna do it?" demanded Palmer. "All class races is broadcast, and the joints tune in. How you gonna get a bet down after post time?"

"By juggling time," replied Willie. "When we take a joint, ev'rybody in the place will be two minutes behind the regular time."

Then he turned to Cortes: "You used to be a mimic in vaudeville, didn't you?"

That worthy nodded.

"And you was a pretty good electrician until you got booted outa the union, wasn't you?"

Palmer nodded.

"Well, with your talent, and my brains, we're goin' to take the books like never before."

Willie busied himself renting space in various parts of the city always abutting on one of the more prosperous horserooms. In his spare time he coached Cortes and Palmer in their roles.

Joe Hall was the first victim. Johnny Palmer sat in Hall's horseroom listening to the radio. Ted Husing was broadcasting the main event at Aqueduct.

"They're just coming out, folks. Naturally Whirlaway is the heavy favorite. Ready to go. Trainer Jones says he's in the pink. Attention is second choice. Swing and Sway and Rhymer are an entry."

The familiar voice droned on:

Continued on page 168

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The Man Who Beat the Races

Continued from page 167

"The Rhymer is acting up. He's backing away from the gate. Whirlaway seems anxious to start."

Thirty seconds to go. Palmer arose, walked over to the cashier's cage and said, "Five thousand on Whirlaway to win."

Whirlaway did win. Weeping Willie & Co. collected a handsome profit. For more than a year they continued collecting, always betting big sums on special races.

It was Tim O'Leary who put the skids on the combine. He called in a private detective and explained: "There's a character named Johnny Palmer who has picked nine races in a row right in my own place. Bets five grand or more on each race. I'm pretty sure he's working some sort of a gyp game and I want you to find out how it's done."

"Why don't you just refuse to accept any bets from Palmer?"

"Wouldn't do any good," said O'Leary. "He'd just send in an agent. If I barred everybody who wanted to gamble for heavy sugar I'd soon be out of business."

"Okay," said the private eye. "Give me what dope you can."

Three weeks passed before the detective's report, detailing a most fantastic swindle, sent O'Leary home vowing vengeance.

"You and several other bookmakers are being taken in by an exceedingly clever confidence mob," said the dick. "The brains of the outfit is Weeping Willie.

"Weeping Willie has rented office space in this building, directly in back of your horseroom. Johnny Palmer, an electrician, has tampered with the wiring of your radio so they can cut you off at any time. Willie has an apparatus in the next office with which he sends you a fake broadcast. Just before the race they cut you off the air."

"What good would that do?" objected O'Leary. "If I didn't hear Ted Husing or McCarthy I'd know something was off."

"Oh, no," said the detective. "You think you hear those men but what you actually hear is a clever impersonator—Edwin Cortes who was a mimic in vaudeville.

"Cortes and Weeping Willie are in the office next door, Palmer is in your horseroom. Just before the race Weeping Willie interrupts the real broadcast and Cortes immediately starts describing the way the horses are behaving, the jockey's colors, and so on, just as the real commentator does. He kills two minutes with this fake gossip. All this time Willie is listening to the genuine broadcast and repeats what is really said. Cortes relays this information on to you—two minutes late. When he is talking about the horses being at the post the race is over. Somewhere in his talk he includes a prearranged signal for his confederate in the horseroom. Palmer rushes over and gets a bet down just before the windows close."

O'Leary shook his head in amazement. "Smart," he said, "awfully smart. Who do they figure on gypping next Saturday?"

"You. You're the next sucker."

That Saturday a reception committee composed of angry bookmakers was waiting for Weeping Willie and his associates. When the boys got out of the hospital they decided that enough was enough. All were independent for life. Weeping Willie, who as leader had claimed the lion's share, was well-nigh a millionaire.

Cortes and Palmer went into partnership and opened their own horseroom. But 'tis said Weeping Willie went to Chi, got caught juggling time, and wound up at the bottom of Lake Michigan.

Maybe so. But out on the Coast there's a queer duck who calls himself William Marcus and who bears a striking resemblance to Weeping Willie. For an amateur at picking the gee-gees, Mr. Marcus does very well. True, he doesn't win any big money, but he does win. Probably because of a tricky gadget he carries in his pocket.

Each week Mr. Marcus receives from a magician's supply house a vial of appearing ink—not disappearing. Mr. Marcus tests the colorless fluid to make certain it is okay. He uses a fountain pen which has never tasted ink. Mr. Marcus scrawls his name on a piece of paper—and nothing happens. Fifteen minutes later faint lines appear. Twenty minutes and there, in bold black ink, is the signature—William Marcus.

Thereupon Mr. Marcus sallies forth to a swanky horseroom. He gets a betting slip, scans the morning line, and makes his selections. Among his wagers Mr. Marcus includes six dollars across the board on the day's outstanding favorite. He writes the bet this way: Hopeful 2—2—2. Two to win, two to place, two to show.

Of course, when Mr. Marcus is finished the slip is blank. So he tucks it in his pocket, and reads the *Racing Form*. Twenty minutes later he extracts the slip which now looks as though it had been written with ordinary ink.

Making sure he is unobserved, Mr. Marcus dips his extra-special fountain pen into the vial of appearing ink. After each figure 2 he adds an invisible zero. Then he takes the slip to the cashier's cage, hands it over together with the amount called for, and gets a receipt. Twenty minutes later the bet on Hopeful reads: 20—20—20, so Mr. Marcus gets a sixty-dollar wager for six dollars. Since he always picks an odds-on favorite, he cashes a large percentage of his bets.

Should the California bookmakers read this they will never suspect Mr. Marcus. Why should this rich man waste time defrauding the books? Never could they understand that Weeping Willie—beg pardon, William Marcus—would rather clip the bookies than coupons. ‡

Continued from page 76

We Can Make a Million

Continued from page 59

with you, you don't know yourself because you're not yourself any more. They bury you in Hollywood."

"You think that's wrong?"

"I don't care whether it's right or wrong. If I get to Hollywood, I'll be there for the same reason everybody else is—to get paid."

"Good for you."

"Is that how I sound?"

"Okay. Go get your money."

"You hear the same thing about radio," Dave said. "Radio stinks, too. Anybody making $5000 a week on radio can tell you that."

"Well, doesn't it?"

"I hear it does. But I don't notice many people running away from a chance to add to the odor. Well, I'm not going to do any running either."

Hank moved his glass on the bar. "I don't know why I bother. Just for fun—how good are you?"

"How good is Terry Ryan?"

"You mean that?"

"Listen. For ten years I wrote the stuff I'm writing now. I never sold any of it. About a year ago I came across Terry Ryan. Now I'm making money. I think there's a connection. Don't you?"

"I ask you how good you think you are and you give me an autobiography. A dull one, at that. But you won't answer because if you did it would upset everything you have talked yourself into. Could that be?"

"Clever."

"I can say something even cleverer. It's too bad you ever found Terry Ryan."

"You're loaded with punch lines, aren't you?"

"Because as long as you have Terry Ryan you won't get any better. You'll be writing for Terry Ryan and you'll be making so much money you'll be afraid to change. You're afraid now, but when you get to Hollywood you'll be twice as scared. The trouble is, I don't think you know how good you are, and you don't know how good you can be if you stay away from Terry Ryan and Hollywood."

"I could be a real artist, eh?"

"All right," Hank said defensively. "You could be a real artist."

"You're a fine fellow, Hank."

"Good-by," Hank said. "Give my regards to Margaret O'Brien."

"Friend of yours?"

"Hell, yes. I could turn my back on Margaret."

"It must be awful out there."

"No, it's nice. It's so nice I started writing songs called The First Soft Sweetness of Love. You're going to like it. Just a pig in the sunshine."

"Doesn't anybody like it?"

"Sure. Actors and race horses think it's lovely."

Dave stood up. "You make me feel terrible. I'm going to bed."

"Stick around. I owe you a drink."

"I won't forget it."

"Okay. Take care of yourself."

Then as he lay in bed, with the lights out, smoking a cigarette, waiting to get sleepy, he was thinking of Hank's dismay.

Hank is almost through, and he knows it. He has only one thing left, a reason for his failures. Not an excuse but a reason. Hollywood is the reason. If it isn't Hollywood it has to be Hank himself and that won't do.

Hank is a nice guy. He is trying to save me from the same fate. Like hell he is. That isn't it at all. He doesn't want me to go to Hollywood because he is afraid I wouldn't flop the way he did, and if I didn't flop Hank's reason would look bad, and where would Hank be without his reason?

Now he was thinking of the girl in Terry Ryan's dressing room and how swell she would look in Schenectady with parcels in her arms and snow on her eyebrows, and he was raging at himself because he knew that she was absolutely none of his business and he hated himself for his aged idealism which demanded that young and beautiful women be honorable.

Oh, boy. Now it's honorable. How do you think up words like honorable? That is bad enough, but what is even worse, you are talking about idealism. No, idealism isn't bad. Idealism is wonder-

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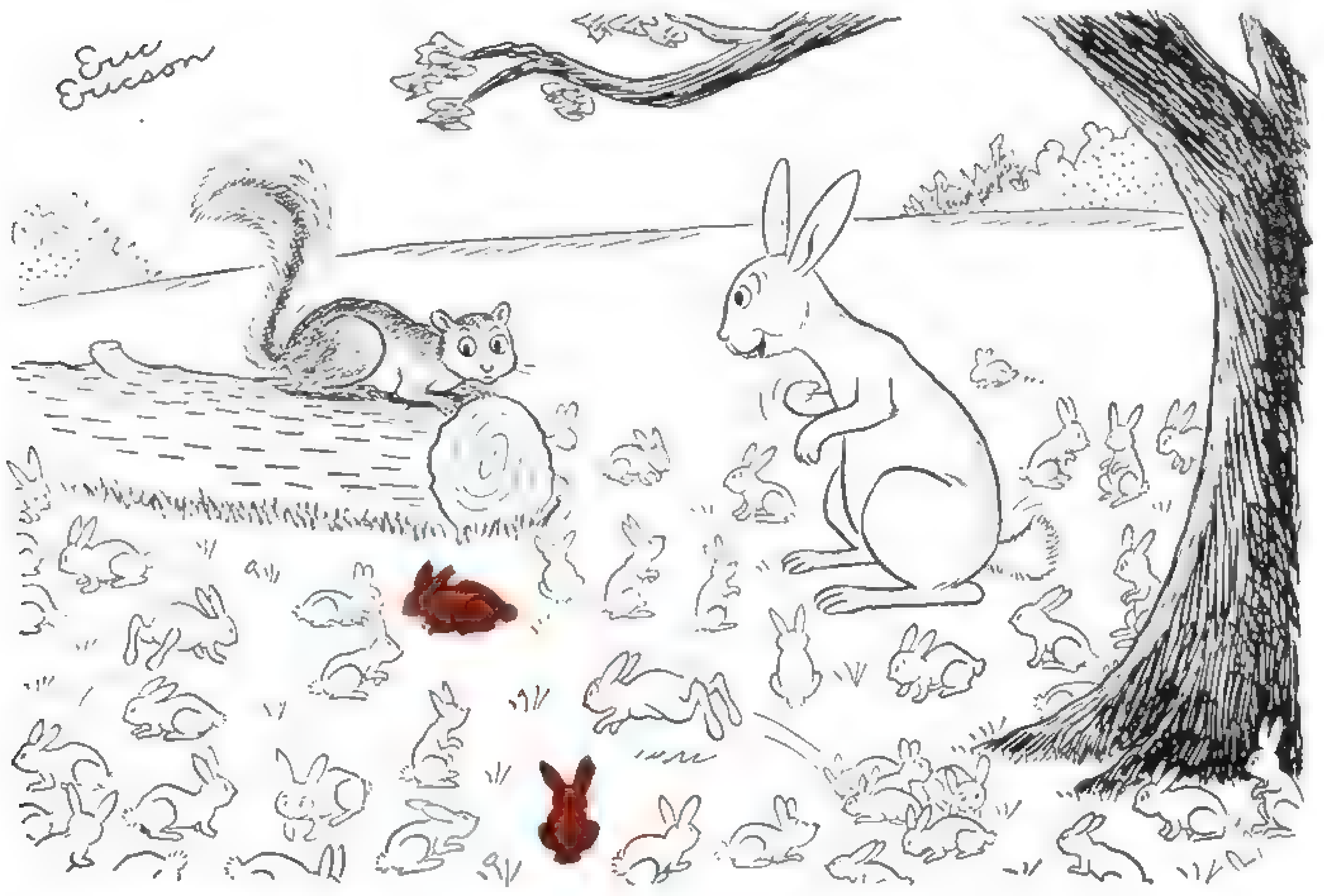

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We Can Make a Million

Continued from page 169

ful. It is wonderful to have ideals women are supposed to live up to except when they are with you. The only thing that's bothering you is you're afraid Terry Ryan is going to score. Now if it were you instead of Irish, ah, what a difference that would make. She would be doing nothing wrong then. It only counts as a sin when you aren't in on it.

He went to sleep shortly after that.

He was up early the next morning to make the final draft of a new routine, and about eleven o'clock he took it over to Terry Ryan's hotel. That was the way to find out if there were any bad spots in it. Terry Ryan would read it once to himself, then twice aloud, and by that time his delivery would be perfect so that if anything didn't sound right, it would be the fault of the script. Terry Ryan was the test.

He was in a dressing gown. He held a glass of milk in his hand. The radio was on loud and the room was filled with the sound of women being amused by the cute remarks of the m.c. on a give-away-to-the-ladies program.

"Hello, Dave," Terry Ryan yelled over the racket. His greeting held no hint of that near thing of the night before. "You should listen to this. These dames are getting rich."

"Yes, I've heard them. How about turning it off? I'd like you to run through this." He waved the roll of paper in his hand.

"Have a heart, Dave. I just got up."

"I want to finish it today. If there's anything wrong with it I can fix it this afternoon."

"All right," Terry Ryan agreed, and he went over and turned off the radio. "By the way," he said, "remember the babe in my dressing room last night?"

"Yes," Dave said after awhile. "I remember her."

Terry Ryan palmed his cheeks, made his eyes round, put his mouth into a wondering O, and waggled his head. "Oh, but it's good," he said in a loud whisper. "Oh, but it's awful good. You should have stayed around, Dave." He laughed.

"What's the joke, Irish?"

Terry Ryan heard the danger. He looked startled.

"What's so funny, Irish?" Dave moved toward him.

"Just a minute," Terry Ryan said loudly.

Dave hit him on the jaw. The glass of milk went in a straight line and smashed against the radio. He hit him as hard as he could with an overhand right and felt the jolt across his shoulders. Terry Ryan went back against the wall. Dave hit him four times in the face. Terry Ryan slid sideways down the wall to his hands and knees. Dave turned away from him, picked up his papers and went out of the room.

That did it. It had been coming and now it was here. He had wanted to slug Terry Ryan so he had used the girl as an excuse for doing it. He had used her as an excuse for throwing away a million dollars. Now he was free and on his own. No more Terry Ryan.

He felt neither relief nor doubt. He didn't feel much of anything, except his right hand hurt a little.

That afternoon he sat before his typewriter, his head propped in his hands, trying to think, but he felt cold now, and lost, and frightened, and there was nothing in his mind but the staring fact of the thrown-away million dollars.

The phone rang. It was John. His voice was as quiet as ever.

"I've got a contract from Paramount here, Dave. It's the one we want. Come down and sign it."

After a moment Dave said:

"I guess you haven't heard. You'd better talk to Irish."

"I have. He told me about it. So what? He says what's a sock on the jaw in a deal like this? It doesn't matter to him."

Dave held the phone tightly. Then he heard John say:

"Coming down, Dave?"

"Yes," he said. "I'll be right down." ⌗

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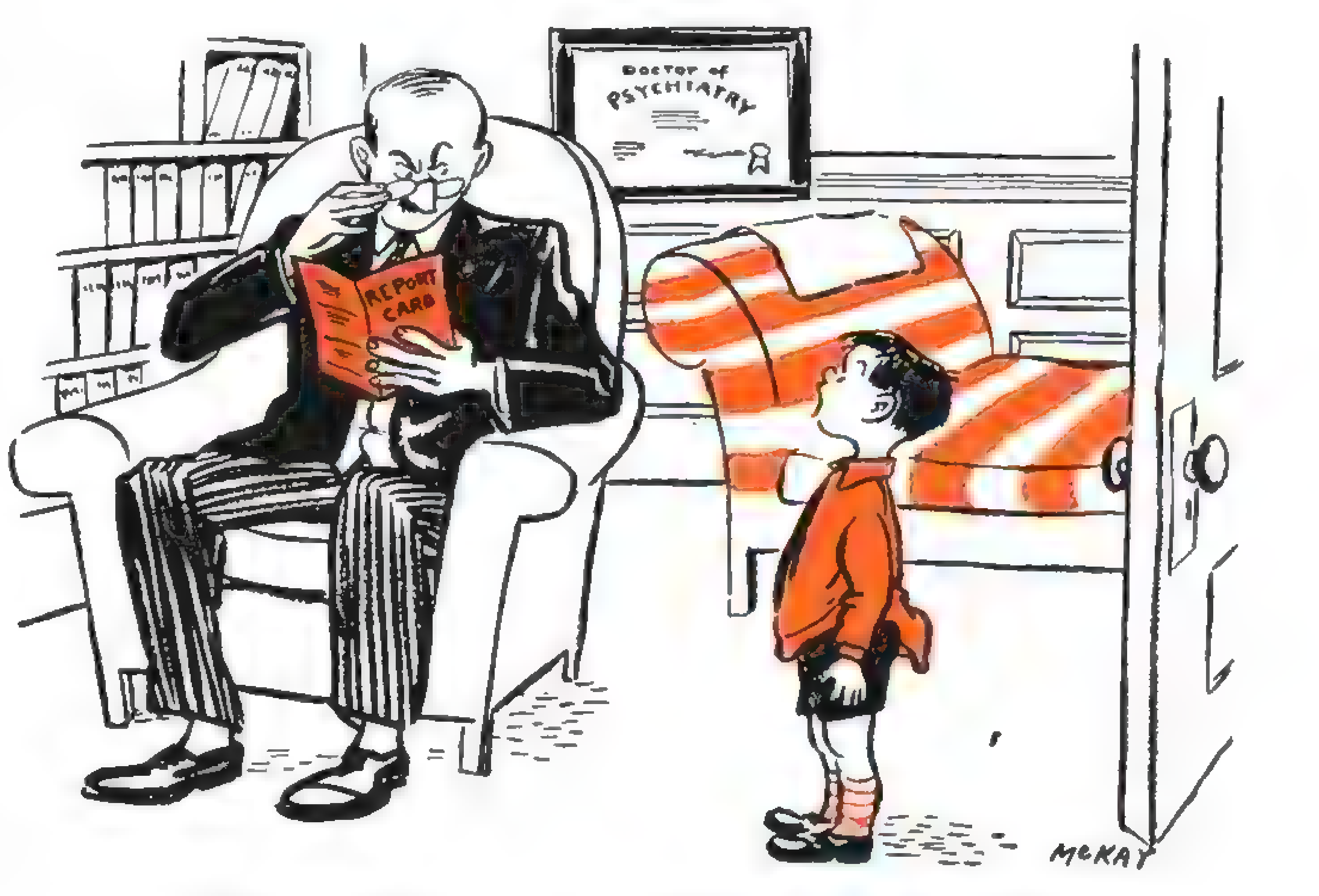

"Maybe it's my mental health, eh Pop?"

Just We Two

How to cope with a wife and numerous camp followers at a cozy beach cottage

by **ELWOOD ULLMAN**

What can you do when a gorgeous thing like Donna locks her arms around your neck and melts you with those big blue headlights?

"Darling," she coos to me last spring, "I have discovered a perfectly adorable place at Laguna that is for rent over the summer."

Ever since Donna wrote up the ex-movie star Carol Frome for *Screen Star Stories* she is nuts about Laguna. This Frome dame has a place in Laguna, and my wife is constantly running down on week ends and invariably coming home raving.

"What's the matter with Carol Frome's place?" I says.

"It's just that I want a place of our own so you can enjoy it with me this summer. Wouldn't you like to get away from the hot city every week end?"

"Not particularly," I says. "I have my game."

She says, "Laguna will do you a lot more good than playing poker with those tramps, believe me. Ed, this is the cutest place you ever saw, on Sapphire Bay Drive, one of the newest subdivisions. It's on high ground, see, with this beautiful, sparkling bay curving right below. It's a wonderful place to write . . . And there's a fireplace . . . Ah, oh, Ed, we'll have the most marvelous time, reading, relaxing, sun bathing, paddling around in the water. Just we two."

"What do they want for the joint?" I breaks in finally.

"Only four hundred a month."

"What!" I says. "Just for week ends?"

"Oh, I'll be running down often during the week to work on my paper," she says. This means the speech on fan-magazine writing which she is scheduled to deliver before the Pacific Coast Women Writers' Guild which will be having their annual meeting in Carmel the second week end in August. Donna has been pecking away at this effort for months. "Besides," she goes on, "wouldn't you rather invest the money in health and recreation instead of handing it over to some doctor?"

"What do you mean, doctor?" I says.

"Go look at yourself," she says. "You're working too hard and then you sit up till all hours Saturday nights playing poker."

I wander over to the mirror and examine the pan. "I don't look so terrible," I says.

"You do, too," she says. "You're a sight. You're losing weight, your cheeks are caved in and you've got balloon tires under your eyes. Besides, what is the sense of us being married if we don't spend our leisure time together?"

"Four hundred a month, just for week ends," I says. "That's a lot of crackers."

"Oh, don't give me that," she says. "The beer business has been pretty good to you, hasn't it?"

I am assistant general manager of the San Fernando Brewing Company.

"Not this spring," I says. "Too cool. Ain't moving much beer."

"All right, if you're so poor, I'll help out. Every time I do a story for triple S, I get a hundred dollars, don't I? All right. If I do two stories a month—or three stories every two months—"

"Forget it," I says. "I'll think it over."

So the last week of May rolls around and at my request we move the stud session up to Thursday night. Rather than risk any ruckus with Donna, we have it at Parlay Evans' place in the Selma Arms Hotel. He is a daily commuter from there to Santa Anita. Others present at this gathering are Truck McConachie, the former heavyweight that now runs a used-car lot on Figueroa Street; Hatrack Kraus, who has the coatroom concessions in most of the joints on the Sunset strip; Ears Lorber, who is connected with the Hercules Health System; Spider Webb, a stunt man in motion pictures, and several other sketches from the neighborhood of Hollywood and Vine. We set an early quitting time as one or two of the players has to work the following day.

I break the news that I will be missing Saturday nights till September, explaining it was either Laguna for me or Reno for the wife.

"Well, it just shows to go you what happens to guys that marry women," says Truck McConachie. "You'll miss us, toots."

"Laguna, eh?" says Parlay Evans, taking a pot with three cowboys. "That's about halfway to Del Mar, only the track is closed now."

"I remember that town," says Hatrack Kraus. "Full of goofy artists. Crawlin' with culture. Why, that place is so swanky, they don't even have low tides."

"So what?" says Spider Webb. "His wife is a highbrow, ain't she?"

Ears Lorber heaves a sigh. "I always envy people that can write."

"He means their name," says Truck, cutting the deck.

"My wife drug me down to Laguna last Christmas to buy Christmas presents," Ears goes on. "We

Continued on page 172

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Just We Two

Continued from page 171

found a place there to buy pottery."

Hatrack slams down the cards. "He found a place to buy pottery," he says. "Ain't that brilliant! Why, you dumbhead, that's all they got there, and there's a painter in every pot!"

"Tut, tut, gentlemen," I says. "Laguna is a charming place and I am going to have myself some lovely week ends."

The first Saturday in June we move. I and the real-estate agent, Mrs. Pettingill, check over the inventory, and after I have signed it and the lease, she walks off with my check for the first and last months' rent.

Donna excitedly throws her arms around my neck and gives me a big smack. "It's ours, ours!" she squeals. "Oh, it's just too wonderful! You watch—I'm going to be so inspired here, I'll write something terrific!"

"I just wrote something terrific," I says. "That check for eight hundred crackers."

The house is white stucco, rounded in front, with decks and railings, and everywhere you turn, a hunk of rope, a ship's lantern, a brass bell or a life preserver. It has double-decker bunks for beds and portholes instead of windows. I feel seasick just walking in the front door. In fact, the joint looks like it will let out a blast any minute and shove off for Hawaii.

Out in the water maybe a hundred yards offshore are two large rocks. One of these rocks is a hangout for pelicans and gulls and the other is a motel for seals, which yap twenty-four hours a day.

After all the work getting settled I think we will hit the hay early. But no, promptly at eight o'clock the chimes give out and Donna gallops downstairs. There is a lot of squealing and laughing, and I have to get up on my weary dogs to meet a raft of visitors. This includes Carol Frome; a big potbellied character with a beard that is introduced to me as Nathaniel Pomfret, the artist; a dreamy-eyed marsh reed who is Mansfield Barclay, the poet; Mrs. Barclay, a brunette item, not bad; and an elderly dame with blue hair who answers to the name of Countess de Bartok.

"The Countess," Carol Frome explains to me, "has the Kum-Inn Shoppe on Forest Avenue. Pottery, you know."

"I would guess it," I says.

"Let's have a fire," says Pomfret, rubbing his pudgy hands, and although it is a mild night, he makes one hot enough to roast a brace of oxen on twin spits. Then they turn off the lights and roll up the blinds so they can see the moonlight on the bay. Donna trundles in a tea wagon loaded with cheese and fruit and the countess begs Mansfield Barclay to rattle off some of his poetry.

Mansfield, who doesn't need any urging, is flat on the floor with his head in his wife's lap while she strokes his hair and drops things in his mouth. He nibbles an olive and gives forth:

A word, a smile, a kiss,
Tell me, dare I hope?
For I have glimpsed a hint of bliss
In eyes that shyly ope . . .

I ease out into the pantry and ope a fifth. As I am sitting there the seals out on the rock start up a horrible yapping.

"Shut up, blubber mouths," I snap.

"Ed!" hisses Donna, who has sneaked in behind me. "How dare you talk that way about Mansfield Barclay when he's a guest in our house? Now you march yourself right back to the living room!"

After Mansfield has run out of gas, the countess starts questioning Pomfret about modern art. "Art today," he says, gesturing with a big slab of cheddar cheese, "is groping."

I grope my way back to the pantry for some more consolation.

Sunday morning the whole gang is back, plus two or three new characters. They are all out in the patio below the kitchen, sprawling on mattresses under the striped umbrellas. The girls have on sun suits and the men wear trunks. I am in the kitchen with Donna, who is dinging up coffee, toast and marmalade, though it is closer to lunchtime than breakfast.

"Ain't they got homes?" I says. "What about this 'just we two' stuff?"

"Sh!" hisses Donna.

From below we hear Pomfret giving out: "With all due respect for François Verneaux, boys and girls, the man paints with his eyes. I, I paint with my soul."

"What, no brushes?" I says.

"Don't be cute," whispers Donna sharply. "Mr. Pomfret is a very distinguished artist and I'm proud to be included among his friends."

"If you're a good friend of his," I says, "I wish you'd suggest to him that he ought to wear a bra."

At five o'clock—after Pomfret has eaten the last of the lamb chops—the gang finally departs.

"Now," says Donna, "we must tidy up. Bring in all the dishes and the mattresses and get the cushions out of the swing. And oh, yes, you'll have to line the garbage can and take it out front by the mailbox. If it isn't out front, they won't empty it Tuesday."

"Pardon me, baby, but I came here to loaf and relax," I says.

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"You can relax on the way home," she says. "I'll drive."

As I am lugging the garbage can out front, a handsome couple strolls by. He is tanned and grey-haired, maybe fifty-five, and very snappy in biscuit-colored slacks and a camel's-hair sport coat. He is swinging a cane. She is an attractive redhead, and she wears a green-print dress, white gloves and a big picture hat. The man gives me a look, nods and lets out a "Hmmff."

Donna was at the window.

"That was the F. Llewellyn Doddses who live in the big house around the corner, where you take the steps down to the beach. They're very wealthy and influential."

"So what?" I says.

"So what?" she repeats. "Mr. Dodds happens to be the first to build on this tract and he's recognized as the unofficial mayor of Sapphire Bay. What he says goes. It's very important to be in the good graces of the F. Llewellyn Doddses."

"And now we bring you the weather report"

But time goes on and the F. Llewellyn Doddses don't give us much chance to get in their good graces. He strolls by now and again, and several times I see him and his wife flash by in their big blue car, but all he does is jerk his head to me.

Donna is pretty distressed about it. "Dear me," she says. "I do wish the Doddses would call."

"Well, suppose we drop in on them?" I suggests.

"Heavens, no," says Donna. "One doesn't drop in on the Doddses."

Every week end those hungry guests in scanty clothes continue to festoon themselves all over our premises. There is always Carol Frome, the Barclays, and Pomfret (Donna begins calling him Nate), the countess (Donna is calling her Ilonka) and various other painters, theatrical-set designers, writers and pottery merchants. In addition to running back and forth to the grocery store, my duties mainly consist of rounding up the silver and chinaware, raking the eucalyptus leaves, weeding and sprinkling the lawn and keeping the bird baths filled. Also I trap gophers. These gophers have a regular IRT subway in the front yard. As soon as they have consumed the zinnias, for instance, they all climb aboard the express and rush to the next stop, which might be snapdragons, and polish them off.

"Well, how's Laguna, stranger?" says Parlay Evans one night during a get-together at his joint at the Selma Arms Hotel.

"Great," I says. "I'm having the time of my life in Laguna."

"Well, he don't look so hot, does he, boys?" says Truck McConachie. "Notice the way his collar fits. Is he losing weight!"

I think to myself: I know one guy that ain't losing weight. Pomfret.

The second week end in August draws nigh and Donna tells me she is in a terrible dilemma. She doesn't know whether she can keep her commitment in Carmel.

"What's the dilemma?" I says. "I guess you can pass up one week end in Laguna. Pomfret won't starve. Thanks to your tender nourishment, he's big enough to forage for himself now."

"I'm not worried about Nate Pomfret," she says. "It's vitally important that I be in Laguna next week end, and you too." She locks her arms around my neck and looks up at me with those big blue peepers. Oh, oh, I think. Here it comes.

She takes a deep breath. "Mrs. Pettingill, the real-estate agent, phoned me today from Laguna. She has some incredible, wonderful news. Mrs. Muirhead has definitely decided to sell the house and we can have first refusal."

"It's refused," I says. "What have we got for dinner?"

"Now, Ed," she says, "wouldn't it be grand if we had this house for our very own, to dash down here winter or summer, whenever we felt in the mood? Oh, Ed, think what it would mean!"

"I am thinking," I says. "And quit twisting my tie, it cost three dollars."

"Look at it from a business standpoint," she says. "That tract, Sapphire Bay, is the choicest spot in Laguna. Mrs. Pettingill assures me it will double and treble in value, and here is a golden opportunity to get in on the ground floor."

"Get to it," I says. "How much moolah?"

"Only twenty-six thousand, five hundred."

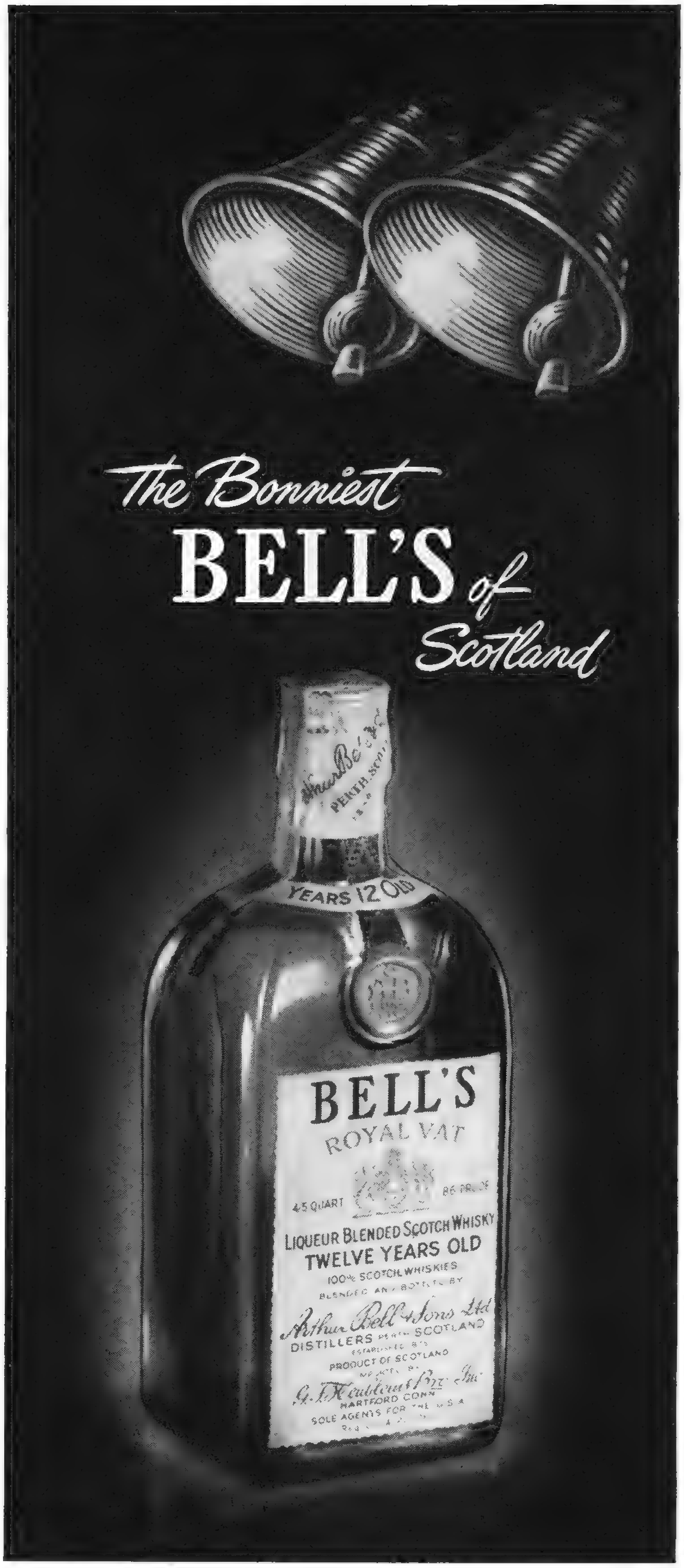
"That's with gophers?" I says.

"Ed, listen to me," she says. "Look back over all the years we've been married. I've never asked you for very much, have I?"

"No, you haven't," I says, "but when you do, it's a lulu. What did you want to do this week end, close the deal?"

"Oh, no, that can come later," she says. "I just wanted to have a little chat with the Doddses because Mrs. Muirhead will have to have their approval before she'll sell. They're trying to keep out the drinkers and rowdies, that's all. Mrs. Pettingill promised to

Continued on page 174



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Just We Two

Continued from page 173

reassure the Doddses, but naturally we'll have to call on them personally."

"Okay," I says. "Now you just run along to Carmel, baby, and knock 'em dead with your speech."

She kisses me rapid-fire. "Oh, Ed," she sniffs, "you're the most wonderful husband in the world. Now you stay in town this week end and have those tr—I mean, your friends over for poker."

Then suddenly I remember how she had been trying to honey up to the Doddses all summer. "Wait a minute," I says. "How long has this thing been cooking? Did you always know that Mrs. Muirhead . . ."

"Well," she says, "there was nothing really *definite* about it. I mean, Mrs. Pettingill only intimated last February there was a *remote* possibility . . ."

"I get it," I says. "I get it."

Next morning I reach Truck McConachie on the phone and instruct him to round up the mob as I will be entertaining next week end in Laguna Beach. I explain the wife will be away and it will be a swell opportunity for the boys to inspect our stucco wind-jammer.

"I want all the regulars," I says. "You and Ears Lorber and Hatrack Kraus and Parlay Evans. Also I would like to have a few characters like Blintz Klein and Frowzy Dillon."

"Blintz was kicked out of the state, and I think Frowzy is still in the can," Truck reports. "However, I'll see what I can do."

"Well, can you get a line on Spider Webb?" I says. "I understand he was thrown out of his boardinghouse."

"Sure," says Truck. "In fact, he ain't twenty yards away from me right now. I'm letting him sleep on the lot here, in an old sedan."

Saturday afternoon I haul four of them down in my car and Truck brings four more in his, including some unshaved sketches from Vine Street who are intrigued by the prospect of free liquids. Parlay Evans is detained because there are horses performing in Hollywood Park, but I leave a reminder for him at his hotel along with a rough map showing how to reach our place in Laguna.

As soon as I get them safely in the house, I excuse myself to do some necessary telephoning. This is quick and successful. The F. Llewellyn Doddses will be delighted to drop over, eight-thirty-ish. When I return to the living room I find the boys have already knocked over one case of San Fernando Pale Ale.

"Well, how do you like the place, boys?" I says.

"Fine, except for that barking," says Ears Lorber, squinting out the front window. "How did all them dogs get out on that rock?"

Good fellowship and conviviality reign supreme. Downstairs in the entrance hall Spider Webb and three of the Vine Street articles are earnestly playing square checkers, and upstairs the rest of the boys are concentrating on a brisk game of stud. The cigar smoke would effectively screen a light cruiser. Some of my guests are in their undershirts, displaying various masterpieces of tattooing, which run to boa constrictors and hootch dancers. On a table, ready for Mrs. Dodds, I have a pitcher of ice water, a fan and some ammonia.

Presently the chimes ring and I yell down for someboy to get up off his knees and open the door.

It is F. Llewellyn Dodds, all right, only he is accompanied by Parlay Evans, instead of his wife.

"Did I have a time finding this place," says Parlay. "I wander all over the neighborhood and can't find No. 156, so I start ringing doorbells. Imagine my surprise when I run into Frankie and Martha just leaving their house."

"Frankie and Martha?" I says.

"Once he took me for six hundred leaves," says Parlay, slipping off his coat. "That was on Skyrider in the San Gregorio. Remember, Frankie?"

"Indeed I do, very well," says Mr. Dodds—Frankie—stepping over an empty bottle as we start up the steps.

"Were you a sucker for long shots! Excuse this reminiscing, Mr. Banning," he says to me, "but I haven't seen Parlay since I quit making book in Los Angeles ten years ago."

"That's when he married Martha," Parlay says. "Martha Rinker of Seattle. Lumber. Mucho rocks . . . What was the matter with Martha, Frankie? Why wouldn't she come with us?"

"Suddenly indisposed," says Frankie. "A headache, I think . . . Of course we can rely on your discretion, Mr. Banning? We'd both be delighted to see you buy in Sapphire Bay . . . Ah, a little stud game! I wonder if the boys would mind dealing in another hand?"

Laguna is quaint, Laguna is charming, Laguna is wonderful. It's just too bad the seals don't go back to Capistrano. ⌗

Miles and Miles of Basketball

Continued from page 64

of the Good Neighbor Policy to Cuba, and this year they will probably wind up in Manila.

Their amazing performance has often been made under the most adverse circumstances, for the Trotters always play on their rival's court with a strange referee and sometimes very strange rules. The tie game of 1935 is an example of how badly the home team can behave. It was with the New York Celtics, at one time the greatest quintet in the world. The Celtics were behind 32-28 with three minutes to play, when suddenly they ran wild and sank two quick ones. There were still two minutes left, and the Celtics called time out—and they really meant it, because they never declared time in again. They just put on their sweatshirts and walked off, leaving the court to the Chicago boys. Final score, 32-32.

Princeton, Minnesota, was the scene of another miserable evening. They came to this tiny village with a winning streak of sixty-one games. The gym had just been painted and as a result oxygen was at a premium. To get rid of the fumes, all doors and windows were thrown open, thus reducing the temperature to zero or less. Coming from Chicago the Trotters thought they knew what it was to be cold, but Minnesotans go to Chicago to get warm in February.

Shortly the Trotters' fingers lost all feeling until no player could hang onto the ball. Steaming breaths reduced visibility considerably. The stanch opposition ignored the frost on their eyelashes and broke one of the Trotter's longest string of victories.

The Globetrotters began playing pro basketball when that game closely resembled the sport of wrestling. In 1926 it was possible to win a game on two field goals and a dozen fouls. The race-horse brand of court play now in vogue was unheard of and the fans stayed away in droves. Then along came Abe Saperstein with a new idea: fast offensive work interspersed with slapstick routines to tickle the spectators and spell the team. It was a new and daring idea and it clicked from the start. The Trotters made money when other teams could hardly pay for balls.

"I happened to use Negro players by chance," Saperstein says. "I was coaching a team called the Savoy Big Five. We were good enough to beat the Chicago Bruins that year, so I branched out on my own and organized the Globetrotters. I added the word Harlem so everyone would know they were colored. Now we have to call ourselves the Original Harlem Globetrotters because so many imitators have sprung up."

Saperstein's success in basketball encouraged the energetic promoter to branch out into Negro baseball, boxing, football and track. Recently the *Negro Digest* called him the White Father of Negro Athletes. A short, rugged man in his midforties, he masterminds the team. It was he, along with his first great star, Inman Jackson, who worked out the lighter side of the Trotters' style. In the beginning the players didn't take to clowning. Being a showman and a fast talker, Saperstein finally convinced his men that they were not doing the game an injustice when they put on their act. They have come along nicely since acquiring this conviction. Now they violate the sanctity of the gym at the drop of a basket.

Some of their so-called tricks are not funny. Their purpose is to bewilder the opposition, throw them off balance. This gives the Trotters a tremendous advantage. Putting the ball on the cuff is one simple stunt most players can learn. Rub a little sweat on the inside of your arm and you will find that you can crook the ball in one hand by pressing it against the sticky limb. Switching a cuffed ball from hand to hand makes it easy to throw a guard off balance. Switching by means of dribbling behind you is recommended for experts only, but the Trotters do this frequently.

Obtaining top-flight colored cagers does not present Saperstein with any problem, since his is the best team a Negro can play on. He pays his men from $300 to $800 a month plus expenses while traveling, so playing for the Trotters is financially attractive. Negro colleges like Wilberforce University and Langston University develop excellent material. Saperstein can use new players at once or farm them out to his junior club, the Kansas City Stars, for seasoning.

This year he is relying on his old-timers, but he carries several promising comers. The team's stand-out veteran is Goose Tatum. Only six-foot-two, his arms are seven inches longer than normal and his finger tips hang below his knees. It's no trouble for him to dip the ball in the basket, score a point and pull the ball out without letting it go. During practice he makes baskets from the foul line by bouncing the ball off his head. Although he would rather clown than play it straight, he manages to average eight baskets a night, and hits .326 in the baseball season.

With pro basketball becoming a big-time sport and moving into places like Madison Square Garden, it may be that Negro players will be asked to join some of the league teams. In this case Saperstein would probably lose some of his great stars. "I hope this happens," Saperstein says. "It would do a lot for race relations as well as for basketball. The Trotters might suffer somewhat, but we'll always attract good youngsters. It's the life that gets them. League play is great sport, but, brother, Globetrotting is more fun!" ###

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The Divers of Acapulco

Continued from page 48

a swim at La Caleta, the morning beach. As we whiled away the forenoon he told me something of himself. The rest I learned later, in New York and Boston.

III.

Somewhere, in molding to the pattern of Beacon Street, St. Paul's, and the rest, Ted Bonner learned to detest defeat. Or perhaps it was at Yale. He broke the Brahmin pattern to go there for the swimming and diving, he told me, and he was an intercollegiate champion at nineteen, taking every competitive event he entered.

"There are essentially two sorts of people, you know," he said to me once, "winners and losers. The losers are weak."

I doubt that Ted Bonner had ever known a defeat of any consequence. Yet this insistence upon victory had produced a strong, likeable personality. There was no arrogance within the boy—just a quiet confidence, a seeming assurance that everything must flow victoriously on for him.

I could visualize the existence Ted had entered upon in Boston after Yale. A desk in the family trust-management firm on State Street; his old rooms at home; an endless succession of social affairs, week ends in New York, Montreal, Cohasset or Provincetown, winter evenings in the lounge of the Lincolnshire. But always the swimming and diving that so nearly obsessed him, whether indoors at his club or in the cold bays and inlets of the North Shore.

Then he had crashed through thin ice while skating and contracted pneumonia and came to Acapulco to recuperate.

IV.

For five days following our long conversation at La Caleta I saw nothing of Ted Bonner. A business complication sent me to Mazatlán. On my return I inquired for my new friend. He was to be found, I was told, at the El Mirador. Virtually always.

At the El Mirador the late afternoon diving had already begun. Bonner stood in the crowd of tourists and hangers-on, talking in halting Spanish to Lupe, the *jefe* of the 250-foot master divers. Lupe seemed to agree to something, and less than two minutes later I saw Bonner poised on one of the 150-foot ledges, watching the tide in the cut below with studied concentration. I remember the sudden tautness of his muscular body against the reflection of the late afternoon sunshine. Before I could even realize his danger he had flashed through the air in a perfect arch. Seconds later he was emerging from the cut below, out of the boiling water that rushed momentarily in and out.

As Bonner gained the level near the ledges he looked deliberately at Lupe, who chose to ignore him.

When I went over to him Bonner casually inquired about my trip and then said: "I suppose you thought that pretty foolhardy?"

"Well, it isn't exactly a parlor game," I agreed. "It's a spectacular way to a broken neck."

He laughed, breaking the tension and constraint we had both felt. I spoke seriously for a moment of some regrettable accidents that had occurred at the diving site.

Then Ted described his determination to try a dive from at least the middle heights at the El Mirador. After discussing the necessary timing with the master divers, and observing closely for two days, he had made two dives from the lowest levels. He complained of the "haughtiness" with which the *maestros* had received him.

It was only that afternoon that Bonner had persuaded Lupe to allow him to attempt the 150-foot stage. Lupe, he explained, had finally acquiesced because of the ease with which Ted had negotiated the lower levels. And because he said he was the U. S. diving champion, in Acapulco to observe the skill of the young Mexicans who had published their fame far into the land of the *Yanquis*. How could he vouch for their diving artistry, without knowing at first-hand the degree of skill involved?

Bonner described the extraordinary sense of exhilaration that the afternoon's dive had given him. "Besides, I couldn't just go off letting those cliffs get the better of me, you know," he added. "Lupe and his boys put me to shame as it is."

We spoke no more of diving. Bonner said he would return to Mexico City Saturday morning. It was then Thursday, and he was due in Boston in less than a week. We planned to have dinner together the next night.

V.

As I was dressing for dinner about dusk on Friday, I received a call from the manager of the Papagayo. Could I come immediately to his offices? A matter of the utmost urgency.

Those were unstable days in Mexico, politically speaking. I had visions of my firm having run into difficulties with the administration, of the cancellation of our trading permits.

When I presented myself a few minutes later, the manager and the mayor were in conversation with Lupe, the *maestro* of El Mirador. They spoke with intense absorption, at the machine-gun speed of the native dialect. Lupe's bath-

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ing trunks, still wet, dripped slightly upon the splendid carpeting. I sensed immediately why I had been summoned.

Lupe saw me first, and the trio turned, regarding me silently with expressions that were curiously alike. There was on the face of the thin, meticulously dressed, rather effeminate manager, of the portly, blustering mayor, and of the slim, deeply browned boy, a commingling of pity and sorrow, admiration and respect.

"It is your friend the Señor Bonner," began the manager as I started to speak. "Dead."

"Dead? How is this?" But I knew. He would be dead at El Mirador, in the tiny cut, with the tide racing in and out over him.

It was Lupe who supplied the details. The Señor Bonner decided to watch the diving a final time and to bid the little performers good-by. After he had watched for a time, Lupe recounted, Bonner became increasingly restless and excited. He had persuaded Lupe to let him make a last dive.

Because it was for a last time, and because the señor had demonstrated that although a *Yanqui* of extreme haughtiness, he was clearly a great athlete, Lupe had once more as *jefe* of the divers allowed him to ascend toward the ledges above. The young Mexican and his companions assumed that Bonner would stop at the 150-foot stage he had essayed the previous afternoon. When he had appeared suddenly at 250 feet, they could only watch, with great perturbation. But with what Lupe described as consummate skill, the American had knifed the water perfectly and emerged smiling.

By Lupe's account, it was by this time almost sundown. When he came back to where the *jefe* and his troupe were dividing the understudies' receipts from spectators, Bonner had been complimented by all except Lupe, who spoke a grudging word of half-praise. Still, the American was in good spirits. He gave Lupe a 100-peso note, thanked the boy, and promised to return the following winter. He then remarked that there was time for one more good dive, and proposed to dedicate it to the little group of athletes. No one objected. Bonner had evidently been admitted into the company of the *maestros*, except for final acceptance by Lupe.

Lupe had been reconstructing these scenes for me in a mixture of English and Spanish, speaking rather excitedly but without many gestures. Now he lapsed entirely into the colloquial, gesticulating animatedly.

"Again," Lupe continued, "the señor appeared on the topmost ledge. We watched as he counted the proper timing. Then . . ." At a loss for words, the little diver described in the air a circle followed by a smoothly dropping arc. It was a full moment before I grasped what he meant. Bonner had attempted a full somersault into the narrow cut, from 250 feet. "*Magnifico,*" Lupe concluded. "Surpassing. May the good God forgive me for my coldness. He was of the true magnificence."

All three of the Mexicans before me had a smile upon their faces. It was a sad and a contemplative smile, but a smile nevertheless. What a deed, they thought, and by an *Americano*. Surpassing.

Poor Bonner, determined to have his victory over Lupe, had apparently missed his timing in the intricacy of the last dive. Or, as the manager of the El Mirador later surmised, it had been too difficult with the last rays of the sun producing confusing shadows in the cut below. "I saw him, you know," the manager told me. "Clearly, just before he dived. He looked once toward me, where I stood near Lupe. He seemed as confident as any man I ever saw."

Lupe at first thought Bonner had sliced the water correctly. But when the American had failed to reappear Lupe had flashed into the cut from the nearest ledge. In a moment he had pulled the body over to the edge of the shallow cut. There was only the thin trickle of blood from the mouth, he explained, and a slightly odd position of the head, to tell that Bonner's neck had snapped instantly. *El pobrecito.*

I put through a call to Bonner, Sr., in Boston. It is not easy to tell a man that his son has died a tragic and needless death. He asked if I would be good enough to bring his son's body immediately to the American embassy in Mexico City. He would be there within twenty-four hours. Mrs. Bonner would not come with him. She was under the care of her physician.

By noon Saturday everything was ready. I was to accompany the body to Mexico City.

As we prepared to leave I saw a group of some seventy-five Mexicans, standing silently with their heads uncovered behind the undertaker's establishment. Out of the group stepped Lupe, unfamiliar in a suit of blue serge. He and the crowd obviously expected that he would go along to represent the *maestros* and all of Acapulco.

During a momentary wait before we rolled on toward the capital, I studied the crowd that still waited silently, with every eye upon me and Lupe. It was not the morbidly curious gathering you often see at such times. These people had love and respect and real pity upon their faces.

There were loafers from the Cup of Forgetfulness, the saloon just across the street; black-clad women with the patient look of a hundred peasant generations; many fishermen and laborers; young girls; two Indians from the near-by hills, with heavy baskets still upon their backs. The story of Ted Bonner and his magnificent, tragic gesture had spread.

Lupe spoke only once during the drive through the mountains toward the city. "The Señor Bonner," he announced, "was the true champion of divers. He shall be remembered as this." ⧺

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Gold Reef Mantrap

Bill warned his old rival if he tried undercuttin' to watch out for bear traps

by **CLAY PERRY**

TRAVELIN' Tom Stannard and Windigo Bill Wilson were close neighbors, the only white men living in a thousand square miles of fir-clad, hard-rock wilderness, but they were as hostile as a hedgehog and a fox.

Windigo Bill was the fox. He considered this region his private hunting ground. He had been named by the Crees when he paddled up the Manitou waterway and squatted on a point of land at the head of the Narrows, having bucked the gale that the Indians called the "Windigo wind," the very breath of the evil Manitou. Bill hunted, trapped, did some gold prospecting. Only two of his claims became mines, and now both were abandoned.

Nearest of these to Bill's cabin was the Gold Reef Mine, two miles down the Narrows, its wooden tipple rising above the tops of the trees on a hill that overlooked the lonely lake. Since Bill had sold the original gold claim to the syndicate that worked it and then quit, Bill considered that it reverted to him. He did go over and restake it and later staked an adjoining forty on the north side of the hill, but he never had got down to Fort Frances to record them.

Tom Stannard had bided his time. Now he paddled up to Bill's log dock, possessed of some inside information from an old, crippled sourdough. He intended to dicker with Bill for a grubstake.

Tom almost fell out of his canoe when Bill, who was filing the saw-teeth of a bear trap, greeted him casually: "Out traipsin' agin, eh, Tom? Say, whyn't ye settle down and dig fer a change? Tell ye what I'll do. I'll sell ye a mine. The Gold Reef, down thar."

"You'll sell me—the Gold Reef!" Tom laughed. "Say, I got the Gold Reef staked and recorded."

"You—you've jumped me, then!" cried Bill, his Buffalo Bill mustache bristling. "Why, I staked that prope'ty three years ago, myself!"

"You never recorded it. You think you own this whole country and you don't have to record nothin'." Tom stopped. He needed a grubstake. "Say, listen." He got out of his canoe, and came up the bank. "I'm playin' fair. I'll go partners with you."

"Partners!" roared Bill. "I'd ruther go partners with a muskrat. Git out, and don't ye try no high-gradin' or undercuttin' on my northeast forty. I got traps set on it. I'm givin' ye warnin'."

As Tom paddled away he spotted a sitting duck among some reeds, took aim and knocked its head off. He didn't bother to retrieve the bird; it would taste worse than mud turtle; he had shot it to show Bill a thing or two.

The beach at the Gold Reef Mine had been formed by the dragging of stoneboats of ore down from the shaft house on the hill. Tom Stannard packed his duffel up the overgrown trail. He was well enough equipped for hand mining. He needed a fishing boat, and there was plenty of well-seasoned lumber in the grey buildings about the tipple.

The hoist, with its winch, built entirely of wood, still was serviceable. The shaft was seventy feet deep. The mine had been abandoned so suddenly that they had left the thin steel cable wound around the winch and attached to the wooden bucket. Another entrance, a drift, had been driven in through the rock under the north side of the hill.

Tom went around to the drift, picking his way through the brush inside his own stakes and outside Bill's old ones on the northeast forty, watchful for bear traps covered with leaves. Inside the low opening Tom found solid ice in a natural hollow at one side. It would keep the store of fish he would catch when he got his boat built.

The tunnel, unprotected by timbers, ran for about thirty feet and ended in an open chamber. The hoist shaft came down into one end of the chamber. At the other was a sump full of water. The former owners had not started to drift from this chamber. Tom believed they had quit too soon. The gold hunter's glitter was in his eye as he held up his candle to look around.

First he must lay in his grub supply. He built his boat and at the end of a couple of weeks he had the ice cave stocked with ducks, fish, berries, wild plums, lily bulbs and "gov'ment mutton" —does shot at their drinking place.

When his food was in store he took a few days to plan the course of his exploring drift, on which he must gamble everything. He had been very watchful for bear traps.

"I'll teach Bill to put out traps to ketch a man," said Tom. "First thing he does when he comes here will be to rush up and see if I've moved his posts. I'll fix him."

The ground was soft by the

nearest pole, and Tom dug a smooth-sided pit twelve feet deep beside it. He laid a rack of thin saplings over the pit and on them spread leaves and a little mold in which grass and weeds would soon sprout.

"Set traps, will he?" said Tom.

Then he went to work in the mine. He carried into the chamber all his tools, his dynamite, ax, rifle, dry wood, a blanket, frying pan, dough cakes, salt and a box of candles so that he could sleep there if he were tired from climbing up to the shaft house so many times. He had to go up there and wind up the bucket with the loose rock that he mucked out.

"I think long skirts are utterly foolish!"

One day he dumped a bucket of this rock on the shaft-house floor. When he saw the chunks in daylight he began to whoop. The ore looked as if it might run ten or twelve dollars to the ton. "By gosh, wouldn't old Bill's nose get itchy if he could see this?"

As it happened, Bill's nose was very itchy. He waited impatiently until some of the Indians came by, so he could hire a canoe boy to get to Fort Frances and record his claim adjoining the Gold Reef. Bill was not quite up to making the long trip out and back alone.

Meanwhile Tom Stannard kept doggedly at work driving his tunnel, sledging his drills into the rock, setting his dynamite shots, lighting the fuse, going back into the outer drift to wait for the blast and for the fumes to clear. After he loaded the bucket at the bottom he would go around and up to the top. The old wooden winch with its long handle creaked and groaned as Tom sweated pulling up his ore. But he was filling his sacks with the richer samples.

A disaster interrupted the job. One afternoon at the winch Tom was flung flat on the floor on his back as the crank came loose. A crash sounded from the shaft.

The rusted cable had broken. The frayed end of the wire rope dangled down less than twenty feet—and there was not enough left on the drum to reach bottom.

This problem was insoluble. He could not splice that cable, he couldn't get the two ends together. Now he had to drag his ore out to the heading and dump it there. He laid a timber track to drag the bucket along with a light load and cursed because he didn't want to take time to shape out a wheel and build a wheelbarrow.

Windigo Bill came spying. He paddled down the Narrows, landed, hid the canoe, and crept like a scouting Indian through the brush. Lying in an alder patch he saw Tom come out of the tunnel, dump the bucket and go back in. A little later Bill was hiding at the tunnel mouth. Tom's hammer was ringing far away inside. Bill came out into the open and pawed over the heap of ore that Tom had set aside to sack. What he saw made Bill's eyes shine like a wolverine's and his bristling mustache twitch.

Back in his cabin Bill examined some chunks of the stuff through a glass. *Where in hell were those Crees?* He must get to the Fort to record his own claim.

Four days later Tom Stannard blew out some ore that made his eyes bulge. This was it. He drilled all day and then set in all the dynamite he had left. His tunnel was deep enough now so that he waited in the main chamber.

The blast went off with a terrific roar, and then there came another grinding, thundering noise, not from inside the drift but from outside the old heading. He rushed to look out, but the heading was solidly filled with rock and earth. Tom was not alarmed, for he had the tools to dig himself out. He went back into the main chamber, stumbling over some fragments blown out of his new drift. He automatically picked one up and looked at it and then yelled.

"Gold! Gold! Jewelry-store stuff! Free gold in globs! I've struck it. I'm rich!"

Hours later, sweating and then going cold, Tom Stannard was whispering, not shouting. He had struck rock in the heading so thick and solid that he knew he was hopelessly blocked in.

"Buried alive in here!" he said hoarsely. "Good God, I've struck it, but I'm in a trap."

His voice, as it rose to a shout, was dead, giving no echoes save such as might resound in a tomb. He walked on wealth, in a grave paved with gold! He rushed to the hoist shaft and began clearing away the spilled rock from the fallen bucket and wormed himself in and held his candle high. Walls of solid rock, wet and gleaming, rose fifty or sixty feet, straight up, to the shaft-mouth timbers. Not even a monkey could clamber up those slippery sides.

Tom staggered from faintness. He had not eaten since morning. He boiled up tea near the hoist shaft and ate. "Old Bill said he'd set traps here. He didn't need to set one for me," Tom muttered. "I have plenty to eat. There's water in the sump. It will be months before I die. Buried alive."

The smoke of his tiny cooking fire streamed up the shaft. Tom

Continued on page 180

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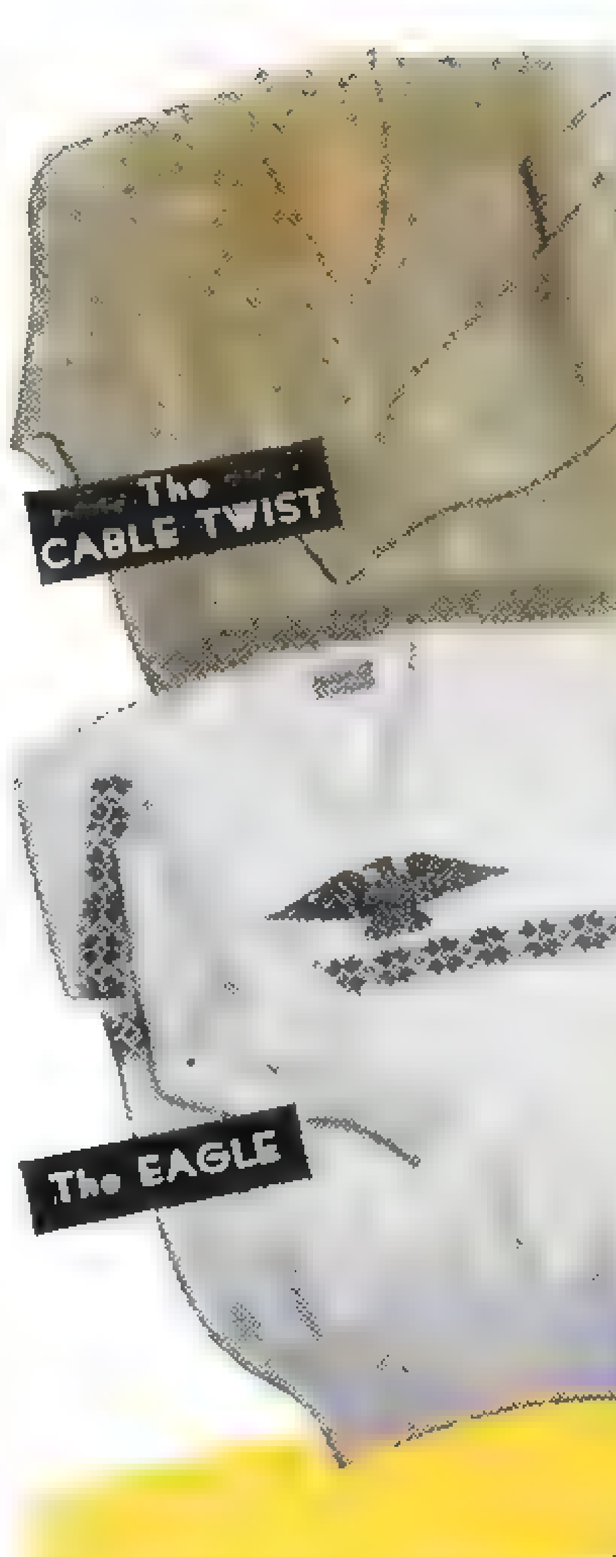

Gold Reef Mantrap

Continued from page 179

watched it, his mouth falling open.

Windigo Bill had been away more than a week into the back country trying to find a Cree he could hire for the journey to the Fort. He had not succeeded in getting one. Bill was paddling down the Narrows toward the lake, squatting in the bottom of his canoe like an old porcupine, his weasel eyes scanning the stream and the woods. He came in sight of the tottering old Gold Reef tipple and growled to himself behind his spiky mustache. That damn muskrat of a Tom Stannard was in there about to get rich. The grey old timbers above the shaft were sharp against the hard sky. A spoonful of smoke drifted up through the scaffold, then another, barely visible in the bright sunlight.

Bill snorted with fury and paddled on. Then he stopped and looked again. There were two more almost imperceptible puffs of smoke.

Woods Indians have little use for smoke signals, but Bill had been on the plains and in the mountains in his day. Those puffs meant something. The skunk was in trouble. Let him stay in trouble. Bill was going back to his cabin for a good long rest and to wait for some Indians to show up. Then he would go to the Fort and have a good spell there. He dipped his paddle. A thought struck him. His eyes wrinkled to pinpoints in an evil grin.

At the bottom of the shaft Tom Stannard, red-eyed, weary, his heart cold, his belly quivering, crouched and blanketed a smudge fire, then lifted the blanket to let a roll of smoke drift upward. He had been doing this every hour of daylight, every day until he had lost count of the days. His wood was almost gone. He had burned half his blanket, his jacket, his socks, his wool underclothes and most of his shirt to make the smudge. He was about at the end.

Suddenly there was a sound above, a scrambling on the platform far overhead. It might be a bear or more likely a porcupine scuffling around.

A jeering falsetto floated down to him.

"What the hell's the matter with ye? Tryin' to smoke the bugs out of your fool head?"

The cracked tones sounded to Tom like those of an angel speaking from heaven.

"Bill," he answered in a choking voice, "I'm ketched down here. I'm buried in the mine. I had a cave-in. I can't get out. Lemme down a rope."

"A rope? D'ye think I kerry around a coil o' hawser in my pocket? So ye busted the hoist cable, eh? Tryin' to haul up too heavy loads, eh? Hum! Lemme see, now."

There was a long silence before Bill spoke again.

"How much d'ye want to git out, Tom?"

Tom gasped.

"Hell. I want to—what d'ye mean?"

"A half int'rest in the Gold Reef. It orter be wuth it," replied Bill.

"Why you old—goddam you," Tom roared. "Be ye goin' to help me up?"

"Good thing I stowed away some rope that was left here. Ain't had time to take it away." After a while Tom heard the creaking of the winch. A bit later the end of an inch rope was dangling above his head—ten feet above it.

"A half int'rest, Tom," came Bill's voice, insistent and cold. "I can't see ye. Mebbe it's yore ghost down thar. Answer right now so I'll know—"

"My God, yes!" shrieked Tom. "A half int'rest it is. Let her down!"

Anger lent strength to Tom, as he bent the end into a loop, put his foot in it, hung on and gave the order to hoist away.

He kept silent until his feet were safe on the shaft platform. He faced Windigo Bill with bleared eyes, blinking in the light.

"This is only for a half share in the Gold Reef," he said. "It don't count for the northeast forty. That's where the richest stuff will be. You ain't done no work on it so I cut down your posts and relocated it for myself."

"You're lyin'. You can't touch my forty. If you laid a hand on my stakes . . ." Windigo Bill was squeaking in fury. He climbed off the platform and, limping on his crooked leg, lunged through the bushes. Tom followed slowly. "Thar's my post!" he heard Bill yell and then there was silence.

Tom looked down into the twelve-foot pit. Windigo Bill leaned against the side of the bottom, spitting like a wildcat.

"How much is it wuth to you to get out of there?" asked Tom. "Would you ruther wait down there until I come back from recordin' this claim for myself? Or would a half int'rest for me make it about right if I haul you out now?"

Windigo Bill and Tom Stannard are partners in the Gold Mine and the Gold Reef Extension, but they still aren't speaking to each other. ⵌ

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Never Be a Burglar

A gon grows bitter when he tries three dodges but remains financially broke

by **LOUIS PAUL**

I was on police-court beat for the paper when they brought this big guy in. Sitting in the detention pen, he idly fingered the stops of his silver cornet and heaved a melancholy sigh.

Here (he said) I'm standing on the street corner playin' this hymn on my silver cornet. A crowd comes gatherin' around, and so I starts tellin' 'em my life's history. I'm tellin' 'em a life of crime don't pay, which it don't. So then this bull comes along and puts the mark on me for obstructin' traffic. Why, a guy he can't even be a reformed burglar without he gets the mark put on him.

Maybe you would like to print an autobiography of myself in your newspaper. My name is Humphrey Slivnik, for one thing. For another thing I generally give in the name of Henry Simpson as a non de plume when I am booked at police headquarters. But to all my intimate acquaintances I am kiddingly called by the nickname of "Slick." This affair about the nickname rankles in my bosom. Back there in the old days I am casing a big future for myself as a high-class confidence man. My ambition is to work myself up into the profession so that someday I will be referred to in the Press as "Swipe-a-Million" Slivnik. I figure I will travel around and convince a lot of old widow women that I am representing a new kind of a life-insurance company.

Well, this first widow-woman prospect I call on, she looks like she is falling for this line of mularkey I give her because she promises to come back with a whole sockful of spinach. Then she goes indoors and promptly phones the cops. When I come up against this magistrate in police court he tells me I dasn't go around doing that and has me flang out on my ear.

The next time I tries it the lady tells me she is right in the midst of a big crap game and to go chase myself. Finely I calls on another widow woman and she takes out a policy and pays me the deposit with a phony ten-spot which I am almost getting marked for trying to pass. What gets me discouraged with this widow-woman gag is on account of I go and give this dame five legitimate bucks of good spinach in change.

Seeing there is something radically wrong with this widow-woman racket, I decide to shake down a parking-lot owner by sneaking a handful of grass seeds into a bunch of his customers' gas tanks, and then I will come around and give out like I am a private eye which can get rid of this louse that is causing the trouble.

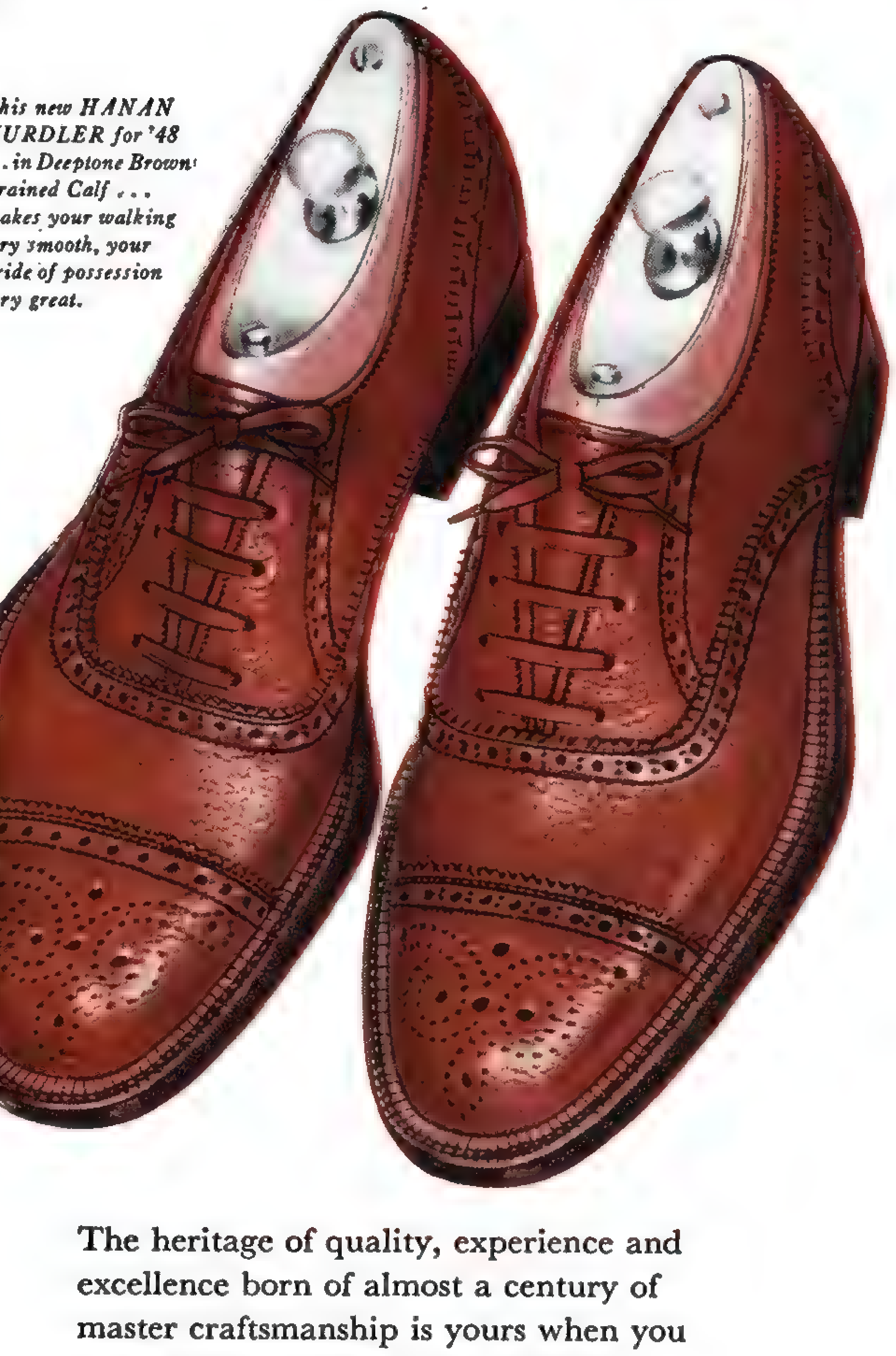
Only a little stream of grass seeds begins falling out of my pants legs just as I am about to come to terms with this parking-lot guy. The next thing I know I am standing up there face to face with this magistrate telling him I been framed. This magistrate goes ahead and gives me a three-month jolt in the county, and explains there is nothing personal in sentencing me, only he does not want us to get on each other's nerves.

Over there in the county trap the boys start laughingly referring to me as "Slick" Slivnik. At first I am flattered, but then finely it dawns on me that I am being gave the cheer. Because I am sensitive, this being mocked cuts me to the quick. Like I tell this Tony Melezzo, "I guess everybody thinks they're wise around here." I says, "Why is it, if you boys is so smart, you are all in the trap just like me?" Well, finely I am released at last from that county trap. I am a great guy for using my head, and the more I think the more I like this nickname of "Slick." I figure it is up to me to figure out some new stunt that will give me a big reputation for myself. Then one night I hit upon a terrific idea.

I read in a newspaper how this Bide-a-Wee Baby Buggy Corporation is running a contest. Every letter mailed not later than Tuesday midnight which names the correct number of words that can be spelt out of "Bide-a-Wee Baby Buggy Corporation" will all win terrific prizes. So finely I figure I will make a fix with some post-office clerk to hold onto an empty envelope which I will mail on Monday and get postmarked. When the winning list is gave out on Wednesday all I have to do is insert the right words and have this clerk deliver the letter and say it was delayed. When I get this prize I will divide the mookey with this clerk and everything will be okay.

So, I go and broach the subject of the contest letter to a post-office clerk by the name of Meyer S. Saintsbury who cases the proposition and finely agrees to cooperate. On Monday I mail the envelope. On Wednesday the winning list is printed. I hurry up and copy this winning list and then I get this postmarked envelope from Meyer S. Saintsbury and I stick the list in and seal it and hand it back to him, when out of nowhere appears this government postal inspector, and the

Continued on page 182



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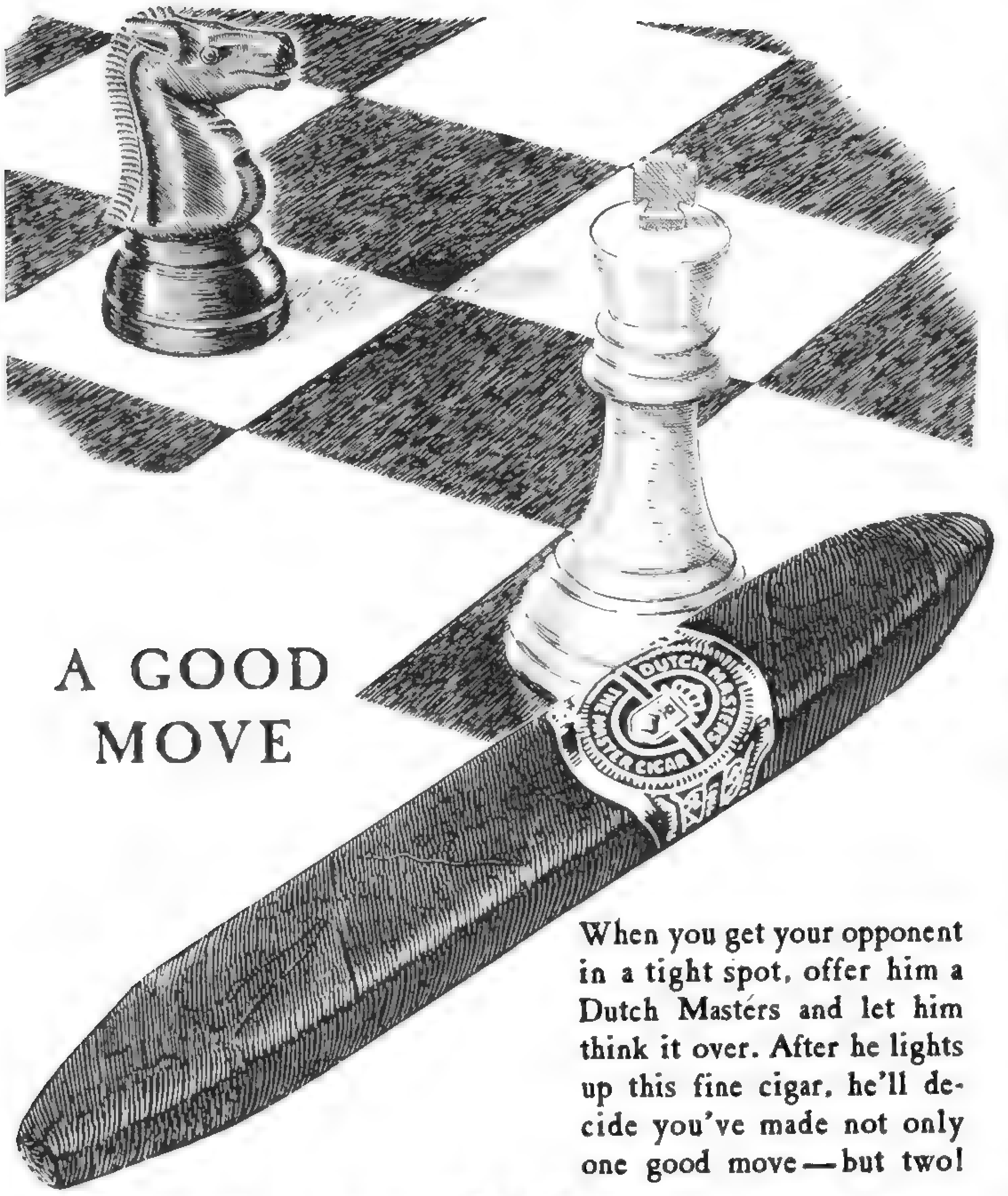
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Never Be a Burglar

Continued from page 181

next thing I know I am up before a Federal judge.

Well, I am very bitter against this post-office clerk. I figure out that there is no form of crookedness an honest oscar will not descend to in order to stay honest.

In the end I am gave a three-year jolt by this Federal judge. But on account of no actual fraud having been got away with, this Federal judge suspends my jolt. However, when I am released I find myself financially without any money. I am going crazy because it looks like I am got to go out and use a muscle somewhere.

I am gave no choice in the matter, because I am owing my landlady nine months' back board and she is threatening to cut off my groceries and put me on the sidewalk unless I pay up or work out my back board making up beds and helping out in the kitchen. So there I am, possibly one of the smoothest articles in the confidence business, using a muscle on beds and dirty dishes. Day after day I stand around sweeping up hallways, shaking out blankets, turning over mattresses and tucking in sheets. Sometimes, in the privacy of the mop closet, I am ready to bust into tears of frustration or whatever the word is. Things cannot go on like this forever. I begin to figure that maybe a good burglar is a whole lot better than being a bum confidence man and that it is time to swallow my pride and go out and bust into some place.

So, being like I am, no sooner said than done. I bust into a gem shop that very evening. Shrewdly I time my entrance with the absence of the cop on the beat, who I have already found out goes off for a few minutes around midnight to refresh himself with a slug of beer or something. Now as I cast my eyes over these jewels I begin to figure that at last I have hit my stride and am ready to make a big success out of myself. Keeping my eyes carefully peeled, I finely clean up my haul and make my getaway. So how am I going to guess all this gem shop's precious jewels is locked up each night in the birdcage, while in the show cases is cheap junk and trinkets and stuff that no respectable fence will even look at twice? After this terrible shock wears off I finely manage to sell half a dozen of these bum tin watches I grab to a Swedish sailor for ten bucks, and the rest of the stuff I swap off to a peddler of novelties in exchange for an electric toothbrush and a tan leather book which has the title of *The Code Napoleon.* I think this here book is a book of spy stories, but it is something else entirely.

I admit I am pretty depressed by this failure of mine to make a big profit on my first burglary, but I am not altogether discouraged until, as luck would have it, this here Swedish sailor has me marked because the watches I sell him are only children's watches without no works in them. I am therefore hauled up before this new magistrate and tried for misrepresenting these watches to this Swedish ship-chauffeur. This puts me in a terrible fix, because how am I going to explain to this magistrate that I clip these watches in perfectly good faith? How am I going to explain that it is this gem-shop owner who they should be trying for letting these phony tin watches lay around where some innocent burglar can come in and clip them? Since I cannot explain I am gave a six months' jolt in the State work farm.

During my stay at this trap I meet a one-eared guy who is a pretty successful clip himself, and from this guy I learn a lot of new twists and angles concerning the stick-up and burglary rackets. "The trouble with you, Slivnik," this one-eared guy says, "is that you are too imaginary."

"How am I too imaginary?" I says.

"Because all the time you are thinking," this one-eared guy says. "Guys that is always thinking is doing the worse possible harm to theirselfs. A holdup man, for instance, if all he can think about before a stick-up is the chances he is taking of getting marked is liable to get the jitters and make a mess of the stick-up."

So I says, "How is a guy going to help from being imaginary?"

And this one-eared guy says, "Just quit thinking, see. Stick-ups under this here system is a snap. You are sitting around someday not doing something and suddenly you figure you will go out and pull a stick-up. And before you have got no time to think it over and get too imaginary about what might happen, why you go out and you stick up somebody."

So about a month or so after my release from this State trap I am going over in my mind this advice which I receive from the one-eared guy. I go ahead and I try to do this without thinking, just to get into practice. In fact for a solid week I am wanting to go out and try my hand at a stick-up. But whenever I succeed in putting it out of my mind I forget all about it. Then one night I realize I ain't got the faintest notion of sticking nobody up at that moment. So I go and I stand behind a large mail box where the street lights is kind of dim, looking innocent and trying to convince myself I am standing there because I am tired or something.

Finely along comes an elderly old lady and my heart leaps into my throat. For a long time I have got a very strong feeling of frustration with regard to elderly old women. The reason for this strong feeling in regard to elderly old women is not far to seek because on account of my insurance-man experiences. Also my landlady is an elderly old lady and I am not

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HYLO SPORT SHIRTS

Larry R. Engelson of New York and California

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got such affectionate regards toward my landlady due to my experiences making up beds and cleaning dishes and cetera. It is therefore my dearest wish that this here elderly old woman that is approaching to me is a widow woman. She comes opposite this mailbox I am leaning up against. It is now or never. Suddenly I leap out brandishing my Roscoe. "Get over there into the shadow!" I tell her hoarsely.

This elderly lady halts and there is a puzzled expression on her map. She says, "I am over sixty, young man. I don't hear so good like I use to. What did you say?"

I shrugs impatiently and crowds this elderly old lady over into the shadows. "Your money or your life!" I says. And I point my revolver in this old woman's ribs.

This elderly old lady says, "Nonsense."

And I say, "Huh?"

"I said nonsense," she says. "You can't go out into the public highways and byways and hold up innocent people like this."

So I says, "Lady, this is a stick-up. Hand over the alligator. I don't want to have to let the air into you, lady."

She says, "Don't you realize we have laws in this country? A big overgrown lummox like you going about holding folks up—why, I never heard of such a thing! I've got a good mind to call a policeman. That's the trouble with this nation today. There are altogether too many people who want to make their living without working. Why, when I was a girl in West Virginia . . ."

"Lady," I says, and I am starting to glance up and down the street kind of nervous, "Lady, I ain't got no time to listen to no family history. All I need is the alligator, see."

"What alligator?" she says.

"The pocketbook," I says. "Don't you understand English."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she says.

So I says, "How much mookey—how much dough you got in that bag?"

"Eight dollars and some small change, if it's any of your business," she says. "You might as well get along, my good fellow," she says. "I have not got the slightest intention of handing over my money to a loafer like you."

"Lady, please!" I says. "This is a *stick-up*! You ain't suppose to argue during no stick-up. I don't want to have to give you the business, Lady. So hurry up and hand it over. Some bull is liable to come by here and . . ."

"Well, this is your worry, young man," she says, "not mine. I should have a very poor opinion of myself," she says, "if I had sank so low as to be compelled to go about holding up unprotected women at the point of a cannon."

"This here is a Roscoe, Lady, a rod, not a cannon," I says. "And I ain't sank so low either. I am just trying to work my way up in the world. Only you are standing around talking so much I ain't had much chance of doing it."

"Be that as it may," she says, "I really must hurry on or my daughter-in-law will begin to worry. My daughter-in-law Gloria becomes very easy upset. I tell her, I say, 'Now listen, Gloria. What in the world could happen to an old lady like me!' I say . . ."

As you can very well imagine, I am just about practically on the verge of tears. "Look, Missus," I tell her, "you are driving me crazy. This is a stick-up, and all you do is keep changing the subject. Here. I'll split it with you. Give me four bucks and you can keep the other four bucks and the small change. That's fair, ain't it?"

"No," she says. "I won't give you four dollars. I should say not!"

"Ain't it worth *three* bucks not to get shot and killed?" I says.

So she says, "No."

"Lady—L-Lady . . ."

"Young man," the old lady says, "I will give you exactly fifty cents. Not a single penny more."

My temples all swolled up, but at last I gain enough control of myself to talk. "Lady, I—all right. Give me the four bits," I say.

This experience almost practically comes close to nearly breaking my heart. But, though I am unaware of it, the worse is yet to come. A week or so later I am flang out of my boardinghouse bodily. "Dumb yeggs and swindlers and nonpaying boarders I will put up with under protest, Mister Slivnik," my landlady says. "But no bugle-playing hooligan is going to remain under this roof. Now, out with you, Mister Slivnik, take that foghorn with you, and never let me see that ugly face of yours again."

The foghorn my landlady is referring to is nothing less than this silver cornet I go ahead and clip from this music store. The reason I go ahead and clip this silver cornet from this music store is very simple to explain. I tell myself that I will clip a cornet from some music store and start working the street corners preaching to everybody how a life of crime don't pay, which it don't. I figure I'll play my hymn-book song on this silver cornet and then make a speech advising people never to be burglars because they are now looking at a horrible example of how crime don't pay. I will tell them it is only natural that I have got to make a honest living some way, so then I will pass around the hat and take up a collection. I tell myself that this is a very nice racket if it pans out. My fate is now in the hands of society. It remains to be seen if this here street-corner racket telling people I am a reformed burglar is a paying proposition. It is worth giving it a try, anyway.

Well, you know what happens. They put the mark on me for obstructing traffic, and here I am back in the trap. So if I was asked by anybody to sum up my experience as a confidence man and clip, I would say:

Take my advice, friends. Never be no burglar. ##

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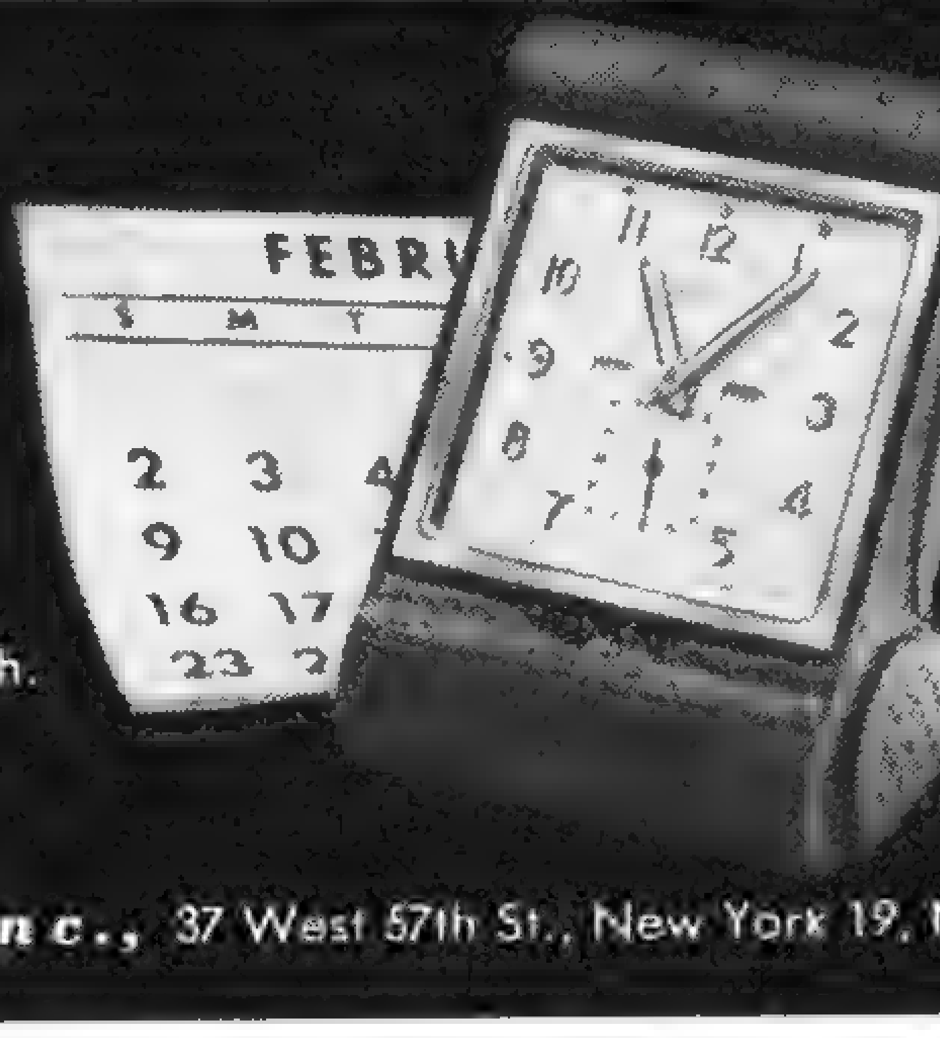

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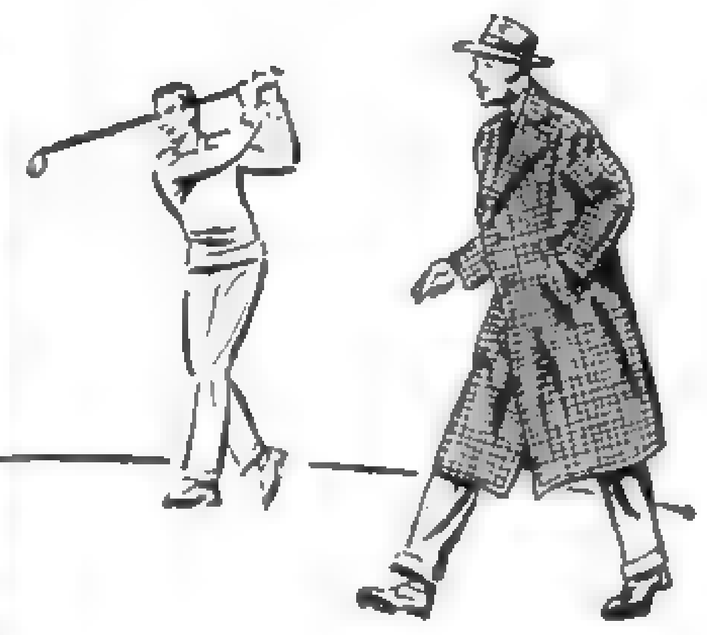


"Take Another Bow, Baby!"

Continued from page 71

roads aren't as generous and managements are already "hooked up" too high, so that type of Stage Mother must pay her own transportation-and-keep if she hits the road with her chorister-daughter.

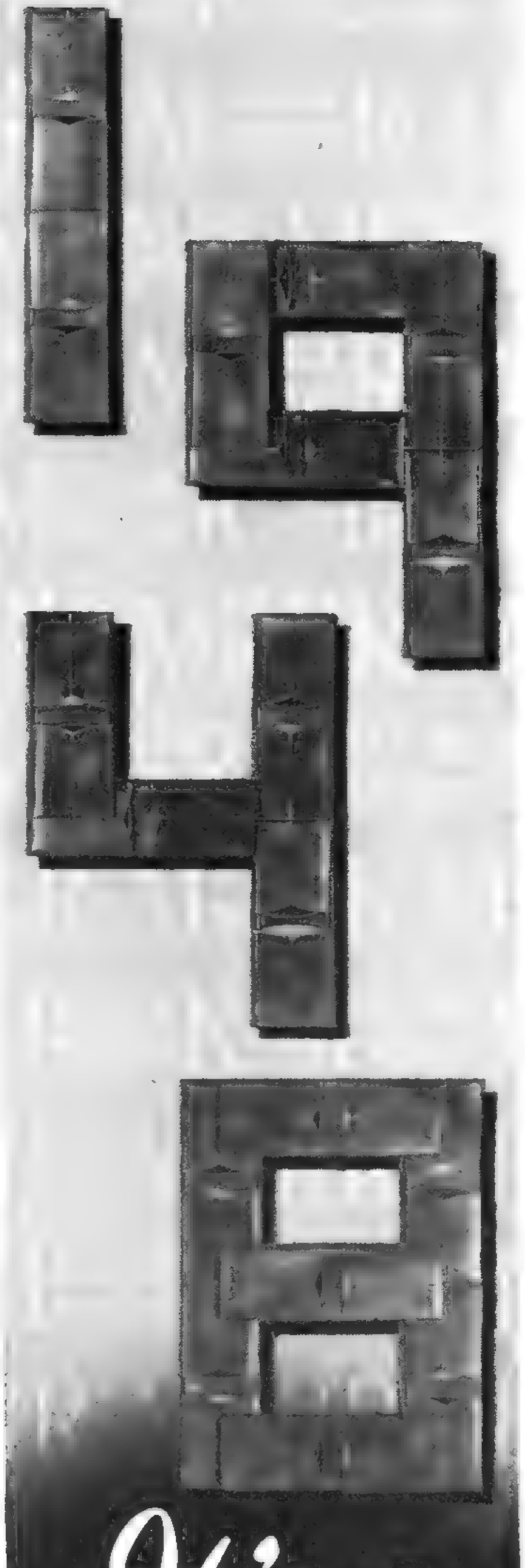
But even this species is on the wane. Seems that mothers today trust their kids more; think they're more resourceful anyway. Besides, they realize they'd get in the way. The growing nitery field gives employment to good-looking girls at a minimum of $75 a week in the better spots and the mamas are conspicuous by their absence. The old HCL has something to do with that, however, since many of the young beauts are from the hinterlands. Still, realistically appraised, whether it's the well-couturiered beaut in a café floor "parade" or the lass in the underdressed patterns of the yesteryear Follies, Vanities and Scandals babes, it's essentially up to the young talent. After all, don't Gypsy Rose Lee and the Book-of-the-Month Club go steady nowadays?

The Stage Mother, as a horrendous species, inspired the crack years ago, "Oh you can't date her, she won't go anywhere without her mother!". . . and the topper, "That's all right, her mother goes anywhere!"

But in the main, Stage Mom is full of more tricks than Cardini. A producer wondered why in the case of two promising ingénues, doing numbers of comparable character, one registered, but the other couldn't be heard past the fourth row. He soon discovered that the first girl's mother had gotten alcoholically chummy with the stage electrician and had access to the knob which could "kill" the footlight microphones, whereas her pride-and-joy was plenty wired for sound. Producer solved that by barring Mom from backstage.

The Legree instinct to further the meal-ticket's career is illustrated by the Stage Mother who commissioned a veteran writer-stager to "put on an act for Sallie . . . money no object." A half-hour after they left the writer-stager's office, the girl returned alone and begged him to "Please write me a flop act." Asked what was the big idea, she replied she had hated dancing all her life. "Then why did you learn to dance, and you're pretty good at it, too." She explained that because of some vicarious yen of her mother, who had always yearned to be a dancer, she had been drilled in ballet, taps and every form of legamania, almost from the cradle. "So please write me an act that's the biggest flop in show business and maybe that way I'll be able to stop all this silly business."

Then there's the Stage Mother who encouraged a beautiful blonde girl to have her hair dyed just to get the job. An irate backstage



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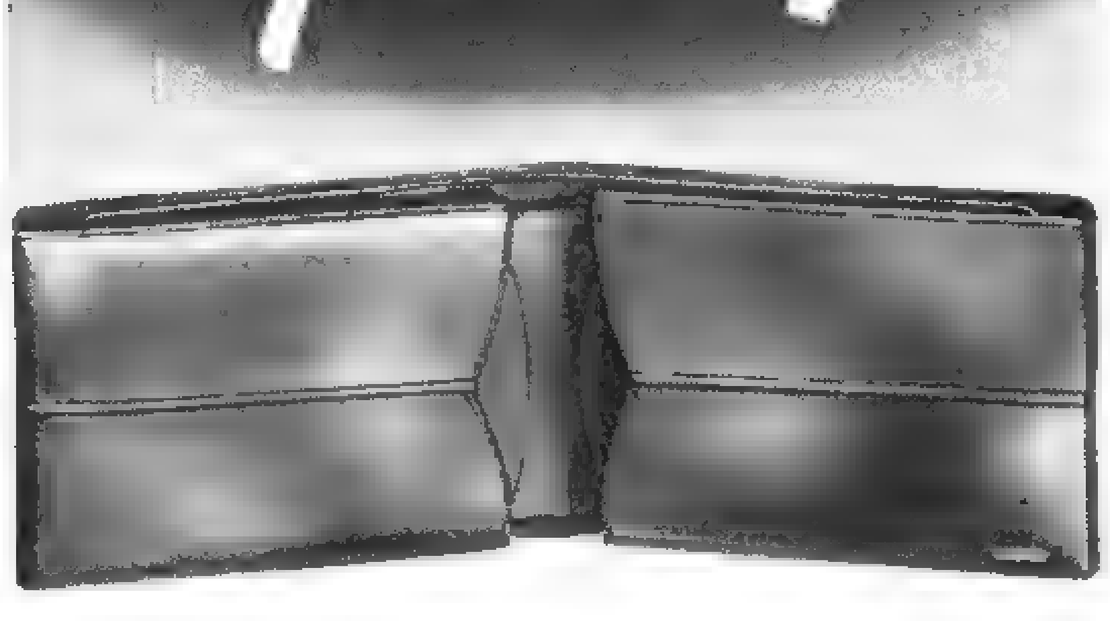

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mother cracked, "I would never let my daughter do such a thing for a lousy $100 a week!" To which the girl's mother replied, "No, but you would for $250 a week, wouldn't you!" which started another backstage war since neither kid was getting over $75.

An instance of overdoing the Stage-Mother business hit a Broadway musical where a time-honored pre-première cataclysm occurred and the understudy was set to take over. Emergency rehearsals augured well for the kid and she was told to try on the star's costumes. Stage Mother piped up that "My daughter will never wear anybody else's costumes . . . they must be specially made for her, as for the star." The management quietly decided to await their ill star's recovery and the promising new talent was never heard from again.

It's natural that some of Stage Mothers' qualms take innocently bizarre quirks. Cathy Downs' mother screamed when she saw her daughter ready for a Technicolor test. "Crazy colors they are putting on my little girl's face; they are ruining her looks." When she saw the test she was delighted. "You must have made two tests; that one is the way I wanted her!"

Jane Withers' mother was always fighting for little Janie; not enough lines . . . not the right role . . . let's rewrite that scene . . . not a good song, etc. At that, she didn't do so bad for her Janie.

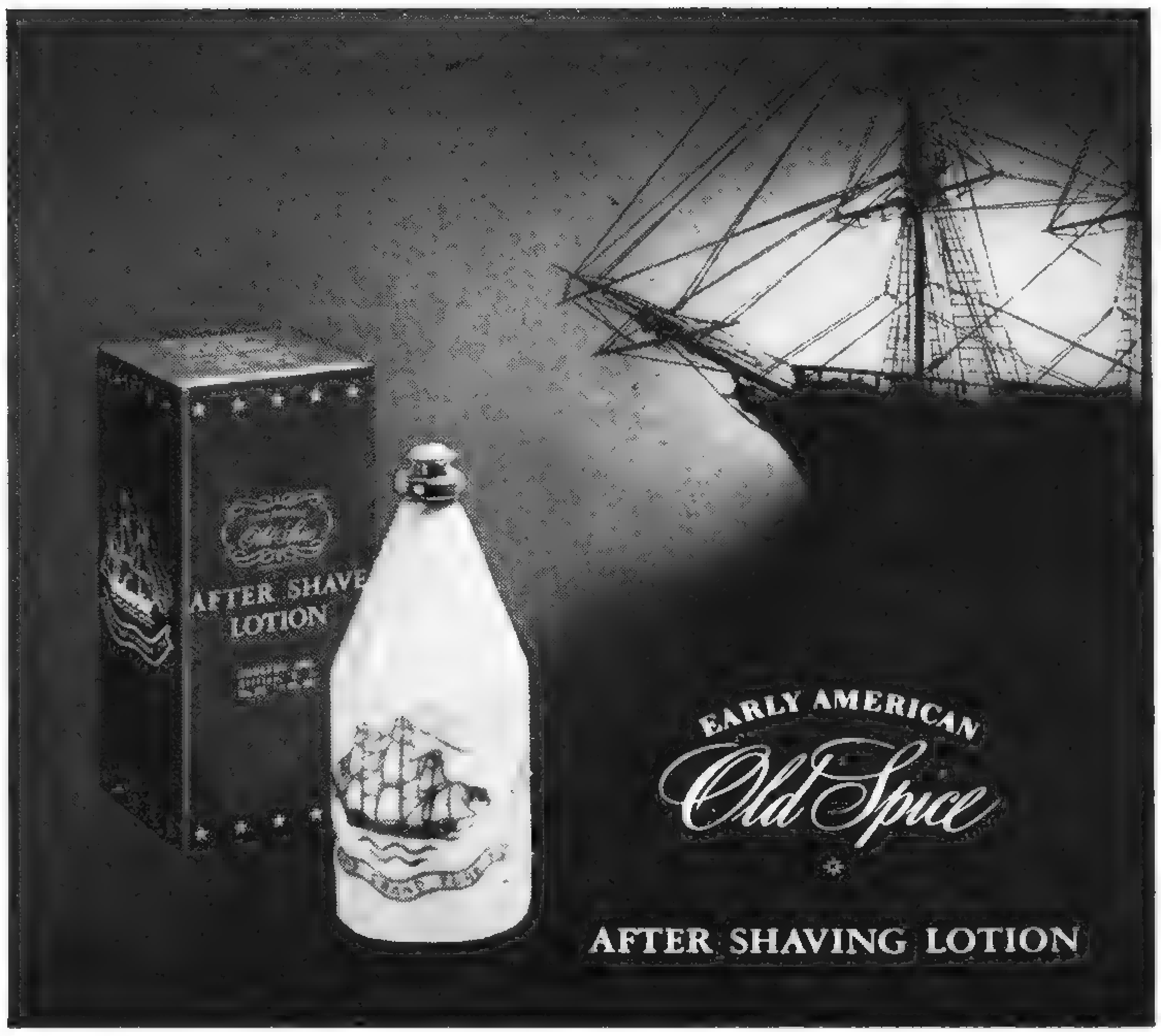
One category of Stage Mother was the "working mother"—the mother who had her kid working in her act (or show). The kid usually had been raised backstage in the tray of a trunk, and got to know all the answers and most of the questions of show biz by the time he or she was able to take a bow with Mom and Pop. The parents were professionals and so the kid had the edge on other kids.

This kind of Stage Mama kept an eye on the youngster and knew all the angles. Sometimes a "single woman" on the bill or in the show was on the make for a clever lad that would insure her future; sometimes it was the male single who spotted the beautiful young and talented girl, and figured it would be a great bet for him to do an act with her, and maybe marry a future star. The working Stage Mama who spotted all this was not going to let anyone break up the act . . . especially after teaching a kid to become the hit of the act and keep the family working.

There have been many working mothers (and fathers) in show business, real stage families whose sons and daughters have become famous. The Four Cohans, Jerry, Ellen, and their talented son and daughter, Josephine and George M., are the most famous. The Four Mortons were a standard vaudeville act for years, Sam and Kitty and their family, consisting of Paul, Clara, Joe and Martha. The Three Keatons, Joe, Myra and the famous Buster.

Marilyn Miller worked with the family when they were known as

Continued on page 186



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"Take Another Bow, Baby!"

Continued from page 185

the Five Columbians. Pert Kelton worked with her dad, mother and sister Grace, then later did a "sister act" with her mother. Grace Hayes worked in vaudeville until very recently with her very talented son, Peter Lind Hayes. James C. Morton with his wife, Mamie, had their son and daughter Edna and Alfred in the act. Buster West danced with his dad and mother (Wells, Virginia & West). Ross Wyse, Jr., also danced with his dad and mother. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent had Pat III in the act for a long time. The Five Sullys were a great family act in vaudeville. Chester Morris, now a star of pictures, worked with his dad and mother in a sketch for years. Ed Blondell had his beautiful daughter Joan (now Mrs. Michael Todd) in his act. Pauline and Marie Saxton did a "sister act" and then Marie became one of the top dancing ingénues of Broadway when her mother retired. Ida May Chadwick did an act with her dad. Another great stage family were the Nugents, J. C., his wife, and their children Elliott and Ruth Nugent. Kitty Gordon did an act with her beautiful daughter Vera Beresford. Joe Keno and Rosie Green had little Mitzi working in vaudeville with them when she was a baby doing an imitation of Moran & Mack. They gave up big contracts to set the kid in a picture career, and today Mitzi Green is a star in her own right.

One of the great families of show business to work together was the incomparable Fred Stone, his beautiful wife Aileen, and their lovely and talented daughters, Paula, Dorothy and Carol. One of the greatest of all stage mothers was Mrs. Gus Edwards. She "mothered" the greatest flock of stage prodigies in the world: Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Walter Winchell, Lila (Cuddles) Lee, Georgie Price, Herman Timberg and hundreds of others who have since reached stardom. The Foy family had their dad and mother with them until they grew up. Eddie Foy, Jr., today carries on the comedy tradition, Bryan Foy is the V.P. in charge of production for Eagle Lion Films, Charlie Foy is a Hollywood bistro boniface.

The nonworking mothers add up to quite a list. Years ago the mother of the delightful and talented Elsie Janis did a lot to further Elsie's career. Mrs. Austerlitz, the charming mother of Fred and Adele Astaire, saw that they met the "right people" and the kids had a society following long before Adele became Lady Cavendish and Fred became one of our greatest dancing and screen stars. Ina Claire's mother was another well-liked lady backstage. June and Cherry Preisser's mother is a very charming Southern lady who was satisfied to see her kids the hit of the show, and when Cherry

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A very superior pale, light Fino.
HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO
A pale, Amontillado dry sherry.
HARVEY'S SHOOTING
A medium-priced Oloroso sherry.
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP
A golden Oloroso. Medium rich.
PORTS
HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT
A superior, soft, tawny wine.
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT
An exceptionally fine ruby Port.

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married the son of the late Harry Hopkins, Mother took June to Hollywood where she is fast becoming a star. Helen Hayes' mother, Mrs. Brown, is almost as famed as Milton Berle's mother. Mary Pickford's mother (Mrs. Smith) always guarded "Little Mary," whose present-day business astuteness is a direct heritage. The mother of the Four Marx Brothers was the very well-liked and able Minnie Palmer who, through business ability and know-how brought the four zanies to stardom in pictures and the stage. She was loved by everyone.

Lorraine Manville, the heiress of Johns-Manville, was chaperoned by her mother when she played in *Plain Jane* on Broadway, but it didn't keep her from marrying the juvenile Jay Gould (no relation to the tycoon Goulds). Zorina's mother, Mrs. Hartwig, was very popular with stage folks. The Dolly Sisters were guided by their mother (Mrs. Deutsch) from the time they were kids until they became big Broadway stars. Aileen Stanley likewise always had her mother backstage with her.

"Baby Rose Marie," now grown to beautiful and talented womanhood, had no stage mother, but no stage mother ever fought for her rights as did her dad. He picked her songs and costumes and acted as her press agent. The Keller Sisters & Lynch were also managed by their father. Gertrude Niesen always had her father as her manager and chaperon. He takes care of her real-estate and financial matters, and has done very well for her. Mary Eaton and her brothers and sisters split the family, the father going with Mary and the mother going with Pearl and the other kids, as chaperon. Dolores Gray's mother is now with her in London where she is starring in *Annie Get Your Gun*. Shirley Temple, Gene Tierney and Ginger Rogers are a few whose mothers drew pay checks from the various film companies employing their offspring.

As long as there will be a market for young new talent, the Stage Mother will be with us, in one form or another. She means well in the main. That she gets a little fun out of it, too, is no more than to be expected. They do manage to save their kids' earnings. There are tragic exceptions, of course, such as the case of Jackie Coogan who had to sue for an accounting. Or Freddie Bartholomew who was likewise a shuttlecock in litigation between his parents and the aunt who had chiefly guided him. Under California laws such things are rather impossible these days; statutory protection insures adolescents the right to enjoy in the future a sizable portion of their earnings gained in their minority years.

Will Rogers years ago observed, "Life is a funny thing; the first half is ruined by our parents and the other half is ruined by our kids!" The orbit of Stage Mother is somehow well-graphed in that Osage Indian's sage aphorism. ⧺

Continued from page 71

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No Rest for the Medium

Continued from page 85

chief, back about ninety years, not too bright and not speaking much English; then when I get stumped, Old Horsenhalf would stumble out of it on the ground of no savvy.

Well, these squirrels they would like to know how Cousin Elmer is doing who fell off the scaffolding last year, and I catch this for a rib and have Horsenhalf inform them sternly that Elmer ain't there. This impresses them a little and they ask a couple legitimate questions and Horsenhalf gives them a couple of five-way answers and then shuts up and I herd them out and I got six clams fresh money in my kick. It looks like I blundered into a vein that'll assay out pure wealth.

At this point Roscoe clutches his hair and gives a faint moan.

"I can't see nothing yet," I says, "except that you have found your proper medium, no puns intended. Why the tragic . . . ?"

"It was the next night. My God, that there next night!"

I go out at the regular time, he goes on, and switch on the neon light. There in front is a convertible that sells for a lien on the mint. And from it stumble three couples whose youth and beauty is a byword on the silver screen. They come up to the porch, kid me a little bit, and we go into the room. I darken her down and we get hold of each others' hands and one of the dolls—you'd know her if I called her name—says, "Tell me what *Beauts and Siedels*," that being the picture she has just finished, "is going to gross?"

Roscoe at this point clean broke down. He put his head on the bar and sobbed. "Roscoe," I says, "don't you think you need air?"

"Don't leave me, Wheelhorse," he pleads.

"Okay," I says, "but get on with the story. I have a date at Santa Anita . . ."

He grits his teeth and goes on thus: I start to give her the Horsenhalf routine when this voice, this horrible Brooklyn voice comes in sharp and clear. "This ain't Horsenhalf," it grates.

I jump a foot. Then I am thinking that one of these kids is giving me the big rib. I am about to say as much when this voice goes on. "*Beauts and Siedels* is gonna make like it's Thanksgiving every day. Whew, what a turkey. And you know why too, don't you, sister? Yes, indeedy. You can't drive up to Santa Barbara every night and act in no picture in the daytime, too. Not when . . ."

"Turn on the lights!" the girl screams. I switch on the lights and one of the dolls is white as a sheet. Every one of them is right there where I can see them and still this voice goes on. *And nobody is moving their lips.* The voice is coming from everywhere and there ain't a ventriloquist in the trade can do that.

"Hell, baby," the voice says,

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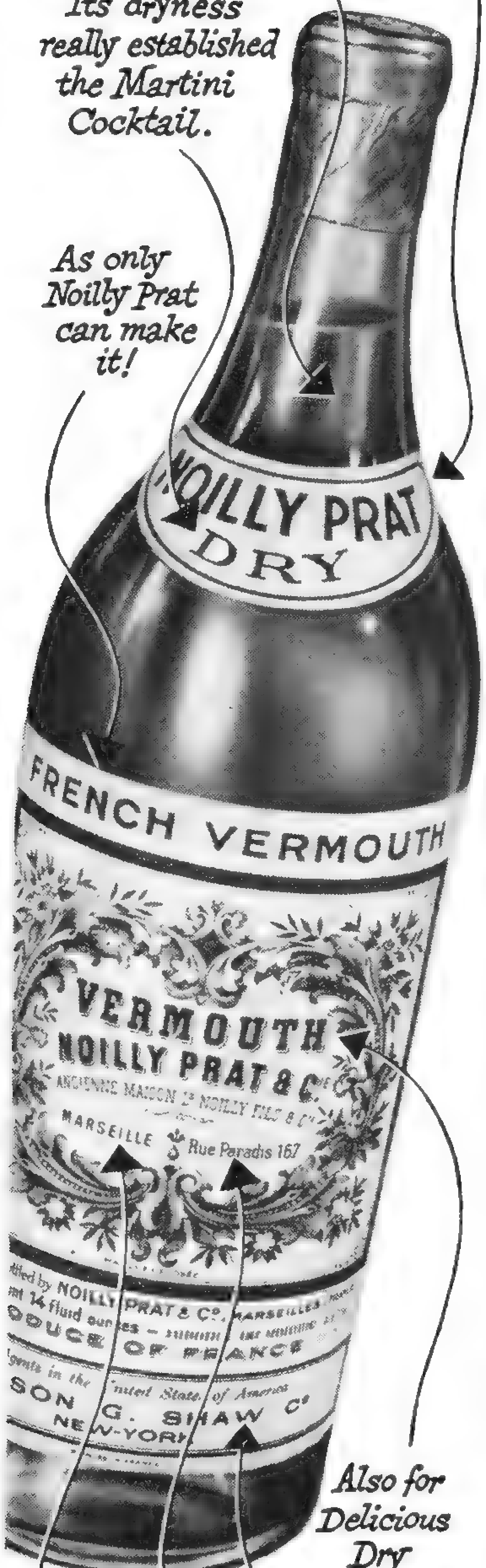

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"I can talk as good in the light. And take it easy, sugar. I just give the Santa Barbara routine to show you I was up. It wasn't your fault. It was the script. It oughta be screen play by Gobble and Gobble."

I am ankle-deep in cold sweat at this point and one of the guys hands me twenty and thanks me.

"Don't thank me," I says. "Honest, I never . . ."

"Who shall I thank?" he asks.

"Thank me," this voice grates. "Who else, chump? Thank me, Hardway Hawkins, of the nether world, now operating in pasts and futures, care of Roscoe Killian, a phony and a faker who pulled one fake too many."

I give Roscoe a hard look. This is really a little tough to believe, but there is evidence right there before me that Roscoe has suffered some kind of horrible strain and has also glommed onto a serious wad of scratch. He has got a watch that is encrusted with diamonds and extra hands, he has got a suit, hand-loomed and hand-built, he has got a roll of bills—from which I see him peel my C-note—which could never by-pass the tonsils of no Percheron. He also has the world's greatest reducing system, having dropped from two hundred to ninety-eight pounds, give or take a ounce.

"Well," I says cautiously, "could Mr. Hawkins really foretell the future? And if so what's the beef? I would venture that the act was the uniquest in the trade."

"The next night all the movie colonists in town was out to my place. I raised my price to a hundred clams a clip and was taking circles of ten. Three nights after Hardway contacted me, half the Bunco Squad was out there."

I pricked up my ears. "What gives with the cops?" I ask, being a man loves a uncomfortable cop.

"What Hardway told them cops," Roscoe says, "shouldn't happen to a cop. Not no graft or nothing, but little personal stuff—and I mean personal. They left me be."

"But I don't see what's wrong," I says. "Knowin' what's gonna happen. My God, Roscoe, you got the world by the tail."

"No!" he screams. "Don't you see? It's murder. He's driving me crazy. Nuts, stark staring. If I don't call the so-and-so in, he comes in anyway. I know how the election's comin' out in forty eight! My God, the odds I could get. I know . . . Oh, my God!"

I begin to get it. I mean I begin to get it if this thing ain't a thing and Roscoe ain't balmy—but there's the clothes, the cabbage. The thing is that if you know what's gonna happen to you, you are whipped. There can't be any fun then. Then I get the big If. He's liable to tell Roscoe when and how he's gonna die.

I am feeling cold and sick. I got to cop a sneak or I'll be as bad as Roscoe. I give him the small farewell and scram. He collars me at the door, borrows the bartender's *Racing Form* and

Continued on page 190

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Small, medium, large.

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Monarch MILWAUKEE BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

MONARCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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Leather and Fabric coats and jackets for sports, leisure and utility wear.

No Rest for the Medium

Continued from page 189

writes me down eight horses. "Parlay 'em," he says. "You'll win a half a million. Hawkins was playful this mornin'. He woke me up at four-thirty and give me the whole card."

Well, I get out to Santa Anita and am beginning to think I been having a bad dream, but I got a C-note that's mint quality. I got that list of horses.

I start easy and Hardway's horse canters in the first. I have ten on his schnozzle and collect forty-eight eighty . . . but why go on? I am twenty-thousand winner with the eighth coming up (I hadn't had the guts to parlay 'em, and anyway there practically ain't that much money as I would have won) and the horse on my list goes on the board at ninety-nine to one. Of course if I chuck it all in, it will pull him down probably near evens in the machines, aside from giving the stewards heart failure and probably getting me a escort of a squad of Pinkerton men.

But damn it, I'm a horse player. What does this spirit know I don't know? Sure he has swept the card, but mostly favorites, and Mayer has got a filly going in this heat that stands out like a Christmas tree and Longden up. I put it all on the Mayer filly. To hell with Hardway Hawkins!

I do not see Roscoe Killian for quite some time. Why should I? With the stake I am holding, I am beating them beetles to death. Right out of the form, no tips from the sport world, nothing but form and my intelligence.

But finally I see him at a bar gnawing a small beer. His clothes don't half go around him and he is back to two hundred. I start to duck, remembering the C-note, but he hails me like I really had the hundred. I can't get away.

I come over and set down beside him. "I haven't got the yard, Roscoe," I says. "I get so I can't pick my nose after winning forty thousand bucks that day you give me the eight horses. I hunted for you," I lied, "to give it to you. But you didn't look like you needed it, and frankly," I adds, "you didn't look like you would be able to take it with you as the saying goes."

"Forget the money," Roscoe says, "for, my boy, you was instrumental in doing me the greatest favor a man ever had done for him. It comes about like this. After you leave, I sit here and I am drinking brandy trying to get insensible so I cannot hear that Hawkins and it gets to be maybe five, about say the eighth race coming up, and in he comes.

"Now ever since that first night he loves to come in on the line '*this ain't Horsenhalf*.' He thought it was cute or something. And sure enough, here I am not quite passed out and in he comes on that line." Roscoe stops to laugh.

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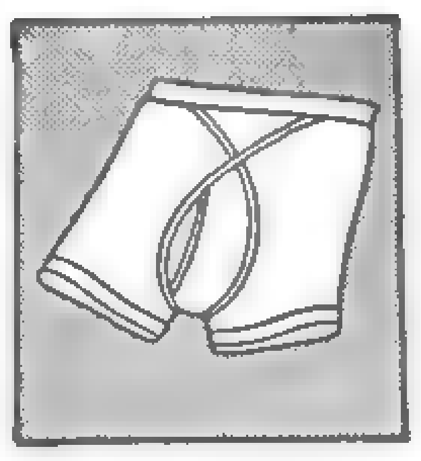

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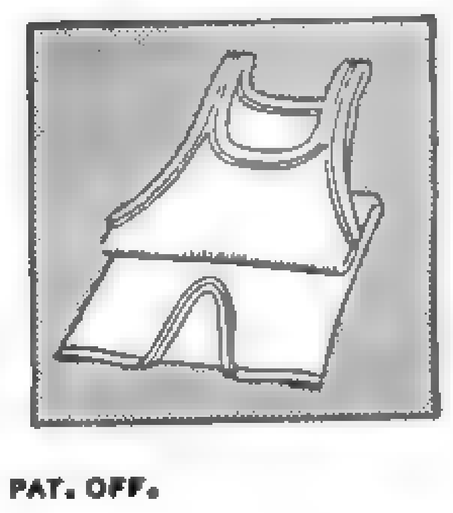

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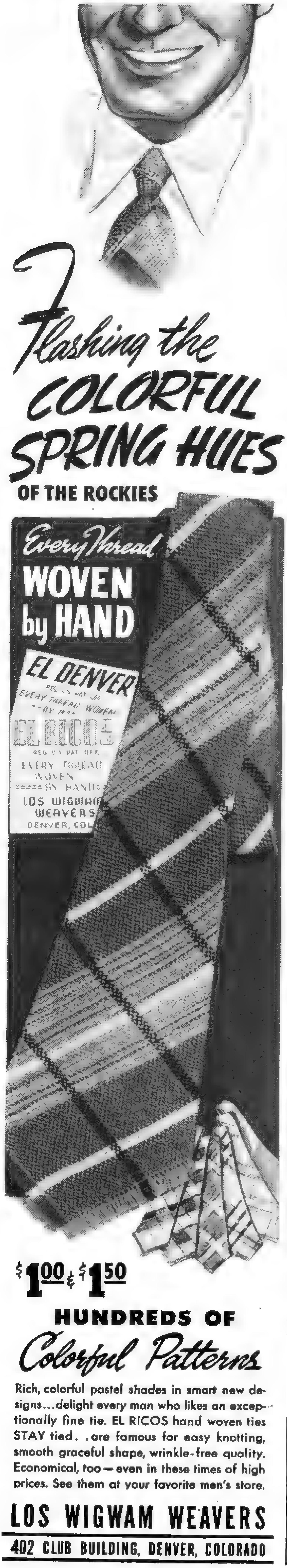
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It is the laugh of a fat and jolly man who don't know what'll happen tomorrow. "After he says that line I hear some kind of sounds like a fight, and then I hear Hawkins' voice kind of desperate. He is yelling for the horse that he give me and I give you."

"Well," I says, "it was some horse race. I had twenty G's riding on it. I know."

"Sure," Roscoe says. "I know, too. But let me tell you. Old Hardway is yelling for this horse, this one he picked. *But there is somebody else yelling, too!* This other voice is plainly up with Longden on the Mayer filly.

"The race is over, the photo comes down, and here I am laying in a stupor hoping to die.

"Well, the Mayer filly won it," Roscoe says. "And I hear a scream and a gurgle. Then silence." He orders two beers and fishes two dimes out of his watch pocket.

"Good God, Roscoe . . . !" I say.

"The silence," he says, grinning. "And then the words: *'This IS Horsenhalf, Mr. Killian,'* the voice says. *'Hardway Hawkins won't bother you any more.'* "

"What happened?" I babbled.

"That's what I managed to ask this new voice. The one that said he WAS Horsenhalf," Roscoe said. "He answered me. *'When one of us go into the predicting business,'* this voice says, *'we ain't allowed to miss. When Hardway give you the wrong horse he was what we call medium done—so I scalped him!'* "

Roscoe sighed hoarsely. "Then he told me that never again would I know from nothin' . . ." Roscoe fetched himself back to now. A fat guy, happy in his ignorance of things to come.

I sit there feeling very funny.

He nods abstractedly.

"What are you doin' now?"

Roscoe laughs that big happy laugh. "Truck farmin'," he says. "I just dump a load of oblongs known in the trade as squash at the wholesalers. I just happened to come by here to give thanks for the day I seen you here and Horsenhalf scalped Hardway." He gets up then and slaps me on the back and gives me the big good-by and goes on out.

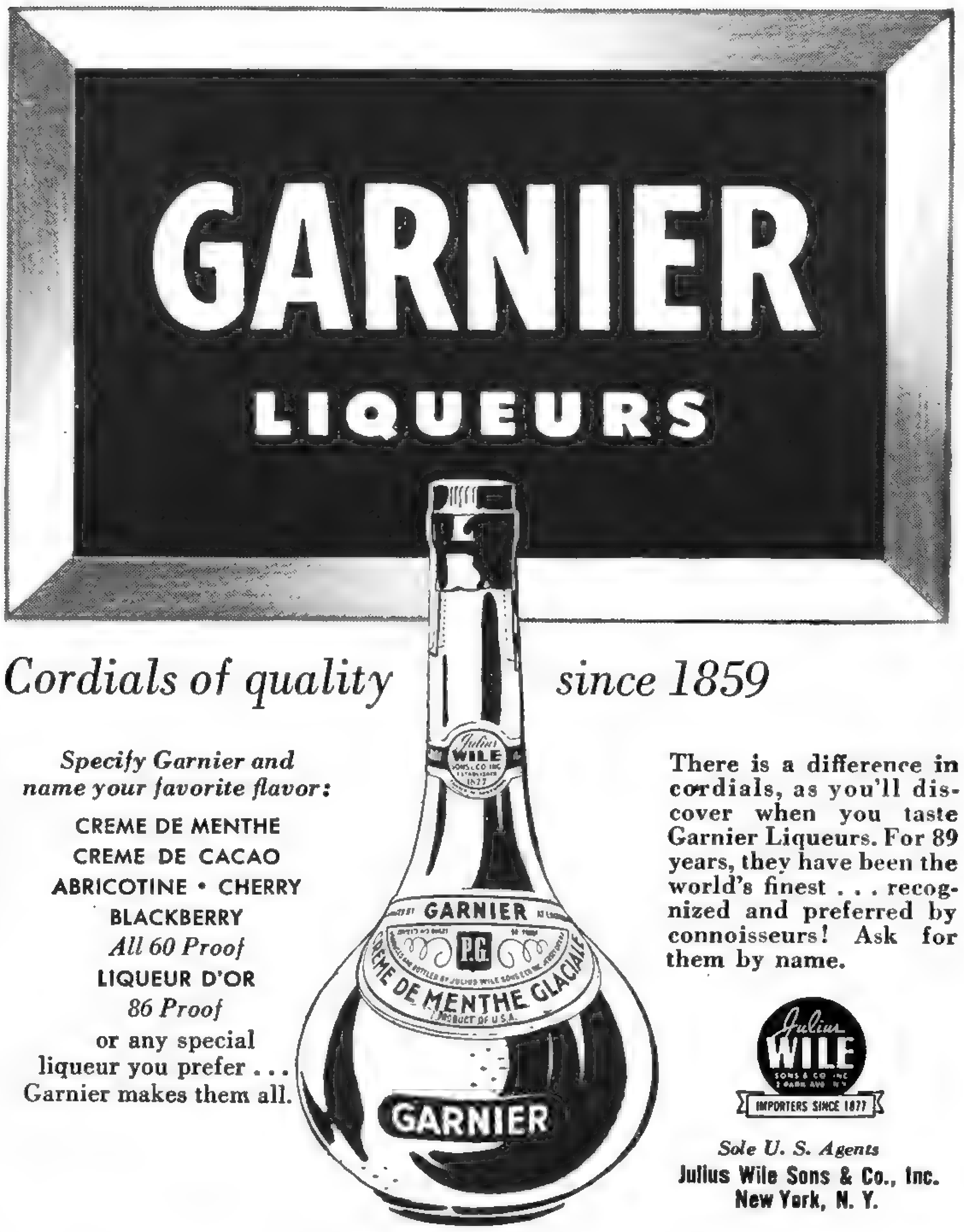
I sit there and wonder. Of course I tab the whole thing as a large economy-size lie and that really Roscoe had figured out a wonderful gimmick for taking off the old suet and that he had used hisself as a example while peddling the system. A method like that would be worth a fortune in Hollywood.

Like the sigh of wind from a swinging door there is a whisper: *"Wanna shoo-in at Hollywood Park at sixties?"*

I sit there and finally I get my shoe off and get the insole pried up and take out my bedrock ten and get it on the bar. "Brandy," I says. "The bottle."

I spilled some of it on my lapel trying to get down the first drink. But anybody knows this town's full of wise-guy ventriloquists, don't they? Sure it is, ain't it? Please, ain't it? #

Continued from page 85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*Residual shrinkage less than 1%

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

natural

Some elfin character in your Art Department must have selected the cartoon which ran at the end of your January murder mystery, *Armchair in Hell*, with the caption, "I'm a street sweeper an' have to clean up this mess tomorrow."

Virginia Archer
Carlisle, Pa.

kind word

I have enjoyed very much your series of articles on Art and Artists by Mr. Robert Godsoe.

They were well written and my friends and I have been glad to know about more of our artists who are not so well known.

Thank you and I hope there will be more.

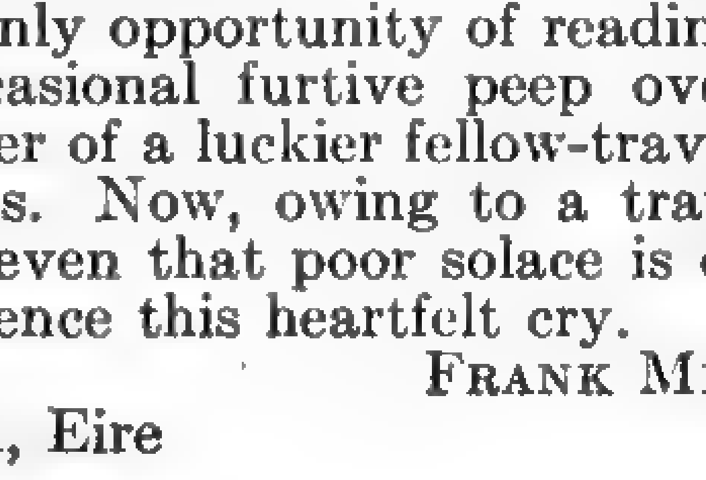
Leon P. Smith
New York, N. Y.

no hits, no errors

"The Leading Lady" featured in your November issue and advertising your 1948 calendars was unintentionally mysterious when she said, "But the mystery unfolds on the red letter day—October 29—for then I'll reveal all at your nearest newsstand." What year?

Mrs. R. H. Eckler
Cincinnati, Ohio

Editor's Note: *We are always delighted to admit an error, but this time the joke is on Mrs. Eckler. Sure, the ad appeared in our November issue, but the November issue came out around the middle of October long before that red letter day that has now become a part of history, October 29.*



wayward bus

Here is a supplicant from the Green Isle who would be more than grateful to receive copies of Esquire.

At the moment it is practically impossible to procure your very popular magazine here, and your correspondent's only opportunity of reading it is an occasional furtive peep over the shoulder of a luckier fellow-traveler in the bus. Now, owing to a transport strike even that poor solace is denied me—hence this heartfelt cry.

Frank Meaney
Dublin, Eire

short story

Turning over the pages of your beautiful Christmas issue in a preliminary scan, I was stopped; I looked and stayed looking at a *Portrait of a Christmas Eve*, for not only did its beauty and truly magnificent reproduction literally stop me, but it rang a bell to another Eve—a redheaded one, who occupied the most important place she can in a man's life till the fortunes of war in the shape of a Canadian took possession instead. Your cover picture

Get Refreshing Shaves ...Easier Than Ever

For use with any Gillette Razor
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buy GILLETTE Blue Blades in the amazing Gillette Dispenser

98¢ 20 blades 40 shaving edges

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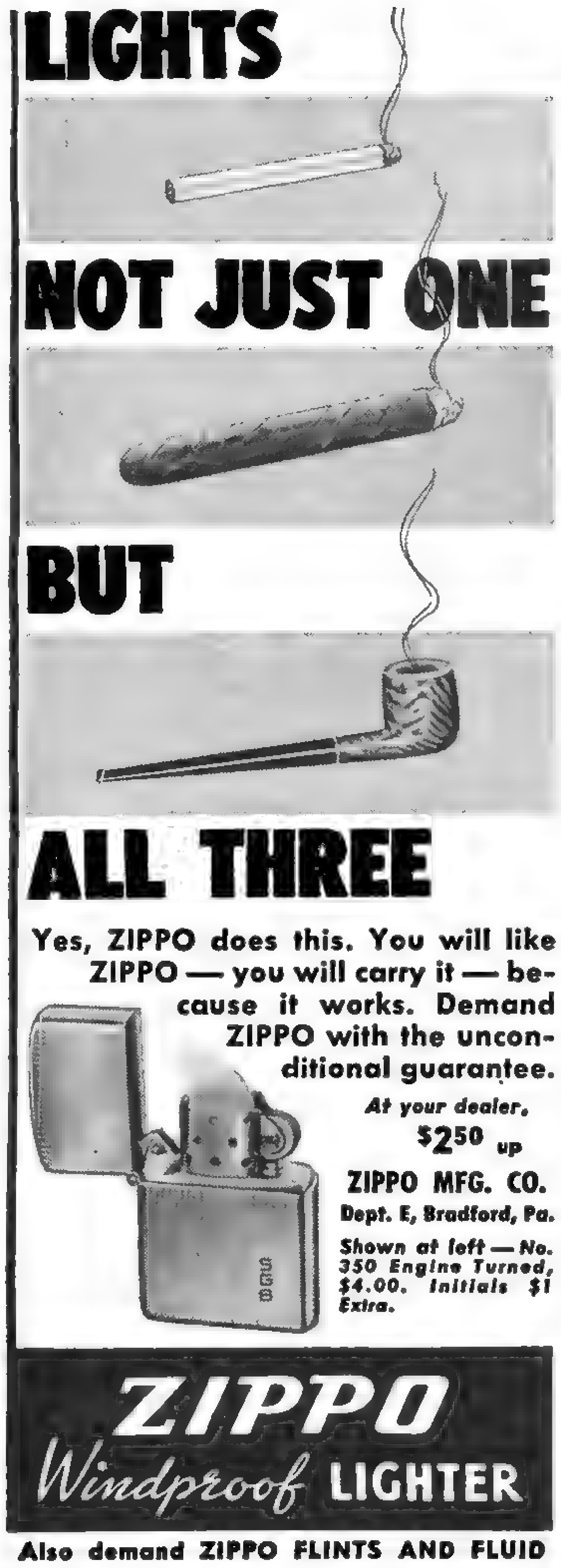
LIGHTS
NOT JUST ONE
BUT
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Yes, ZIPPO does this. You will like ZIPPO — you will carry it — because it works. Demand ZIPPO with the unconditional guarantee.
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FINER FABRIC
Andover CLOTHES
SMARTER STYLE
Andover Clothes, Inc.
CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS
DIVISION OF BRIEDE & ROGOVSKY, INC.

was so reminiscent, I felt it would make a delightful gift to this other Eve, and as I write, the mounted and gilt-framed job faces me on my "visitors comfortable chair" in my Fleet Street Office—a really lovely picture worthy of a place in anyone's home.

Hope I may enjoy many more of your delightful reproductions in future issues.

F. A. Hutchison
London, England

rhyme vs. reason

1

One really shouldn't wonder at P. G's preference for a cat. The affinity's there because a "calico" is the only thing that rhymes with Gallico. I really can't think of a dog at all that even remotely rhymes with Paul. So the Calico cat must take the cake—and the poor pup's out—for his own name's sake!

Jacqueline Heller
Waldsanatorium
Davos, Switzerland

2

My cat is named Timoshenko—
Five years he ruled in Waco;
If he hadn't emerged
Before Timo was purged
I'm sure he would now be Gallico.

Mrs. Julius Dorsey
Dallas, Tex.

armchair in utopia

I enjoyed the full-length novel very much in the January issue. I buy the magazine every month and read it from cover to cover. But I usually knock this off in one night and have to wait another month for the next issue. The stories are always good, but I no more than get started reading one of them when the damn thing stops. Then I have to get all fired up again in another mood to read the next one, when that one stops. But this full length novel is something you can really get your teeth into. You get the kids in bed, dig a hole in the old easy chair, get a couple tall drinks, get comfortable and really with it.

Hope you adopt this policy, and give us more of this full length stuff.

Mr. B. R. LaBadie
Detroit, Mich.

inductive pool

I should like to present a problem which puzzles me and I hope your readers will not find it too simple. With a regular pool table there are fifteen balls, numbered consecutively from one to fifteen. How many possible combinations of these balls can be formed so that the numbers add to exactly sixty?

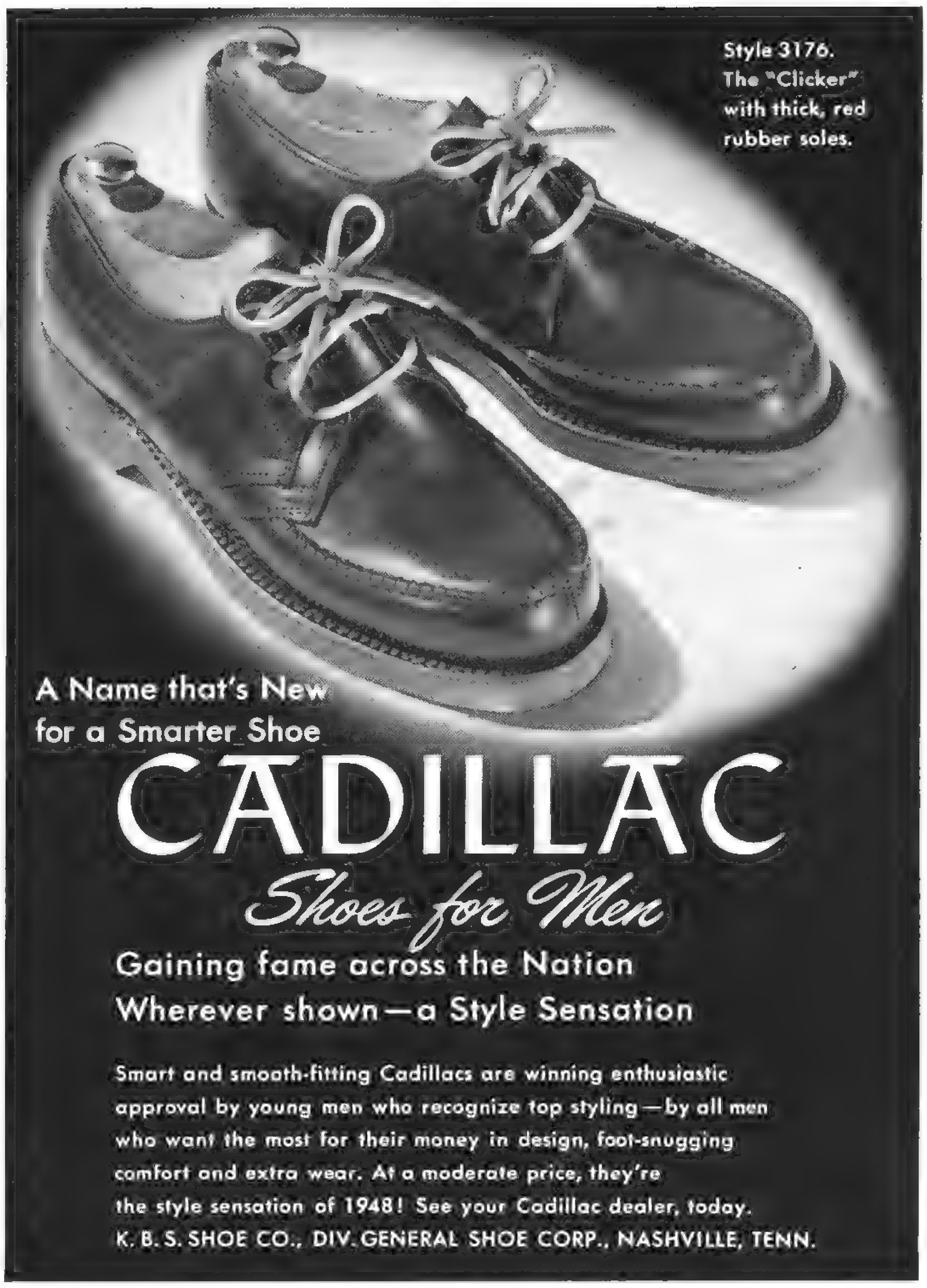
I can do this by a rather laborious method. I would be grateful to anyone giving me a formula.

Ernest Thompson
Monroe, Ga.

rah rah Centre

In January you stated that our college was one of doubtful scholastic standing. Centre College enjoys one of the best reputations, both scholastically and athletically, and has produced more

Continued on page 194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Shoes for Men
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Wherever shown—a Style Sensation
Smart and smooth-fitting Cadillacs are winning enthusiastic approval by young men who recognize top styling—by all men who want the most for their money in design, foot-snugging comfort and extra wear. At a moderate price, they're the style sensation of 1948! See your Cadillac dealer, today.
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The cordial with the Scotch whisky base — made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur.
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LASTEX WAIST BAND GUARANTEED FOR LIFE OF THE GARMENT
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Imagine it! The comfort of boxer shorts plus the convenience of a Gripper fly, brought to you only in the sensational new Jay Bee Boxer-Grip Shorts! You don't know how really comfortable you can be until you wear a pair of Boxer-Grip Shorts! Tailored of fine Sanforized materials, in white and smart patterns. Priced no more than ordinary shorts; ask your dealer!

J.B. MANUFACTURING CO. ★ ★ ★ San Antonio

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 193

prominent men than any college for its size in the United States. You have done our college a great injustice.

T. C. SNELLGROVE

Centre College
Danville, Ky.

objection sustained

Those sterling silver "bolt rings" which were described in your January *Talking Shop* department may be bolts to Ranger, but they are "nuts" to me.

G. CHRISTENSEN

Minneapolis, Minn.

boxing as usual

Mr. Charles B. Roth in his article *Fighter's Fighter* (December, 1947, issue) states that the boxing booths at English fairs are no more. Mr. Roth might like to know, however, that the boxing booths at English fairs have by no means perished, but are as flourishing today as they were in the days when graced by Jem Mace. I recall many good fights in boxing booths at English fairs in the Summer of 1939, when the booth boxers lined up before the crowds while the barker called for challengers, always forthcoming in plenty. No doubt the booths disappeared in England during the war, but my brother has written to me confirming that at our local fair this summer (Newcastle upon Tyne, England), two boxing booths were in action.

The boxing booths in England still produce some up-and-coming boxers and I believe that Tommy Farr (who went the distance with Joe Louis) served his apprenticeship in a boxing booth. As far as I know it is still the practice in England for many aspiring pros to obtain experience and toughening by touring the fairs with a booth.

J. J. WATSON

Bethesda, Md.

hear hear!

I got twenty right answers to the questions in your October Potables quiz. Please tell Lucius Beebe where to find me. Do I get a medal or something?

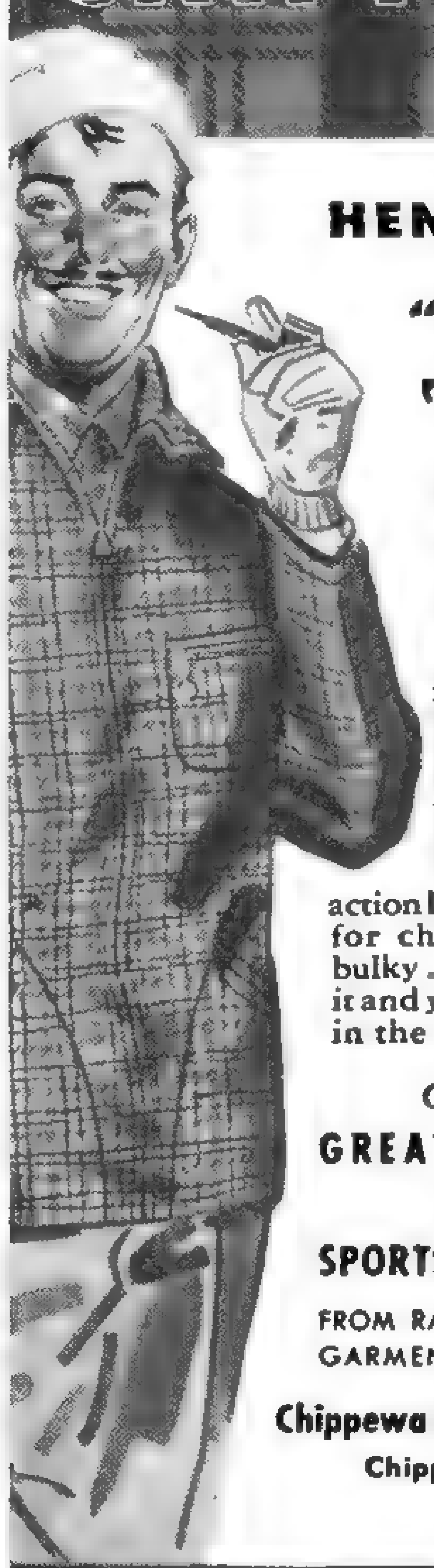
K. MYRING

Stockholm, Sweden

counterpoint

1

I have always enjoyed the pictures in your fine magazine up until I came across the one of José Iturbi presumably fixing a motorcycle. The machine is a Harley-Davidson O.H.V. model, and for Mr. Iturbi's information it is impossible to remove a spark plug from one with a pair of pliers, without skinned knuckles and a few cuss words, that is. The picture caption says the Mr. Iturbi is somewhat of a mechanic. If he were, he would know that it is unwise to leave the clutch pedal in a disengaged position, as this weakens the clutch pressure plate springs. I also notice rust on the shift lever and front chain cover. If this machine be-



CHIPPEWA
HENRI SAYS:
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Henri has it right . . . because he's talking about the new 100% wool YORK jacket with its comfortable hand-warmer slash-pockets and free-action back. It's warm enough for chilly nights, yet not bulky . . . easy to pack. Wear it and you too will *go to town* in the cold country!

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SPORTSMEN EVERYWHERE
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Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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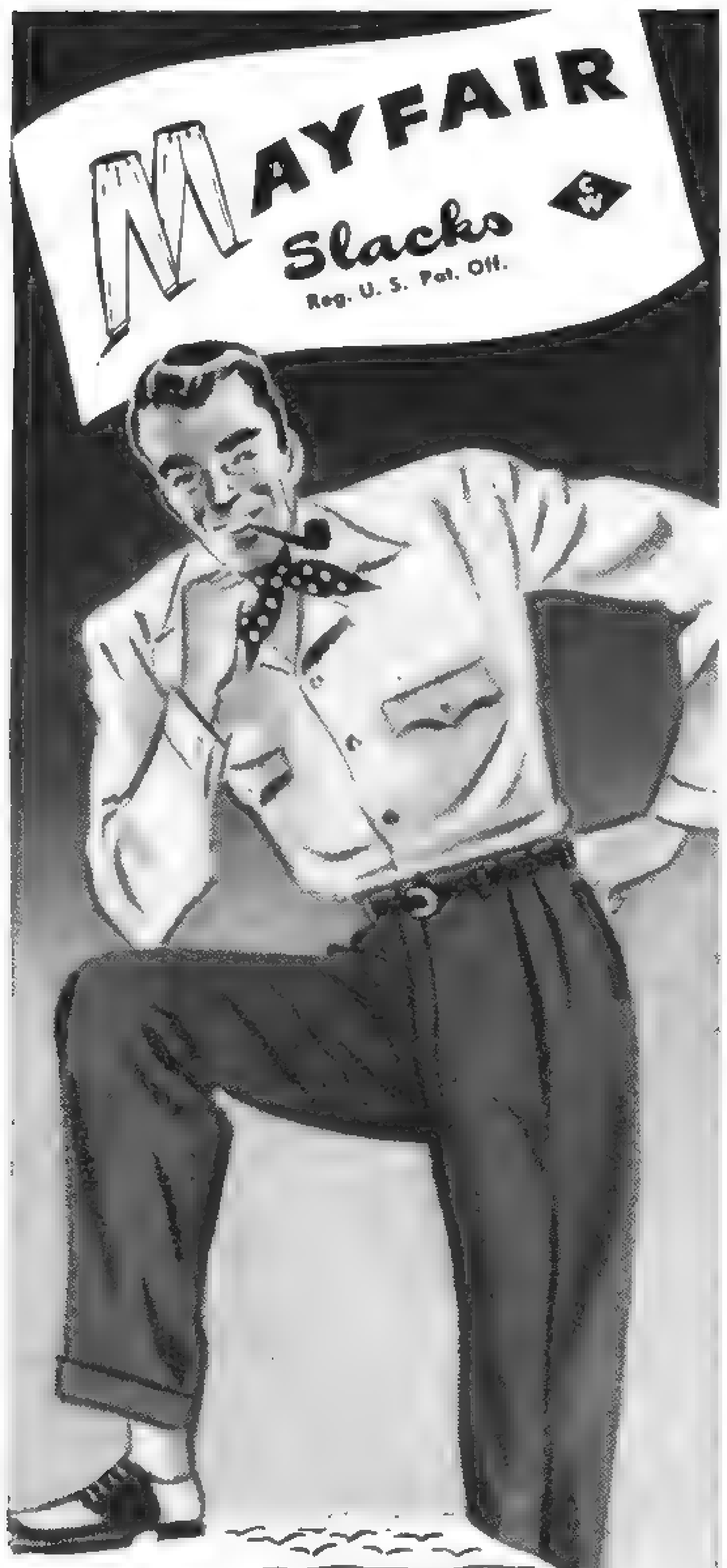

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longs to Iturbi, he certainly doesn't take very good care of it. Furthermore, I cannot see of what use a screwdriver would be in removing a set of plugs. (I notice there is one lying on the foot board.) Perhaps all this is photographer Hubbell's fault. If it is, tell him he had better check his props the next time he snaps the shutter.

James A. Brown
Altadena, Calif.

2

Is it to be assumed that José Iturbi is a motorcyclist? If he is, is he not aware of the fact that the motorcycle he is apparently supporting by the weight of his paunch on the saddle is possessed of two (2) separate stands, either of which will hold the machine upright? The spark plugs Mr. Iturbi is trying "to coax some response from" are certainly not around the choke handle, where Mechanic Iturbi is wielding his trusty pliers. One more little item as any Harley-Davidson owner knows, the clutch is never, never left in the disengaged position because oil is then let through to the clutch which is far from desirable. And—why is José working from the wrong side of the machine? Is he an A.M.A. member?

Gary Sherman
Los Angeles, Calif.

Esky as tutor

Sometimes when I wander through town I am lucky enough to get a copy of Esquire, but unfortunately this doesn't happen very often.

During the war we had only German papers, German magazines, and German radio and movies. I don't need to tell you this was all "lousy," so now I sometimes wonder if there is no one of your readers who could send me some of your magazines dated from the war so that at last I could be able to have a view of the life as it was outside of prisoned Europe.

Charles Ghys
Antwerp, Belgium

Helen, Hail!

Helen Lawrenson took the words right out of my husband's mouth when she wrote *Eyes Over Your Shoulder* for your February issue. Occasionally I have repeated to him some of the, shall we say, "human interest" first-person stories of my sisters in the bonds of matrimony—not mentioning any names, of course! The effect of this intimate gossip upon my mate was nothing short of traumatic, and I realized that men have a code of decency in such matters unknown in knitting circles. My husband and I feel we could have written *Eyes Over Your Shoulder* ourselves if we'd thought of it first—which I suppose is the secret of Miss Lawrenson's excellent writing. Our wish for her is: May the seat of her skirt be frequently glued to the seat of her typewriter chair.

Anonymous
Carson City, Nev.

on the rack

In the December issue under Gifts-Great-Outdoors, you show a set of guns in a rack. The upper rifle is not an automatic arm, but is probably a 30-30 or 32-20 magazine rifle. I am not going into detail on how to operate a lever action repeating rifle, but it is in no way an automatic arm. Probably the best arm ever developed, it deserves to be properly labeled.

G. F. Tonks
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Continued from page 10

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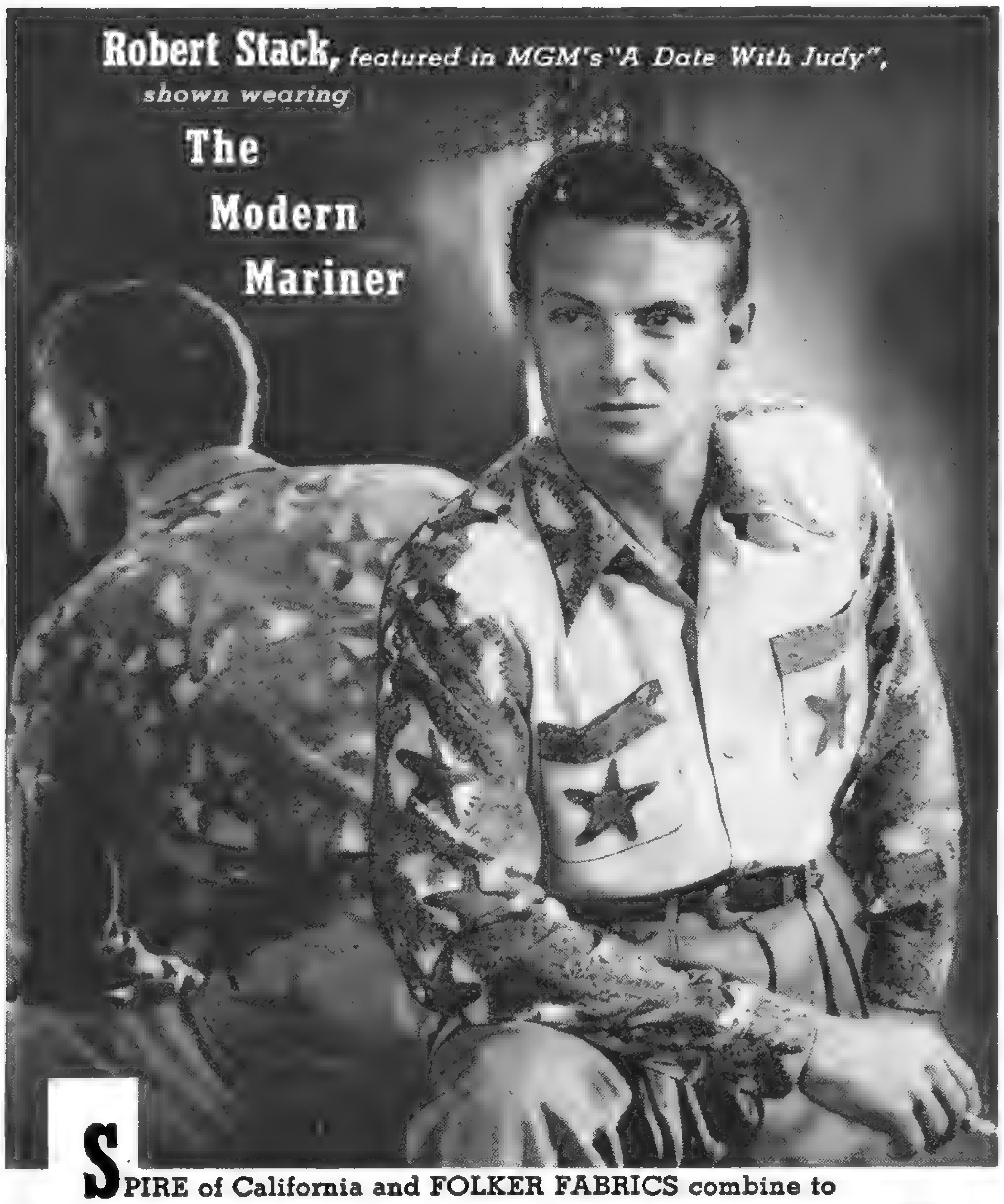

Robert Stack, *featured in MGM's "A Date With Judy", shown wearing*
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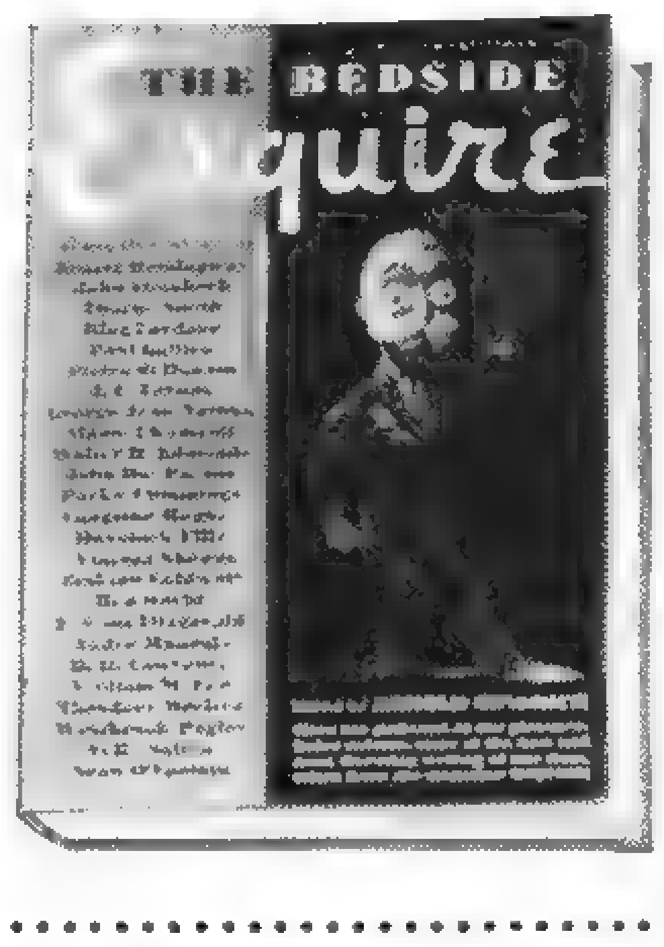

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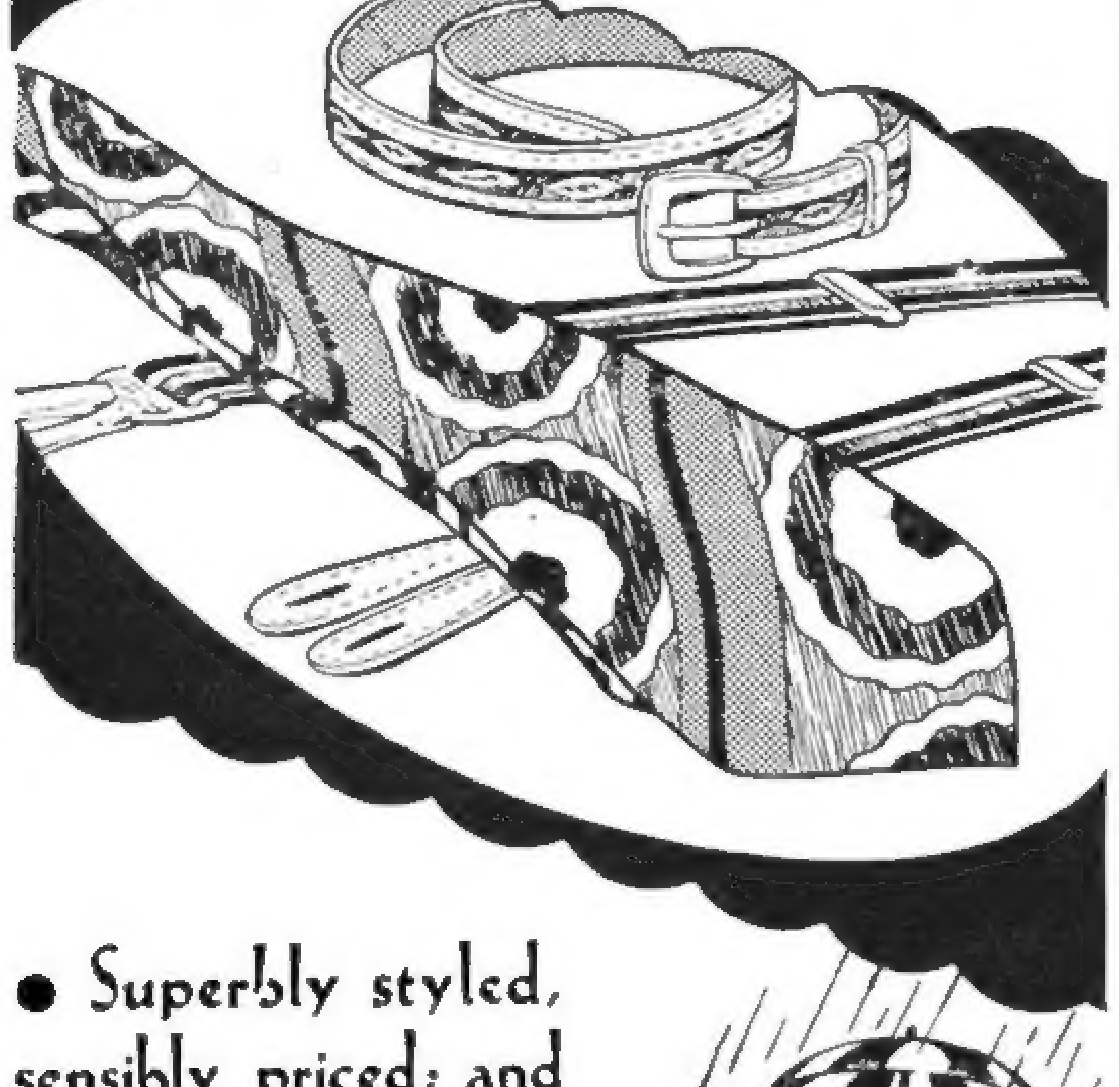

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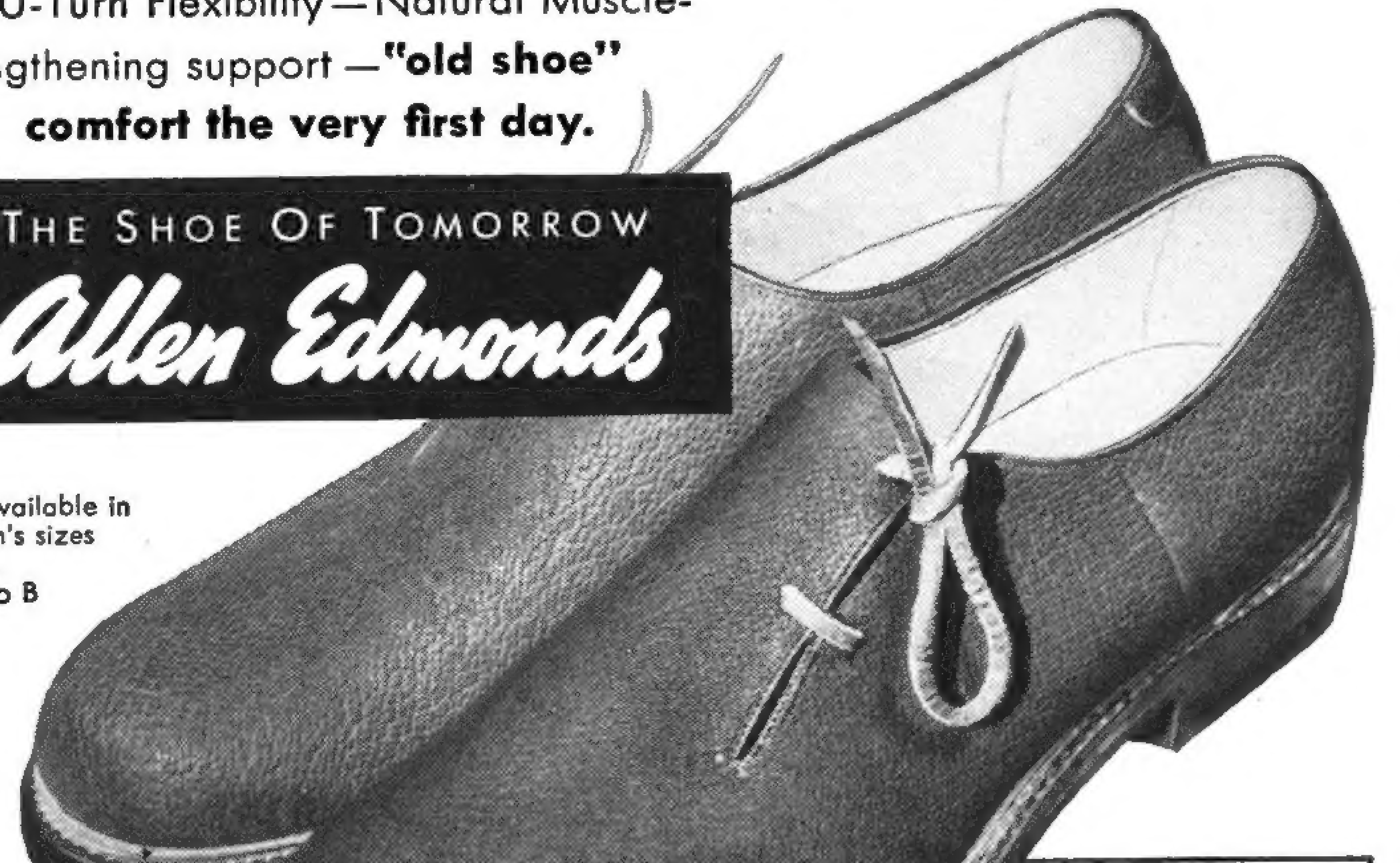

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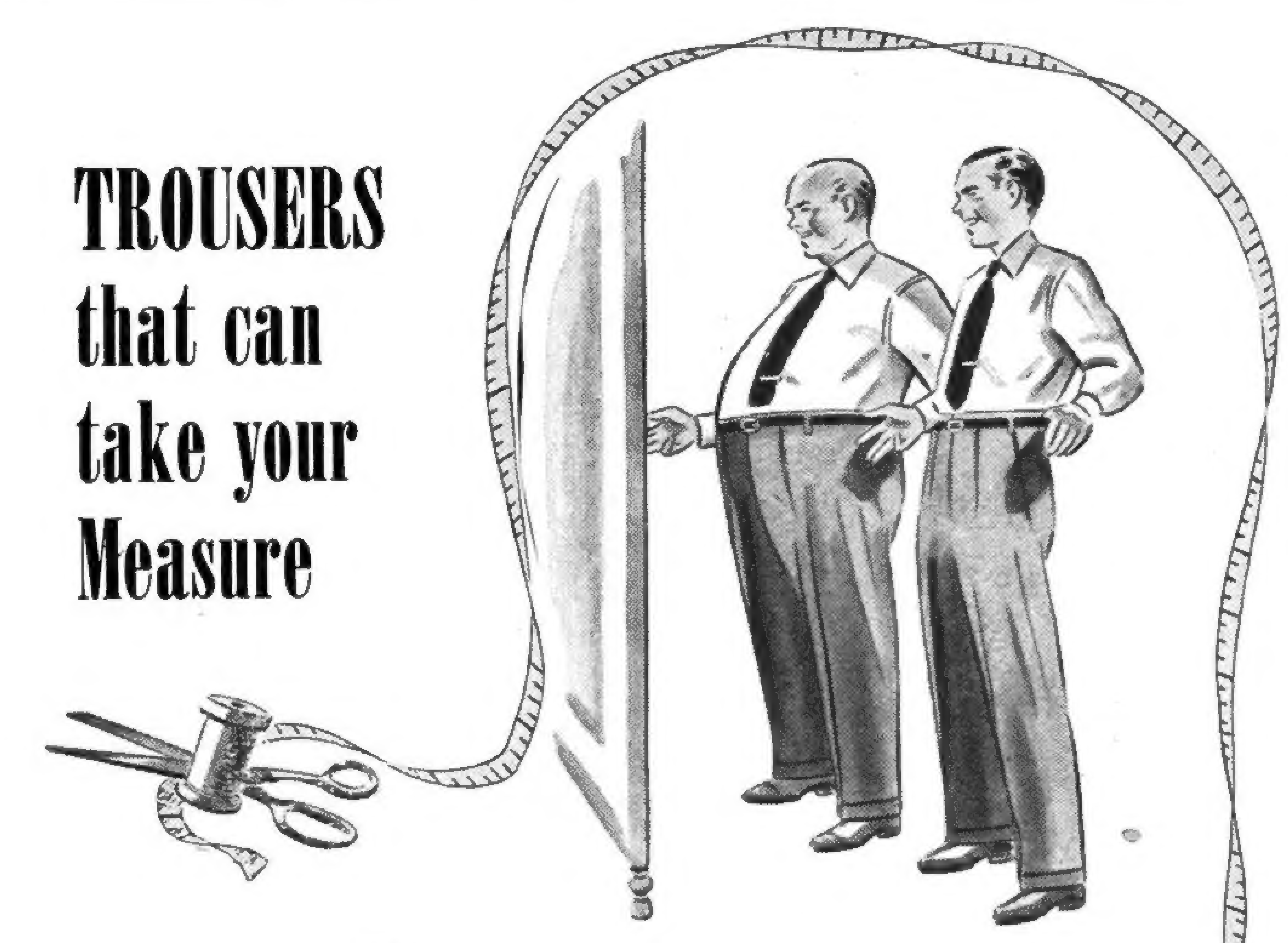

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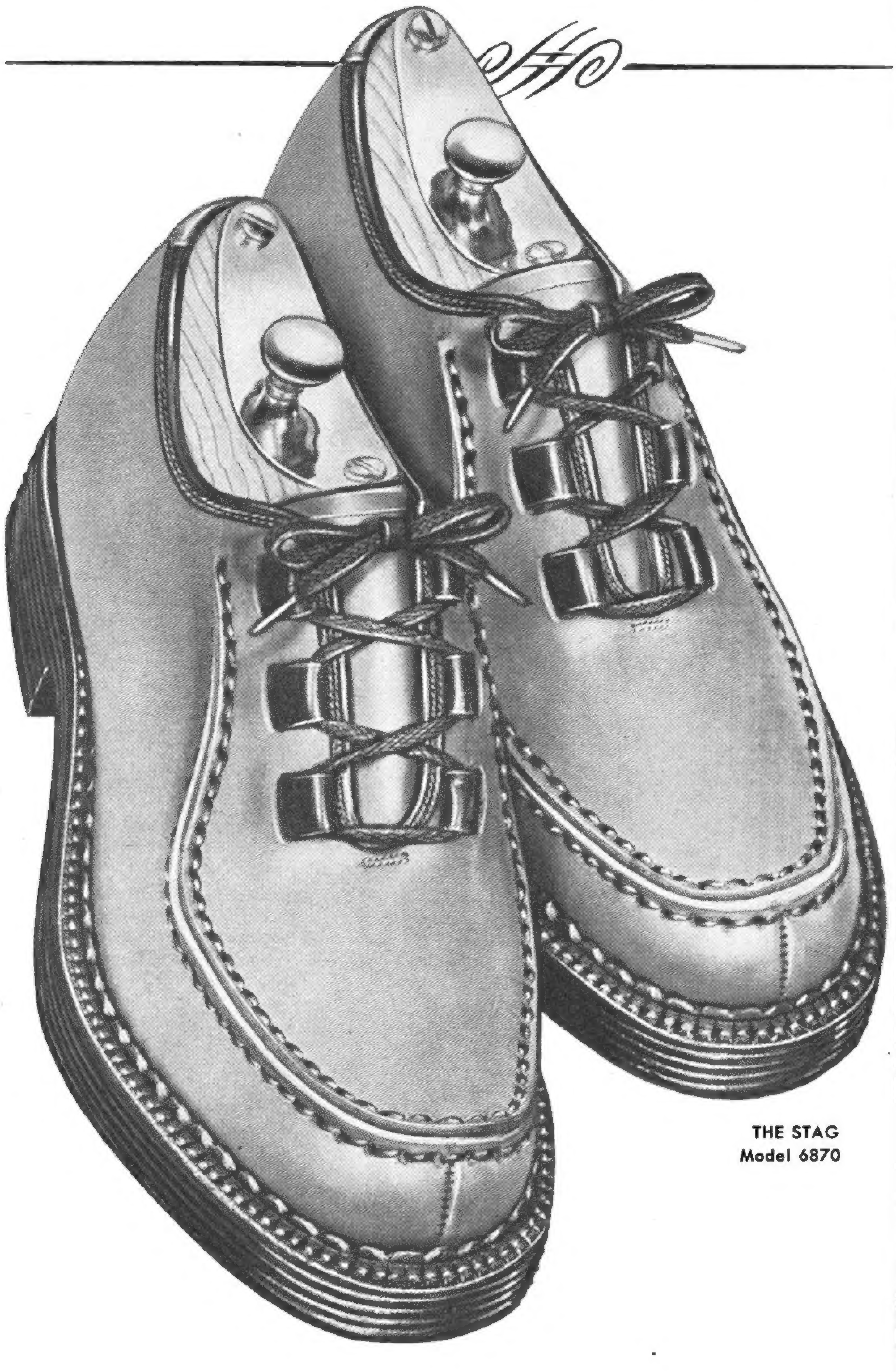

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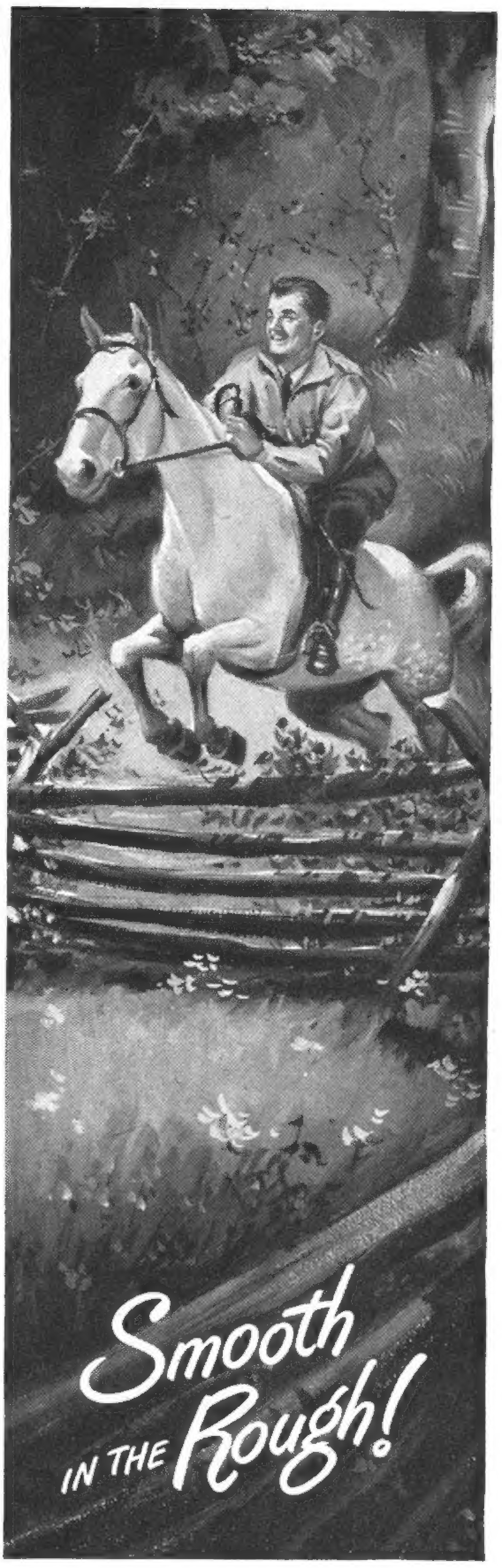
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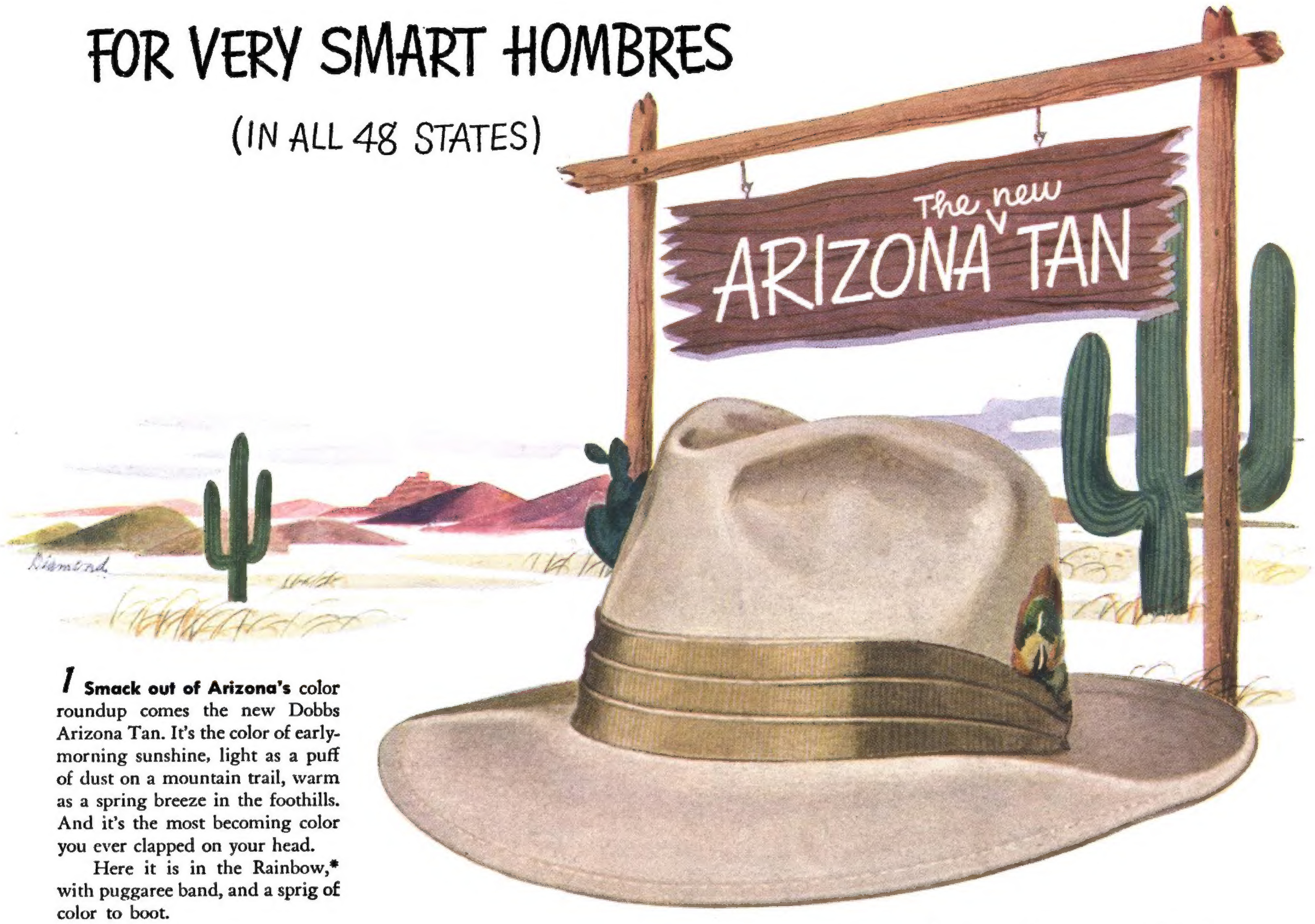
(IN ALL 48 STATES)

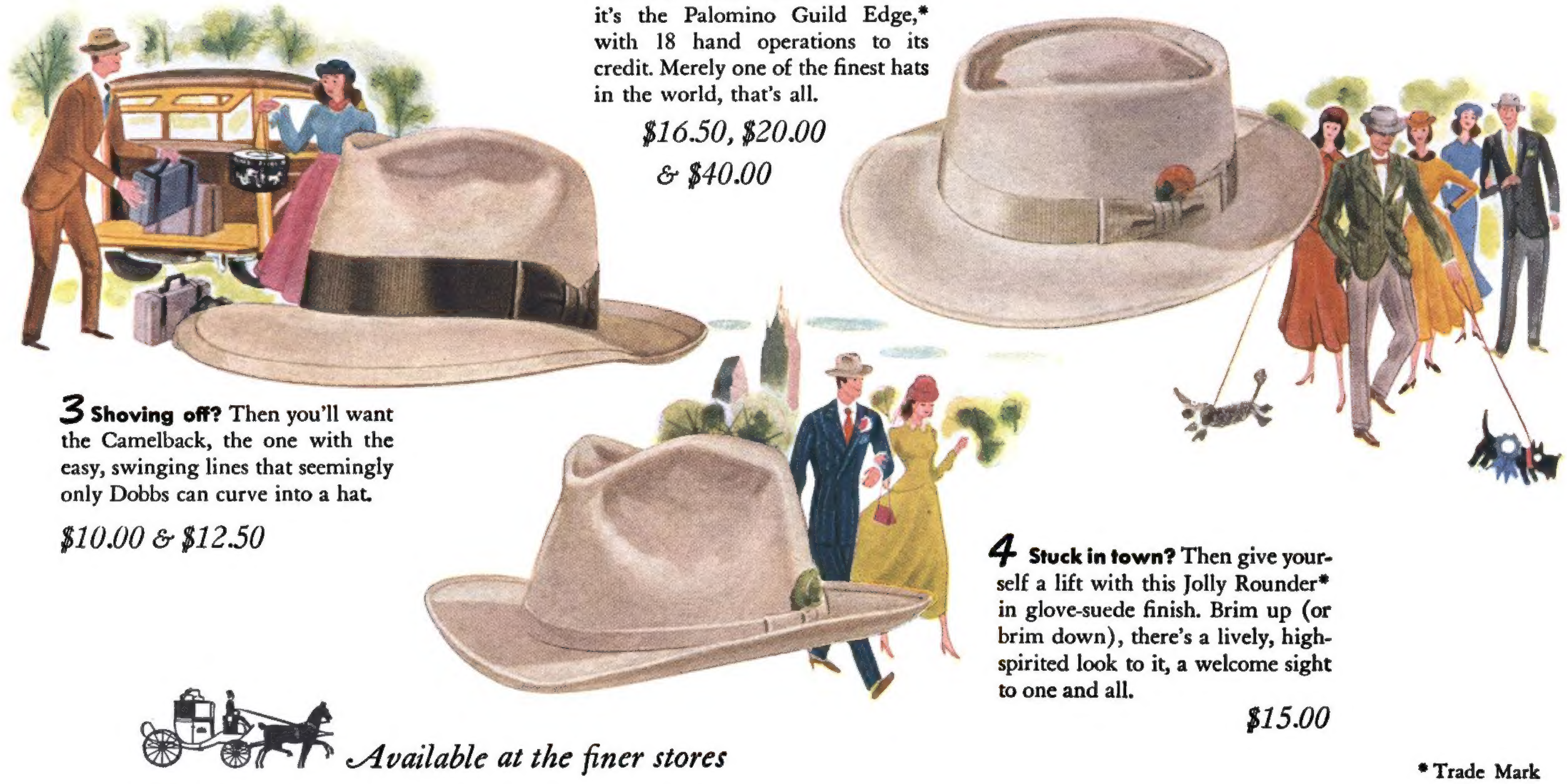


1 Smack out of Arizona's color roundup comes the new Dobbs Arizona Tan. It's the color of early-morning sunshine, light as a puff of dust on a mountain trail, warm as a spring breeze in the foothills. And it's the most becoming color you ever clapped on your head.

Here it is in the Rainbow,* with puggaree band, and a sprig of color to boot.

$12.50 & $15.00

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DOBBS



2 Good judge? Then you'll give this hat one of those best-of-all-breeds-all-classes medals. Because it's the Palomino Guild Edge,* with 18 hand operations to its credit. Merely one of the finest hats in the world, that's all.

$16.50, $20.00 & $40.00

3 Shoving off? Then you'll want the Camelback, the one with the easy, swinging lines that seemingly only Dobbs can curve into a hat.

$10.00 & $12.50

4 Stuck in town? Then give yourself a lift with this Jolly Rounder* in glove-suede finish. Brim up (or brim down), there's a lively, high-spirited look to it, a welcome sight to one and all.

$15.00

Available at the finer stores

* Trade Mark

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER, DOBBS HATS, PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE SMOKING CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE?

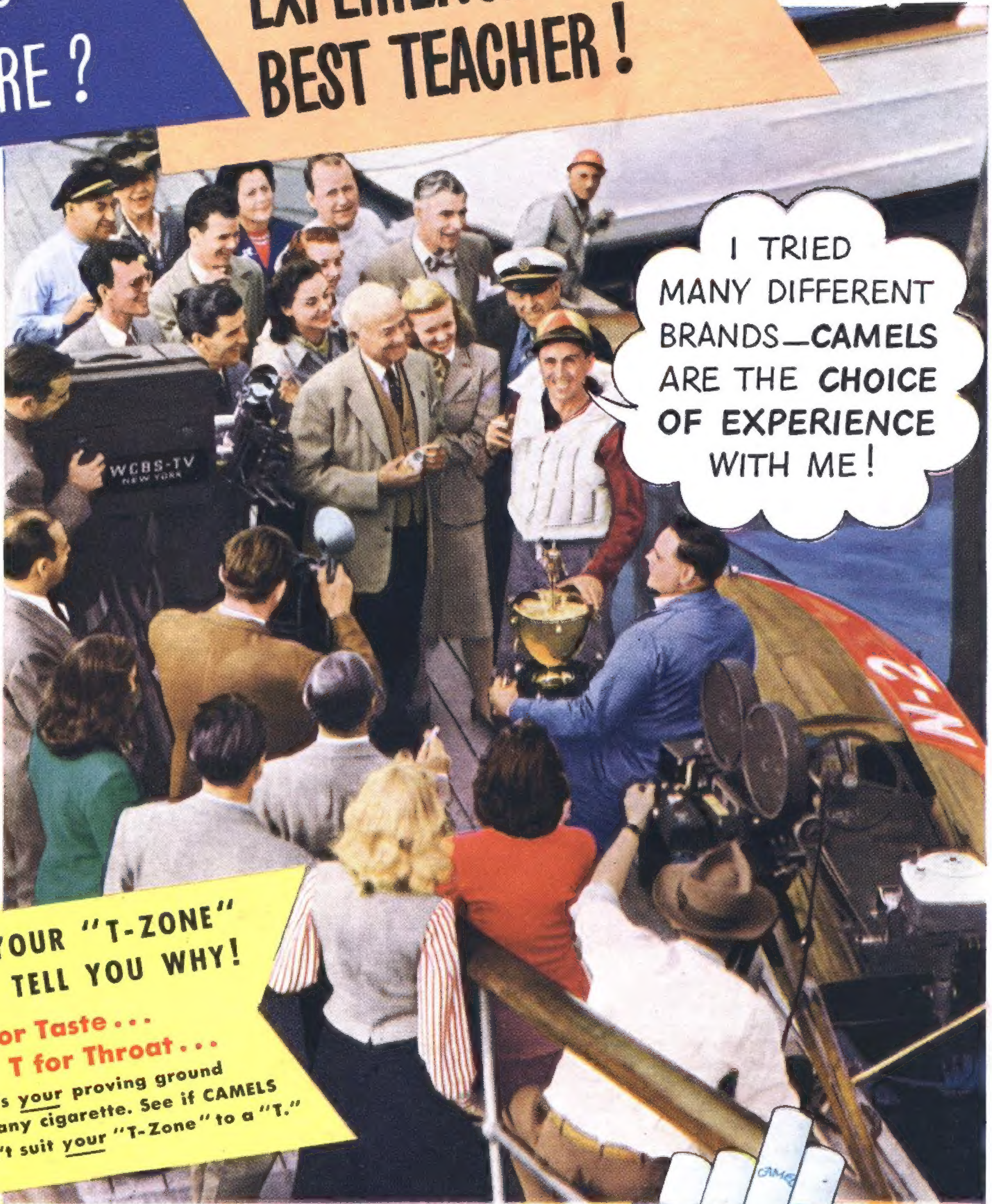
BECAUSE EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott

Champion Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for full flavor. I learned from that experience that Camels suit me to a 'T'!"


I TRIED MANY DIFFERENT BRANDS—CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME!
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LET YOUR "T-ZONE" TELL YOU WHY!

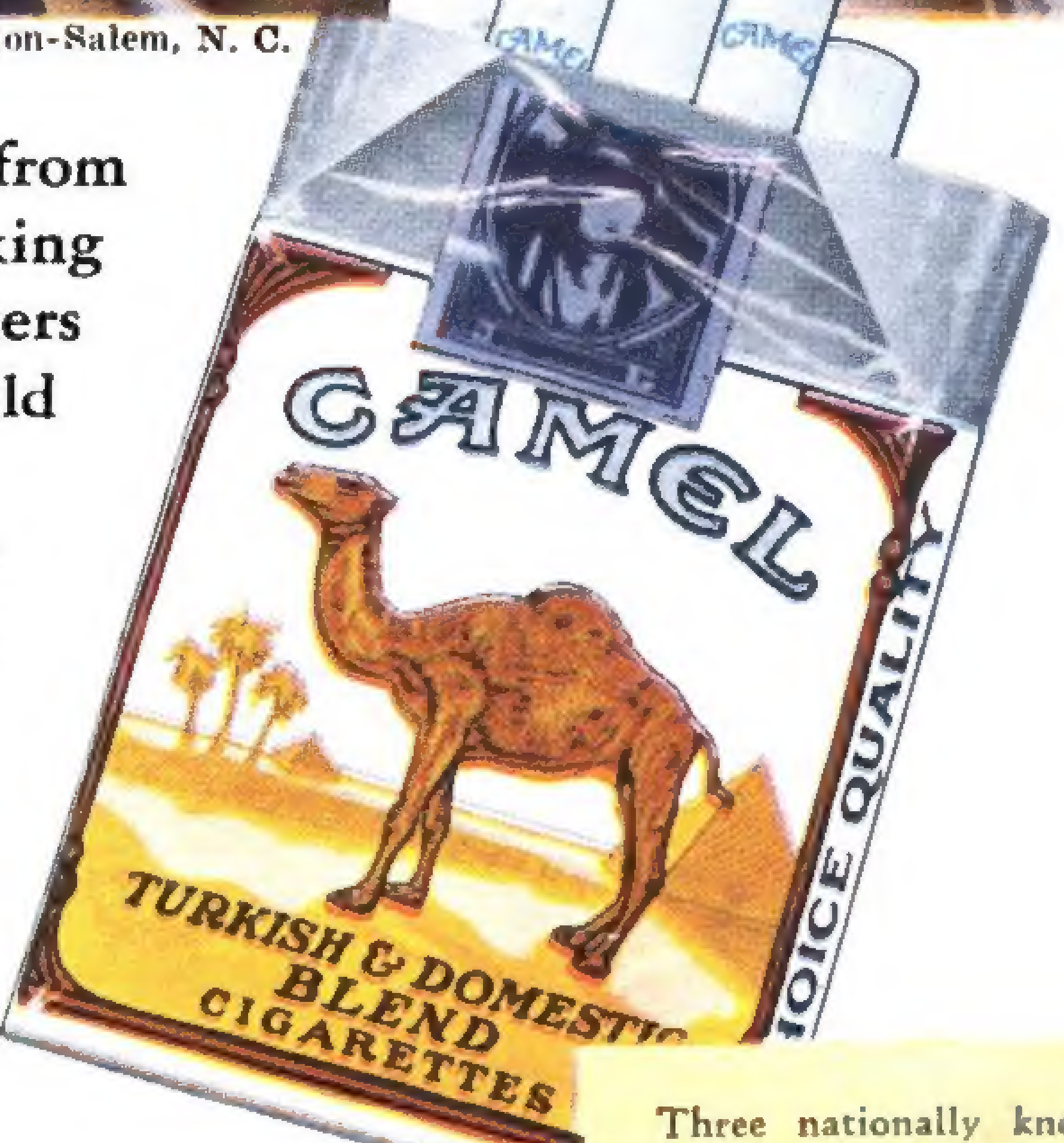
T for Taste . . .
T for Throat . . .

that's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. See if CAMELS don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALL OVER America—from coast to coast—from border to border—more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Millions of smokers have found by experience that cool, mild Camels suit them to a "T."

Try Camels yourself. Compare them—for mildness, coolness; for full, rich flavor. Let your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you why Camels are the "choice of experience" with more people than ever before!



According to a Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*